THE MAN'S MAGAZINE 50 CENTS NOVEMBER 1965 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

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SAIGON: A Playgirl City Under Siege

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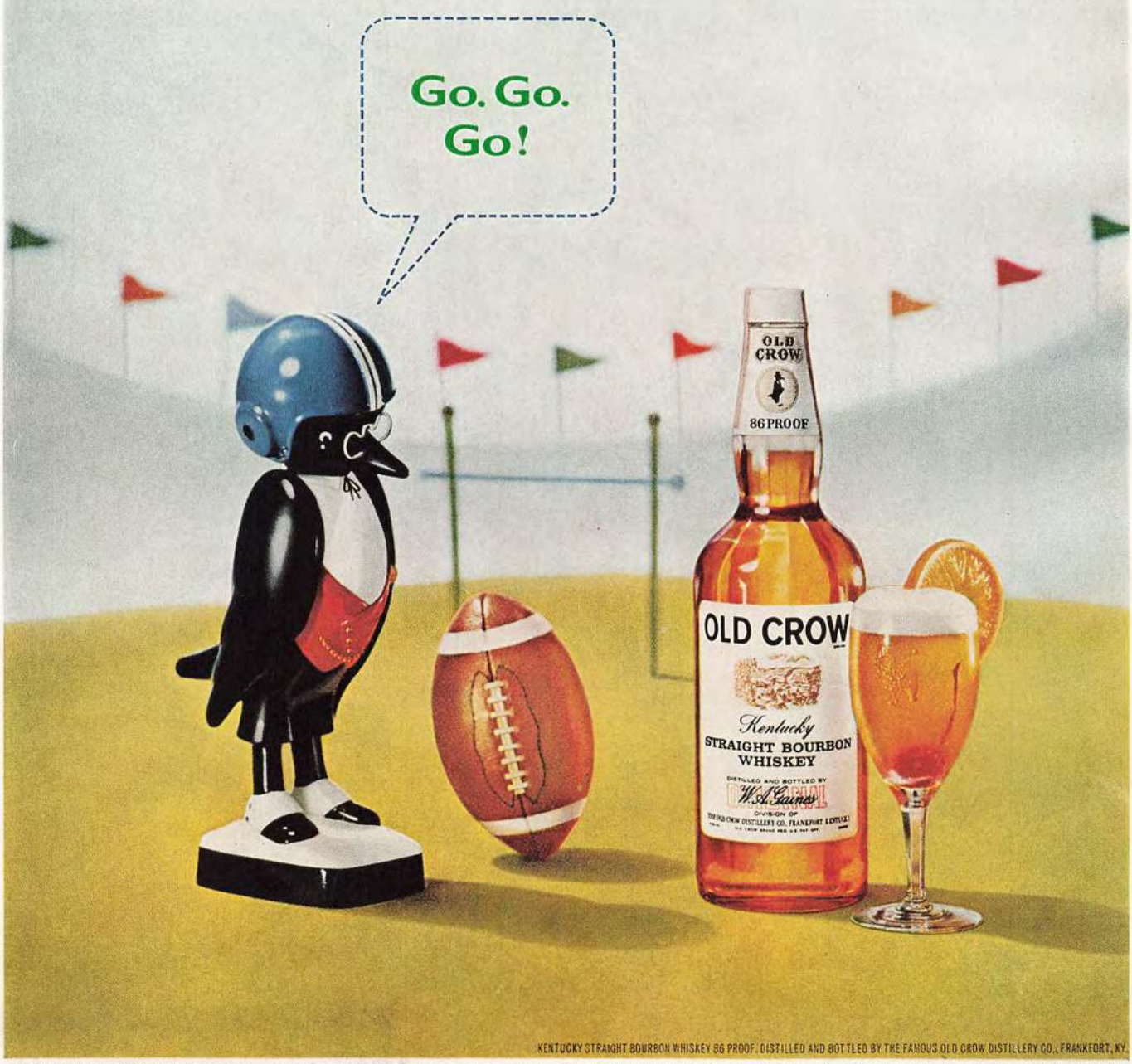

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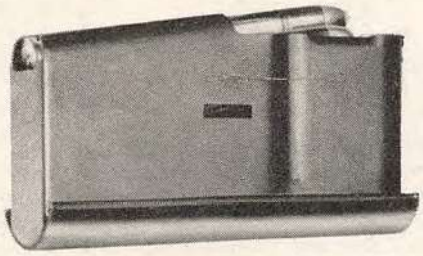


It was a snap.

The 99 is still a best-seller after 70 years. Because of its fast, dependable, short-throw lever action. Because it looks and handles the way a hunting rifle should.

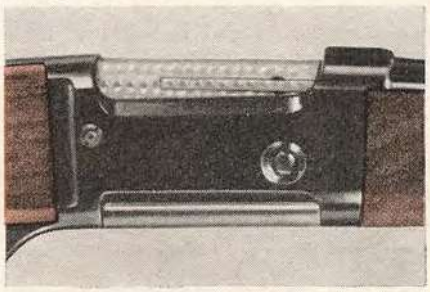
And even though it's one of the great rifles, it won't cost you a small fortune.

What could we do to improve it?

Our engineers designed a unique new box magazine. It preserves the classic lines of the 99 with no unsightly bulges or projections. Fits the hand smoothly for comfortable carrying. So now we're offering you a new 99—the 99-C with a removable box magazine, in addition to the other models with our traditional rotary magazine.

Handy, dependable and safe

The new magazine snaps into place. And ejects with a push of a button. It loads fast—you can carry this rifle safely unloaded until you're ready to use it.



Positive ejection makes the magazine easy to remove in the coldest weather, even if you're wearing heavy gloves. Ejector button is recessed to prevent snagging on clothing or accidental release.

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The 99-C comes in 243 and 308 Win. (4-shot magazine) and in 284 Win. (3-shot magazine) for only $134.50.

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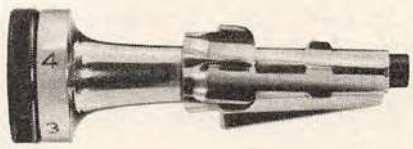

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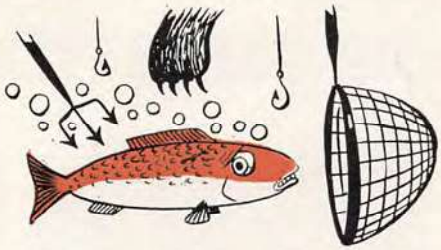
Uncured Frustration



Ted Trueblood's piece, *Coho Cure For Fishing Frustration*, in your September issue brings to mind some salmon-fishing frustration we live with here in the Northwest. Ted lives and fishes in Idaho, so he knows the situation—but more sportsmen around the country should know about it.

We have a serious problem here in Idaho in trying to protect and maintain our runs of salmon and steelhead trout, which can reach Idaho waters only by way of the Columbia River. Although Idaho contains the most important natural spawning areas for these fish, the 1965 run of summer Chinook salmon was so depleted that sport fishing for them was banned in Idaho this year.

Commercial interests take large numbers of salmon and steelhead in the lower Columbia. The Indians farther upstream take most of the remainder. Insufficient numbers survive to reach their Idaho spawning areas to replenish the runs.

The summer Chinook run to the upper Salmon River in Idaho represents some of the most rugged breeding stock in North America. Once wiped out, it is doubtful that a substitute can be found with the stamina to reach these spawning areas.

Considering the loss to sport fishermen in Oregon, Washington and Idaho, it is incredible that such a valuable resource is being destroyed. What is needed at once is a permanent ban on all netting (and selling) of game fish in inland waters.

The Association of Northwest Steelheaders (41 Northeast Fargo Street, Portland, Oregon) is leading the fight for a remedy for our frustration. We need a lot of help.

—Howard S. Ross
Twin Falls, Idaho

Angels With Dirty Wings

I was appalled to read the article *Barbarians on Bikes* in your August issue. I have been a resident of Oakland, California, for 20 years and am well aware of this degenerate group of animals.

What really ruffled my feathers was your reference to Oakland as a "grimy industrial city." If you will bother to investigate, you will find Oakland to be a beautiful city with many fine and lovely areas.

—A Mad Reader
Oakland, California

Noted and agreed. Oakland is a beautiful city. Particularly without barbarians.

In your article about the Hell's Angels you have a photo showing one member dressed in Nazi gear. Does he know that the medal he's wearing is a mother's cross, given in Nazi Germany to women who gave birth to more than four children! What a man!

—Henry Anderson
Ft. Dix, New Jersey

Hear, Hear!

Let me compliment you on your excellent magazine. I know it is for men, but believe me it is a great relief from the wretched pages of different ladies magazines! You do know how to keep the little woman in her place.

—Mrs. M. J. Vandecoevering
Warrenton, Oregon

Science Problem

The New York State Society for Medical Research would like to congratulate Mr. Dan Mannix on his article in the June issue of TRUE, entitled *Danger: The Antivivisectionists Rise Again.*

This probing and exploration into the

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problems created by the "antiresearchers" will go far in informing the lay public about some of the problems besetting researchers in the life sciences. . . .

—L. M. Greenbaum, Ph.D.
New York, N. Y.

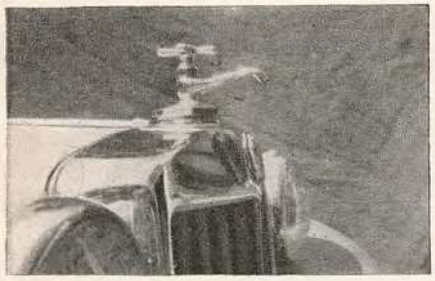
The article by Daniel Mannix is grossly misleading and distorted. His basic argument is that people who criticize certain laboratory procedures on humane grounds or suggest the need for legislation designed to improve conditions for research animals are against animals being used at all for research. It is equivalent to arguing that all those who favor legislation to control the sale of guns are pacifists or vegetarians.

—F. Barbara Orlans
Bethesda, Md.

Animal experimentation isn't just for the benefit of people and the doctors who treat their ailments. It also helps animals and the veterinarians who care for them. Ask any vet. He'll tell you he is applying the same advancements in medical science to the treatment of his animal patients.

Recently my Brittany spaniel had to have his tonsils removed. I was a bit startled to note that he received a better anesthetic and had a better operation than I had some years ago when my own tonsils were removed.

—F. L. Jones
San Anselmo, Calif.



Hot Stuff

I enjoyed the article in the September issue about radiator mascots. I submit the attached views of my mascot on my 1952 MG-TD. Appropriately enough, the handle is marked "Hot."

I thoroughly enjoy True, especially when you have articles that deal with classic cars, steam trains, steam farm equipment and the like. You are better than *Playboy!*

—Edward C. Kavenagh
Livingston, N. J.

We like girls, too—but in the flesh.

Thanks to your cover of September True, I find the boy I have been using for years as a bathroom doorstop is really an Adonis and once adorned a Packard Speedster.

Needless to say, my Sliding Boy now has an exalted position on my wife's dry sink until the day (I hope) he can again serve as a decorative cap for a '31 Packard.

—Gerald Gooding
Attica, Ohio

Woeful Wedlock

After reading *Young Man! You Don't Have to Marry the Girl* I've decided that it should be required reading for all young men on their 16th birthday and should be reread at least once a year thereafter. Most of my friends actually stopped living the day they were married. For me, marriage

[*Continued on page 4*]

Black Label After Shave, Spray Deodorant, Bath Talc. A buck each.

ask?

it's worth asking for.

(good things usually are)

[Continued from page 3]

after 30 will be fine, but for the next six years I plan to live.

When it came time to graduate, it seemed to me that it would be a big mistake to jump from college into a job and marriage. I turned down a $9,000 a year job and headed for Costa Rica and a $1,200 job, which I was able to afford because I maneuvered out of the clutches of a series of designing women. I'm now learning things I never would have discovered if I had followed the conventional ways of my classmates. Now, while my married friends are struggling with baby care, rent and life insurance payments, the largest problem I have is try to decide if I am going to live next in Scotland or Australia.

—Carl Bean
The Vagabond Chemist
San Jose, Costa Rica

I didn't know I was so atypical and therefore so "sick." *Use* sex to "get a man to marry" me? Fellas, dears, just find me a man who loves sex, the marvel of it and being of it and doing of it more than twice a year or three minutes per night, and if he's lucky and also single, I'll consider marrying *him*—even if he's unemployed.

—Alice C. Shelley
New York, N. Y.

That describes just about every single man we know, Alice. Where've you been looking?

Car Comment

The article in September True entitled *Detroit 1966*, states that Oldsmobile will build a front wheel drive car in 1966.

This will be a big help to people who launch their boats from boat trailers on sandy beaches as they will have about five more feet of traction space to play with.

Maybe Oldsmobile will give us a pat on the back for reminding sportsmen of this fact.

—W. E. Sharp
Rowena, Tex.

Under the title of Charles Barnard's article *Detroit 1966*, don't I detect a Jaguar XK-E Coupe (Coventry, England!) skulking beneath the black-belted, formfitting cover?

—Gary Gottlieb
Chicago, Illinois

So much for English spies!

Detroit 1966 by Charles N. Barnard was quite interesting. Mr. Barnard pointed out that Ford would offer a stereo-tape adapter as an option with their '66 product for about $150.00. Wonderful, but how about the cost for additional tapes for variety? At around $10.00 each it could be expensive, and besides one can't get storm warnings or the news from a tape.

Since 1963 General Motors and Delco have offered AM-FM radios, and in the 1965 product Chevrolet is the only manufacturer to offer true FM-stereo multiplex! Oh, yes, next year several of our "big cousins" might have it available also.

In the meantime, mark up another first for Chevy, please! Most FM-stereo stations have a minimum amount of commercials and a maximum amount of really good music (not rock and roll nor longhair usually). Anyone who enjoys the ultimate in listening and hasn't heard Chevy's AM-FM stereo should do so before they buy another product with stereo tape.

—J. F. Prescott
South Bend, Ind.

Funny Money

In reference to your August article on Poverty Money, there is one thing I'd like to know. Where do I go to apply for a job on Mr. Shriver's staff?

The only apparent qualification for such a job is complete lack of interest in either truth or reality. At $25,000 a year, I could be deaf, dumb and blind. After three or four years with my fist in this richest of all pork barrels, my husband and I could move to Mexico, where he would be provided with all of the fishing tackle he would need for the rest of his life.

—Mrs. John Young
Yuba City, Calif.

Article exposing federal antipoverty is comparable to what is going on in the rich little county of Arlington, Virginia. Plans are to set up a child day-care center where there is no poverty. This is a fraud on honest taxpayers. You may interview responsible citizens for further details if interested.

—Mrs. Frank Ball
Arlington, Virginia

Texas Memorial

America's Greatest Horse Thief by Norman Carlisle in your June issue, was a tremendous story of a real true hero of early Texas history.

Although Mr. Carlisle mentioned a marker on the map of Texas, he did not say that there was a real gravestone emplaced at the actual spot of Nolan's burial. Being very interested in Mr. Carlisle's story and in early Texas history, I wondered if there could be a real stone or memorial. There is, and after tracking it down I made photographs, which I am enclosing.

If Mr. Carlisle doesn't have pictures of this marker, I wish you would see that he

gets them. Thanks to Mr. Carlisle and TRUE for one of the best stories I have ever read.

—Robert L. Widener
El Paso, Tex.

THANK YOU NOTE

The account of my hospital stay, by W. C. Heinz (*The Man Who Grew A New Body*—October), brought back memories: the dedicated anesthetists, with me for two years; the doctors and interns, going without sleep to keep me alive; the hospital nurses; the physical therapists, orderlies, supply people and kitchen girls; and the private-duty nurses working long and exhausting hours.

I particularly thank the two nurses who worked devotedly with hardly a day off in a year, and the two surgeons who bore the weight of my case. My family and I also thank our clergy, relatives and friends for their help, kindness, and prayers.

—Ed Kobak
Branford, Conn.

TAT FOR TATTOO

In your August issue you have incorrectly identified the tattoo that appears on my left hand. It has nothing to do with the Hopi Indians but represents a group of people called Smoki. This is an organization of men and women in Prescott, Arizona, formed in the early 1920's to perpetuate the Indian ceremonials and dancing of the southwestern Indians.

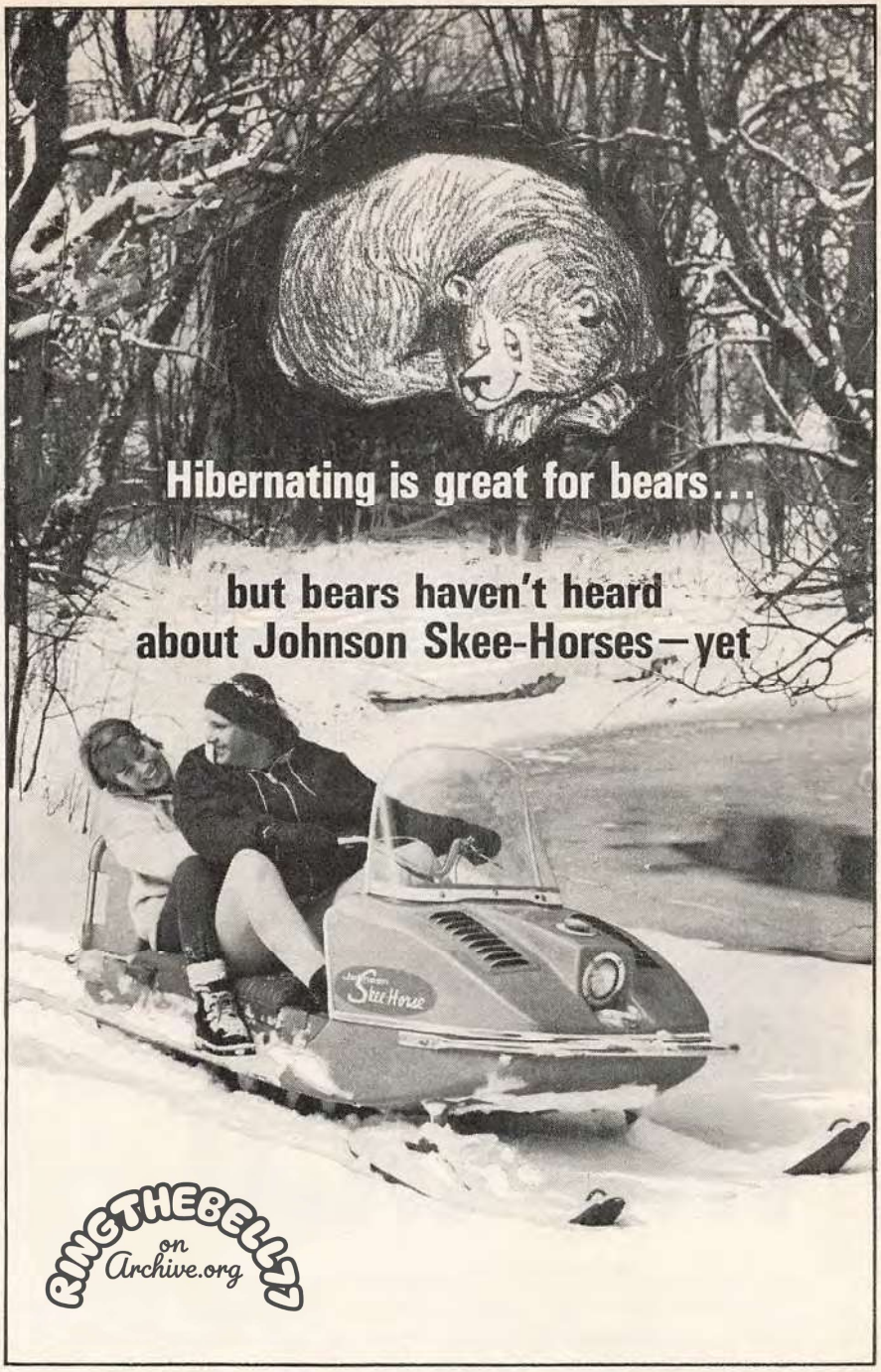
When a person is first initiated into the organization, he receives two dots which symbolizes the bites of a snake. After that he gets one dot for performing in another ceremonial and the final dot, the fourth one, for having completed his third dance. When one is elected to serve on the council, he receives a quarter circle near the bottom dot, and when elected to chief, the quarter

circle is completed to a half circle. When I was initiated in 1939, they were out of ink so I had the first two dots put on in India when I served with the Air Force. The second two dots were put on by a tattooer in Los Angeles and the half circle placed, by my mistake, around the top dot, which was done in Paris this past year by Bruno.

I can assure you that the people of Smoki are not given to primitive crimes for sex offenses nor do they see virtue or extremism in the pursuit of tattoos. They feel as I do: pride in belonging to an organization that has contributed so much in a field too little recognized by others.

—Barry Goldwater
Scottsdale, Ariz.

We are only too happy to affirm that your tattoo is not a multiple, antisocial tattoo.



So why should *you* waste a perfectly good winter? You'll find it's more than bearable with a Johnson Skee-Horse to take you up hill and down, cross country at an exhilarating 30 mph (or better), into territory that used to be off limits when the snow flew. You can hunt and fish with a Skee-Horse, go camping with it, pull skiers with it. Some folks even hold Skee-Horse rallies and steeplechases. It opens a whole new range of winter pleasures — so get with it. Before the woods are full of bears on Skee-Horses.

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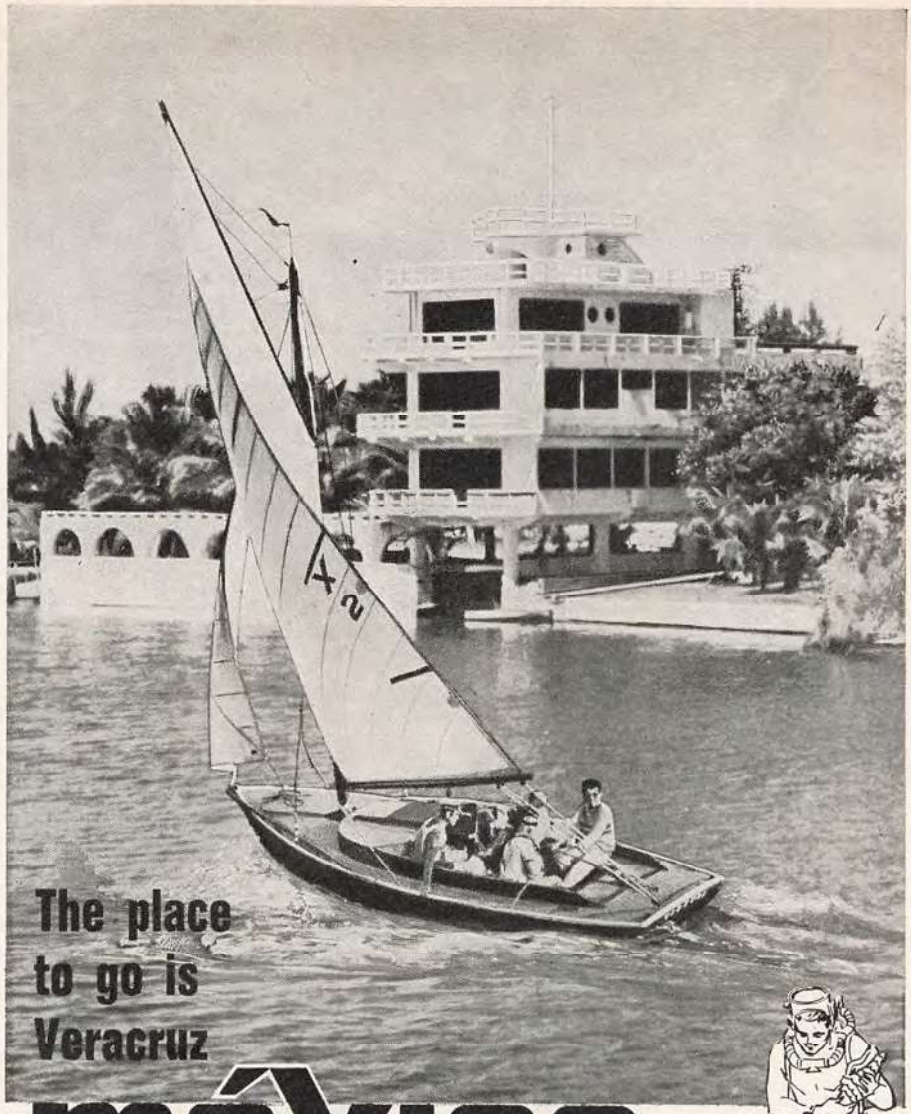

méXico

The City of VERACRUZ, capital of the State of the same name, is Mexico's oldest and biggest Gulf port. Hernan Cortes landed there in 1519, founded the town and departed on his Conquest of Mexico. Today the City combines the salty atmosphere of a thriving seaport with the charm of colonial times. Beneath its outdoor arcades, residents and visitors linger sipping beer or the fragrant coffee for which Veracruz is famous, puffing on the excellent cigars locally produced or listening to wandering marimba bands. In the central square the local belles and their swains parade romantically at twilight. Game fishing is superb, especially for tarpon. The surrounding countryside is perfumed by flourishing citrus orchards. Like so much of Mexico, Veracruz is so near, so modern and yet so foreign.

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For Mailing Addresses, see page 2.

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

NOVEMBER 1965

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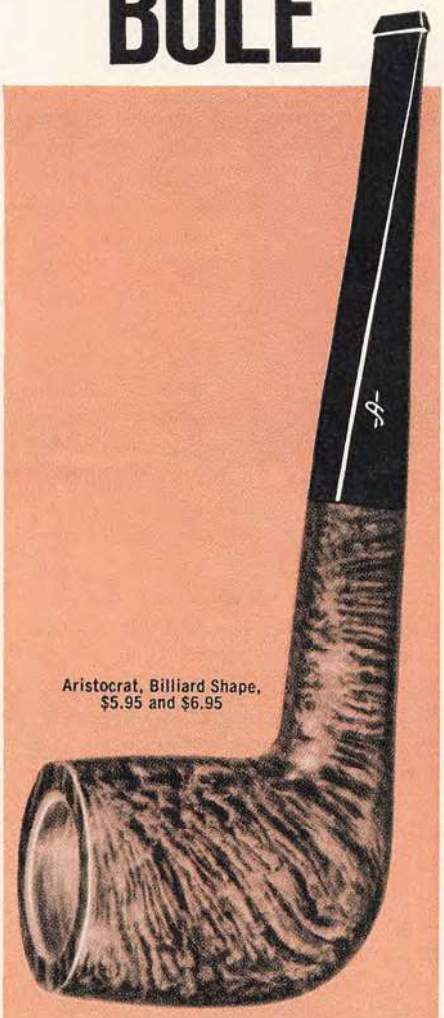
VOL. 46 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 342

INSTANT MILDNESS

yours with

YELLO-BOLE



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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

POP PANTS

What women wear or don't wear doesn't astonish us any more. The latest fad is "Pop Pants." To the woman's undergarment, coyly known as a "panty," heroic pop art designs have been added by the Treo Co., a firm distinguished for invention of the three-cup brassiere as an advertising gag. A stroke of genius has transformed the panty from a garment of strict utility to an undulant museum girdling the female equator, and an unprepared man is likely to be rocked on *his* foundations. Imagine a windy street corner with swirling skirts giving brief glimpses of two monstrous hip-framed eyes, one of which winks while the other sheds a great gobby tear. Other designs offered to the hip sisterhood of the flaunted flank are gigantic hamburgers with mustard, huge painted zippers, ice cream sodas and the Stars and Stripes, presumably to be worn on national holidays. Pop Pants obviously are intended for display, since they evoke no reaction if the owner is the only one who knows she wears 'em.

WORLD'S COSTLIEST BEDS

The time is coming when hospitals will be regulated like public utilities, with fixed fees, outside audits, schedules of reasonable stay, clampdowns on overbuilding and unneeded duplication of expensive equipment, and knuckle rapping of some doctors who feel that excessive costs loaded onto an insured patient hurt nobody, least of all the physician. A bill defining hospitals as public utilities almost got into the legislative hopper of New York State, thus far the only state which requires that public need be proved before a new hospital can be built or an old one expanded. In Philadelphia, Chicago, and some other communities threatened with surpluses of hospital beds, local groups of distinguished citizens, who have quite an effect on civic purse strings, have put a stop to superfluous hospital construction. Medical groups in New Jersey are trying to establish a standard period of hospital stay, guaranteeing full care, for patients with any one of 300 illnesses.

Public and private nonprofit hospitals have become sacred cows, immune to criticism as Girl Scout cookies, veterans lobbies or breast feeding. Hospitals are also businesses, supported mostly by the public pocketbook but with little chance for the public to know if its money is spent wisely. Skyrocketing hospital charges are foisted onto Blue Cross and similar plans with the attitude that subscribers must shoulder bigger and bigger loads and be humbly grateful. To keep dedicated hospital people from foaming at the mouth, it must be pointed out that costs shown on hospital books are real enough. This is irrelevant to efficient operation. Any business remunerated from the public trough on a cost-plus basis has it made. The more inefficiency, the greater the income. It costs about $5,500 a year to maintain a hospital bed and there's a great drive to keep it filled constantly with warm, insured bodies. Some doctors send patients to a hospital needlessly or keep them there longer than necessary. It's easier to collect big bills from insured hospitalized patients than little bills from patients who come to the office. Some patients with rest-cure neuroses or distaste for housework are in no hurry to go home. It's great prestige for a hospital to install a $100,000 cobalt radiation unit although two or three other hospitals in the neighborhood may have the same gizmo and be struggling for business. This is part of fixed overhead that a patient with an ingrown toenail could do without. Squawks about the high cost of drugs are usually aimed at pharmaceutical manufacturers, but it is not unusual for a hospital to charge a buck for a pill that your friendly corner druggist sells to anyone for a dime.

HITCHHIKER'S CREDIT CARD

France has come up with something new for hitchhikers—a credit card. Technically, it's an identity card bearing the hiker's photograph, name and address. The card costs two francs and provides extensive insurance for both the hiker and motorist in case of accidents. French motorists are advised to give lifts only to card-carrying hikers. Cards are issued to hikers between 18 and 30 years of age. If, as a foreigner, you want to thumb your way through France, you can get a hitchhiker's card through international youth organizations. There is only one drawback. It gives "no guarantee of morality." We wonder what does.

POOR FISH

A clever fishing gimmick is fooling tuna along the southern California coast. It was invented by a tuna-boat skipper who wondered if underwater dyes might not attract fish, or maybe scare them. He took his idea to Ciba, a chemical company, whose experts suggested that he try a greenish fluorescent dye. He made some gelatin-dye "bombs"—small rocks coated with gelatin, colored with the dye. As the bombs sink to the ocean floor, the dye dissolves and leaves a greenish color screen from top to bottom. The color evidently looks fishy to tuna. They are afraid to swim through it. By dropping gelatin-dye bombs in a circle, an entire school of tuna can be corralled and scooped up in record time. Tests have worked so well, it threatens to revolutionize the tuna-fishing industry.

RETURNED WITH HONOR

Readers of *Iwo Jima* by Richard F. Newcomb (bonus book condensation, TRUE, March 1965), will be interested in an event set in motion by the book. Rear Adm. Toshinosuke Ichimaru perished in the Battle of Iwo Jima early on the morning of March 27, 1945. When he died his centuries-old family sword dis-

(Continued on page 12)

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Principles of Surveying
Reading Highway Blueprints
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Introductory Mechanical Drafting
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Petroleum Production
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PLASTICS
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Domestic Heating with Oil & Gas
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Gas Fitting
Heating
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IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 8)

appeared. It bore the famed mark of Tadahiro the Sword-maker, and had been inherited from father to son, generation after generation. An American Marine, John E. Lane, fought in the same battle, went to Japan for the Occupation and developed an interest in Oriental history. In 1946, Lane, now an assistant professor of history at Long Island University, ran across an old sword in a secondhand shop in Union City, New Jersey, and bought it for $25. Inscriptions indicated that it might be Ichimaru's sword. After the publication of *Iwo Jima*, Lane sent rubbings of the inscriptions to Japanese authorities, who concluded that it was indeed the sword that had disappeared on Iwo Jima. Recently a touching ceremony was held in the offices of Holt, Rinehart & Winston, publishers of Newcomb's book. Keiji Niwa, commander of the Japanese Disabled Veterans Association, accepted the return of the sword on behalf of the admiral's family.

MISTAQUEN MYSTIQUE

Now and then we beat our hands to a pulp applauding some woman who has the wit and wisdom to demolish lugubrious claptrap about the plight of her sex. Such a woman is Jo Foxworth, vice-president of Calkins & Holden, an advertising agency. She has renewed our faith in the charm and good sense of millions of women who are quite content to be women. Miss Foxworth, in a talk given at a convention of the Advertising Federation of America, lit into Betty Friedan's cultish book, *The Feminine Mystique*, a collection of sniffling lamentations about the misery of the entire female sex. Its theme that the American woman "is a pitiably frustrated creature who is eaten up with agony over her little lot in life . . . who has no identity of her own and no opportunity to establish one . . . who has been denied 'feminine fulfillment.'. . ." is, Miss Foxworth asserted, a mistaque. Bully for you, Jo! It needed saying. We never met a woman hunting for identity or jargonizing about fulfillment, though this could be because men generally avoid moaners and bleaters. Leaving the mystique business groggy in a corner, Miss Foxworth offered some commandments for working girls:

Thou shalt know when to zip thy ruby lips and let men do the talking.

Thou shalt not attempt to hide behind thine own petticoat.

Thou shalt watch thy language. There may be gentlemen present.

Thou shalt not match Martinis with the men.

Thou shalt save thy sex appeal for after 5, even though thy C-cup runneth over.

DIAL-A-DRINK

A man who runs out of cash at a bar but is in no mood to go home can solve the problem in a trice—if he's Japanese. Tokyo moneylenders have worked out a great system. The strapped barfly puts in a phone call and in a few minutes a loan agent arrives, discreetly hands over a wad of cash and takes a receipt. The loan is repaid in monthly installments, at 3.8 percent interest a month. Drink now, pay later.

COOL SMOKE EATERS

A group of men recently sat in a room in Concord, New Hampshire, fighting a forest fire. Smoke billowed from the forest scene in front of them. A sudden gust of wind fanned flames in a new sector. A helicopter summoned by the fire fighters swooped in and dropped a load of chemicals. The dramatic scene was vivid as a movie—which it was. But an unusual movie that was altered as it went along. The tense men were Forest Service trainees, testing their skills without danger of getting their pants burned. They were the first Forest Service group to use a new training device, an environmental simulator, which projects a scene upon a screen and superimposes upon it, at will of an instructor, all sorts of "fluid situations": smoke, clouds, flame, wind change, moving vehicles—which require prompt reactions. The instructor can show the results of good or bad decisions. The Forest Service has bought three of the new training devices, developed by Decision Systems, Inc., a Teaneck, New Jersey, firm of computer programers. Other uses of "fluid training" are foreseen in traffic management, city planning, flood control and meteorology.

KOOK CUTS

We got to thinking about the craze for Beatle-style and shoulder-length haircuts that currently afflicts many knobhead boys and a few adult recidivists. The crew cut is giving way to the kook cut, which looks as if the owner had got hopelessly tangled in an old surrey top. Any man can duplicate the effect by pasting a potful of vermicelli to his cranium. There are shaggy dog boys who peer piteously through a cascade of hair, and sleek lads who swirl the kapok around their ears and down their necks. Their noxious noggins are indistinguishable from those of women, and guys on the fringe are obliterating differences that up to now have been of much interest to mankind. Some barbershops have thrown out their spittoons, sprayed the place with perfume, and installed soft music, hair sprays, pink hairnets and even lady barbers. Will future Winston Churchills, Mickey Mantles and Jack Dempseys be fawn-eyed, long-haired, beautiful gentlemen who whip out a comb at the drop of an insult? We doubt it. As amateur psychiatrists we're no better than any other psychiatrist, but no worse either, and we have no doubt that lads with lovely tossable hair think it a sign of virility. The fiction got started with the Bible story of Samson who lost his strength when Delilah cut his hair. Forget it. If a man's head of hair has any relation to virility, it's an inverse one. An extra dash of female hormones is great stuff for a lush head of hair. It is true that Samson regained his strength when his hair grew back—but he left no progeny.

SIECUS

Ever hear of SIECUS? It's a new, voluntary health agency: the Sex Information and Education Council of the United States. Its ostensible purpose is to help people to understand and use sex meaningfully. The group will strive "to identify the major relevant problem areas and cooperate in the development of more adequate approaches by providing the public with the best knowledge and

thinking presently available." That's a pretty big mouthful of nothing from what seems to be just another gab group with pompous pretensions. Voluntary health agencies evidently have run out of popular diseases and are scraping the bottom of the barrel for projects to get funds for.

FLIGHT PLAN

People who think that population explosion can be solved some day by shooting people off to other planets have another think coming, according to Dr. J. Robert Willson of the University of Michigan. He figures that at the current rate of growth we would have to dispatch 7,000 persons an hour at a cost of $500,000,000,000 a day to keep the population stable.

OF MEN AND ANGELS

Take a close look at the 1965 Christmas stamp issued by the post office. It shows the angel Gabriel with a trumpet, which is proper, and with a torso which is not proper. His chest has what is delicately admitted to be "a very definite protrusion." To put it bluntly, a female breast. Feminists have carried their infiltration of government agencies too far. It is well known that all angels are masculine. Ask any theologian. Gabriel has been miss-sexed by an ignorant artist and if you hear an angry trumpet roll this Yuletide you'll know the reason why!

YE IDEAL HUSBAND

"Men who fish, botanize, work with the turning lathe, or gather seaweeds, will make admirable husbands; and a little amateur painting in watercolor shows the innocent and quiet mind.... No woman should marry a teetotaler, or a man who does not smoke. [Tobacco] renders you happy apart from thought or work; to provident women this will seem no evil influence in married life." Wish we'd said it ourselves, but Robert Louis Stevenson wrote it first.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

Scientists at Louisiana State University Medical School have taught a baboon to smoke. It took two months.

The commercial price of ethanol (drinking alcohol) is 52 cents a gallon.

Murder, rape and aggravated assault are considered by the Federal Bureau of Investigation "as serious crimes for statistical purposes."

Cosmeticians say they have a special problem in coloring men's hair. Most men want a little gray left in.

—THE EDITORS

Oneida...the boot that surveyed Mt. McKinley

Why the lightweight boot that took the Alaskan cold is a better hunting boot for you

North America's highest peak was mapped by an expedition under the direction of Bradford Washburn, Director of Boston's Museum of Science. He tells us that the Red Ball Oneida was an important part of their equipment. Mapping this great peak was one of the most arduous surveying projects ever attempted. Here, sure footing was essential.

And here the Red Ball Oneida passed the most grueling test any boot could encounter. The Red Ball Oneida supplied traction and waterproof warmth at temperatures far below zero. That's why the Oneida will give you years more warmth, comfort and wear than any other boot. See it! Try it! You'll buy it! The Oneida by Red Ball, the boot that proved its mettle mapping Mt. McKinley under rugged conditions.

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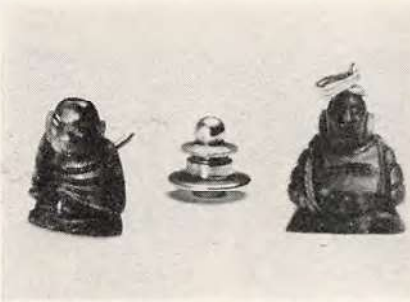

JADE BUDDHA TIE TAC is a 10kt. beauty set in 14kt. gold. A handsome shade of green jade, it sells for $7.50. For your gal, a Jade Buddha charm for bracelet or pendant. The beautiful charm, about 20 kts., is set in 14kt. gold. Makes a fine gift for an extra special gal. $15. Matching set of Buddhas (tie tac and charm) $20. Mandarin House, Box 491, North New Hyde Park, N. Y.

ELEPHANT'S FOOT BASKET is a jumbo 17" x 12". Special process brings extraordinary realism to every wrinkle. Color is authentic and true. Unique and practical it adds a touch of big game to any den or office. A solid and handsome gift for yourself or for any of your safari buddies. Comes to you for $30 and worth every dime. Precise Research, Box 219, Oceanside, N. Y.

"STUTZ BEARCAT" DRESSER VALET right out of the "Roaring 20's." You can't help but picture racoon coats and flapper dresses when you see this unique replica. In walnut finished wood, it holds a man's jewelry, cigarettes, change and wallet overnight. Has wheels that roll. 11½" x 4", it's a clever spot for ivy, too. $3.98 + 35¢ pp. Foster Gallagher, Dept. T-11, Peoria, Ill. 61601.

YOUR NAME ON THE DIAL of this Swiss Calendar Date Watch. Automatically changes date every 24 hours. Includes a new push-button adjustment for month-ends. Magnifier window makes date easy to see. Sweep 2nd hand, leather strap. Unbreakable mainspring; shock resistant. Specify name to be personalized. $17.95. Greenland Studios, Dept. T-11, Miami 47, Fla.

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HEAVY IVORY CUFFLINK SET is carved from solid elephant-tusk ivory. Skilled carvers first split the tusks, then carve and shape the miniatures and polish them, by hand, until they take on a nice patina. An expensive-looking gift in limited quantity. Imported, Cufflinks and tie bar set, in suede pouch, $5.95. British Imports, Dept. TR-11, 380 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

For More True Goes Shopping, turn to page 124

$70,000.00 IN CASH PRIZES!

"Your $1,200.00 check arrived this morning by Special Delivery. Thanks ever so much for your telephone call and prompt payment. It still doesn't seem possible. It's been a great thrill."

That's the way Emory Mead of Albany, N. Y., just one of our many big winners, reacted to receiving his cash prize. Dozens of men and women of all ages have cashed in as members of our exciting PUZZLE LOVERS CLUB.

Our Club winners got their cash awards for solving puzzles in their leisure time. Our Club also has awarded huge prizes for contests based on names of U.S.A. cities and towns, statement competitions and word-building contests.

We've awarded cash in hundred-and-thousand-dollar units to retirees, sewing women, farmers, salesmen, war veterans, office workers, clerks, secretaries—people who never before dreamed of having the kind of money that movie stars make.

This announcement is an invitation to you, as a reader of this publication, to find out for yourself if you have the talent to win up to $70,000.00 in cash. If you are over 18 and like to play word games, the information below may lead you to thousands of dollars in extra cash you may use as you wish. Win our games of skill right at home.

YOU Can WIN Each Month!

$1,100.00 in cash went to Diana Davis of Patterson, Calif. Mrs. Davis, whose husband started a small farm with PUZZLE LOVERS CLUB cash, called her victory an "overwhelming thrill."

"I was amazed to learn I won $500.00," said Mrs. Florence Humphrey of Cincinnati. "The prize money came at a dandy time as I've had some debts to pay off. Thank you."

Dorothy D. Powell, a winner from Portsmouth, Va., got her prize within five days and said: "Many thanks for your prompt $500.00 and the knowledge I've gained."

Your chief advantage in contests sponsored by our PUZZLE LOVERS CLUB is that you have only limited competition. Only members of the Club may compete and only members can win.

Members of our Club win cash prizes at home, just by solving puzzles and entering Club contests. They turn an educational and enjoyable hobby into pure profit. **You can too!**

In 1963 we offered our members $35,000.00. We actually paid out more cash than we said we would—$35,511.25, to be exact. In 1964, we again offered $35,000.00. Again, we paid out more than we promised—$40,778.11. And now we're offering our members $70,000.00 in cash prizes. Most contest groups offer about $4,500 or $5,000 a year. **Our Club gives you the opportunity to win double that every month!**

As a member of our Club you will be eligible to enter every cash prize contest we sponsor and you'll get at least four new contests each month. You'll have three weeks to solve each set of contests. One week after the deadline, you'll receive a new copy of our **Puzzle Lovers Newspaper** with names and addresses of all winners, correct solutions, and your new puzzle contests. When YOU win, you receive your prize within two weeks. No contest organization, anywhere, pays off faster than our PUZZLE LOVERS CLUB.

IT COSTS YOU NOTHING TO TRY OUR CONTESTS AND SEE IF YOU HAVE THE TALENT TO WIN

Without paying a penny, we give you the opportunity to preview everything in your own home before making up your mind.

The coupon below will bring you, absolutely FREE, a sample copy of our **Puzzle Lovers Newspaper**, the only newspaper in the world exclusively devoted to contests (and it's published for members only). When your free copy of our newspaper arrives, sit down in a quiet place and read about our winners, our prizes, our contests. Try our stimulating word games to see if you can do them. You are under no obligation to enter our contests. If you do decide to go after our cash, there are no boxtops, no jingles to complete, nothing to buy, no gimmicks or tricks of any kind . . . just puzzles and contests guaranteed to give you hours of fun and enjoyment with the added thrill of cash prizes in the offing.

Clip the coupon now and please be sure to print your name and address clearly. Then read about $1,000.00 winners like Mrs. Belle Smith of Yakima, Wash. Discover how hundreds of other members cashed in just by doing our puzzles in their spare time. Find out all about this exciting and profitable hobby now. You may receive your first big prize in a few weeks.

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Gentlemen,

Send me a free copy of your newspaper plus all details on your cash prize contests. I am under absolutely no obligation to pay anything. If I join the Club I may compete for all prizes and spend the cash I win any way I want.

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This 60-year-old retired U. S. Army officer gave the $1,200.00 he won to his wife. Emory Mead says: "I've never seen a puzzle place as fast as yours and I'm going to keep on trying."

"I still can hardly believe it" Mrs. H. C. Despain of Houston, Tex., wrote to us after receiving $1,000.00 in cash as one month's winnings. She is a seamstress who works for a living.

Raymond Smith of Sacramento has won over $900.00 in Club competitions. A retiree, Mr. Smith's first win was only $25.00. Then, as he practiced solving our puzzles, he won much more.

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TRUE'S WHO / HUBERT H. HUMPHREY

BY ARTHUR HERZOG

ILLUSTRATED BY SAUL LAMBERT

After a year of pressure under Lyndon Johnson, the Veep still loves his job. He may joke about it, but he works harder—and gets more done—than any other Vice-President in our history

WASHINGTON, D.C.

■ The period just before the last Democratic National Convention was a time of maddening uncertainty for Hubert Horatio Humphrey. No one knew what Lyndon Johnson was going to do about the Vice-Presidential nomination. The names of dozens of possible candidates were mentioned in the press and discussed in party councils. Behind the scenes Humphrey supporters were working frantically for their man. But Humphrey himself remained the picture of unruffled calm. He wanted the prize and he wanted it badly but, to the outside world, the tension never showed.

He felt it, though. "I know I'm going to get it," he said to an aide, "but I wish to hell he'd call."

Johnson, of course, did call and, as a result, we have a Vice-President who is the most spontaneous, ebullient and bouncy individual to reach that high office in a long time. Protocol matters little to Humphrey. For example, he delights in making hash of a busy schedule to escort a bunch of Boy Scouts around the Capitol and he loves making fun of himself and his job.

Looking up at a glass chandelier in his office one day, he turned and spoke to a visitor. "Teddy Roosevelt had that in the White House," he said, pointing to the chandelier, "but the tinkling kept him from sleeping. 'Put it in the Vice-President's office,' Roosevelt ordered. 'He's got nothing to do. The tinkling will keep him awake.' "

"Who can forget those glorious names from our storied past?" Humphrey quipped not long ago. "Daniel Tompkins, William A. Wheeler, Garret Hobart, Henry Wilson?" But, for all his sour wit, he likes being Vice-President, works hard at it, and gets a big kick out of everything he does.

"The most unique thing about Hubert," says Senator George McGovern of South Dakota, Humphrey's longtime friend who lives next door in a Washington suburb, "is his unquenchable exuberance. No matter how late it is, he always walks in as though he's on a Pogo stick. He never trudges in, as I do. I remember one day when Hubert was alone. It was a beautiful summer day and he walked out in the yard, looked up at the sky, and, thinking there wasn't a soul around, he threw up his arms and shouted, 'Yippee!' "

But there is another Humphrey, too. "No politician," said the *Economist* of London, "has shown such a determined will, against nature, to submerge his political personality in that of another as Mr. Humphrey has shown since his nomination last August." It's a change that could not go unnoticed.

If ever Hubert Humphrey is sorry about how things have turned out he shows no signs of it. "I've known Humphrey for 20 years," says Max Kampelman, Humphrey's lawyer and a central member of his close-knit entourage, "and I've never seen him happier than he is today."

"You know, Hubert," George Meany, president of the AFL-CIO, said to him, "there's something positively sinful about anyone being paid for having as much fun as you're having as Vice-President of the United States."

Humphrey does have fun, but he has his trying moments, too. A lot of them are caused by his boss, Lyndon Johnson. "You come into the office and he doesn't say good morning," the Veep reported. "He says, 'What have you done?' and sometimes he repeats it, 'What have you done?' There never was a President like this one for work."

Hubert Humphrey seems intent on proving that there never was a Vice-President like this one for work, either. On many mornings, Hubert is up at 5 a.m., studying reports and documents. At 8 his appointments secretary calls with the day's schedule. By the time he reaches the Executive Office Building, next door to the White House, at 9, Humphrey has gobbled six Eastern newspapers and one from Minnesota. The Veep never loses touch with home base. Then he unpacks a mammoth briefcase containing last night's work and he is ready, indeed raring, to go. Often, at the end of a frenzied day, Humphrey changes to evening clothes in his office and attends various official functions. Even then he sometimes returns to his desk and works until 1:30 a.m. After a 14 to 16 hour blur of activity, when Humphrey's square frame has had all the punishment it can absorb, he takes a late evening stroll for exercise through his quiet, suburban neighborhood, alone at last—except for the two secret servicemen who follow him.

It may well be that Humphrey is bringing about a revolution in the traditional concept of the American Vice-President, once parodied as a forgotten man who couldn't get a public library card in Washington because he didn't know two people for references. The Veep has always been, as the saying goes, a "heartbeat away from the Presidency." This time the heart of the man in the White House has already faltered once and Dallas proved again that history is brutally unpredictable. Hubert Humphrey acts like a man who knows he must learn the ropes, just in case. And Presi-

Crowd-loving Humphrey reveled in '64 campaign. It was one of rare times when he had organization and money behind him.

With a knack for the spotlight, the then Senator eclipsed Khrushchev and others at Nuclear Test Ban signing in 1963.

"...he'd be the best man to be President if anything happened to me"— LBJ

dent Johnson has given the Vice-President more responsibilities than any man who has held the office.

As coordinator of the civil rights program, Humphrey spent four hours a day on the Selma, Alabama, crisis. He is foreman of such important government programs as space, urban affairs and the war on poverty. He presides over the Senate, as the Constitution prescribes; he also works closely with Congress and helps guide the legislative program. He is involved in some aspects of foreign policy and he attends meetings of the National Security Council where issues such as Viet Nam are discussed. With all this, he manages to make a great many speeches—21 in a recent month alone. In an average week, there are 800-1,000 requests for the Vice-President to speak. The schedule his appointments secretary weaves together is likely to be torn to shreds at a moment's notice if a crisis arises or when the President calls and tells Hubert to hurry over.

Lyndon Johnson is a man who insists on being in constant touch with his subordinates and he may call any of them any hour, day or night, Humphrey included. Washington insiders say Johnson can be curt and use sharp language and he once bawled out the Veep in the presence of others for a news leak which, as it happened, did not come from Humphrey. "Johnson's philosophy of government," says Max Kampelman, "is that the system works best with a strong President. To be an effective leader, you must not only educate, but you must also push."

"Hell," another Humphrey man observed to me, "the President is a hard man to work for. Even he knows it. He's a vain person who wants things done his way. Everyone has told Hubert that he must be terribly careful." Indeed, the job requirements for Vice-President call for diplomacy, tact, loyalty and admiration of the chief. "Don't forget," Humphrey told a friend, "I have only one constituent now, the President."

To some, the tact required for the job amounts to muzzling and, because this Veep in the past has always been an outspoken character, they reason that Lyndon Johnson will be the ruination of Hubert Humphrey yet. "Hubert," said one man who has worked with Humphrey for many years, "is the greatest man in American political life, but he will never be President unless Johnson dies. No one can endure eight years of degradation and emerge a great man."

Others close to the Veep dispute this sharply. "The Humphrey 'image' of an outspoken, irrepressible individual who talks too much and too long has been overdone," said a member of Humphrey's inner circle. "Humphrey himself helped create it—he would joke about it. 'Now I'm closing,' he would say a dozen times, and then go on. People loved it. What will emerge now is the other and equally true picture of Humphrey—a man with a great deal of patience, self-restraint and self-control, a man who can keep his mouth shut."

Humphrey was 54 in May. [*Continued on page* 20]

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THE GREAT SOCIETY'S HAPPIEST WARRIOR

[*Continued from page* 18]

He is 5 feet 11 inches tall and weighs 180 pounds. He has had a tendency to put on weight since he stopped smoking a few years ago. His receding hairline reveals a freckled forehead. He gives the impression of being a man with simple tastes: he relishes frankfurters and beans. He also fancies himself an amateur chef. A typical Humphrey concoction is fried bacon bits cooked in scrambled eggs. He likes words like Golly! Gosh! Gee Whiz! He's wild about baseball, likes to get off for a day's hunting when he can. He doesn't see anything wrong with watching TV. His favorite shows are *Bonanza* and *Danny Thomas*.

Even though he is a nonstop talker, he doesn't repeat himself. The bass voice is unpleasant to some because it has a slight edge, but it makes every word crystal clear. John Bailey, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, called him "the greatest speaker of our generation." As an orator, he is clearly superior to the President, probably to any President since FDR. And yet, even members of his family have urged him to make his speeches shorter, without results. Some people, in fact, are afraid to be placed on a speaking schedule *after* Humphrey, for fear they won't get to speak at all.

But he also manages to listen and to remember. His memory is, by all accounts, phenomenal. He can quote old letters, word for word, awing his family. "I remember you," he told a woman during inaugural week as he stood in a receiving line. "I met you, let me see, in Honduras, a year ago."

"The reason he does remember," says his sister, Mrs. Frances Howard, "is that he really pays attention to what he's doing. He genuinely becomes interested in the person he's talking with." So interested, in fact, that he can't bear to tear himself away. Running behind schedule is so habitual with Humphrey that his staff has come to accept it as a fact of life.

"Humphrey has one of the best minds I ever encountered," says a man who knows him well. "Give him two facts and he gets the picture." He reads as fast as he can turn the pages. One man remembers a gathering last year in Washington at which the subject under discussion was economics. Those present included the government's leading economic advisers, several members of the cabinet and a ranking European economist. "Humphrey," the man says, "unquestionably had the best mind in the room and everybody knew it."

Anyone seeking insight into the Vice-President has only to visit his $40,000 house, just over the district line in Maryland, where he lives with his wife. His four children have by now all grown up and moved away. A modest green and white, two-story dwelling identifiable by an "H" emblazoned on the metal of the screen door, it is almost exactly like Senator McGovern's next door. Upstairs is a sewing room where Mrs. Humphrey is still known to start work at 5 a.m. to finish a dress she wants to wear that day. Humphrey is a strong family man who likes to get together with his children and other relatives as often as possible.

There is talk in Washington about obtaining an official mansion for the Veep, and Humphrey says it would be helpful in expediting the Vice-President's work. But he is happy where he is. "He knows the names of all the kids on the block and how so-and-so's garden is doing," Senator McGovern says.

He is not a rich man by Washington standards. His total assets, including his Washington home and another he owns in Minnesota, come to about $171,000. He was the least affluent of the four candidates in the 1964 national election.

When Humphrey was in the Senate, he stretched his income by making speeches for pay. As Vice-President he still speaks often but his fees now go to a special scholarship fund he has set up at the University of Minnesota.

One reason Humphrey has never become rich is that he has been a professional politician almost all his life. Some men attain wealth in politics but Humphrey has not. His goal has never been money. He's a politician because he likes the world of politics.

"This political life is meat and drink for Humphrey," said Senator Everett Dirksen, G.O.P. leader in the Senate.

As a politician, Humphrey has managed to attract the interest not only of the common man but also of the intellectual as well. Saul Bellow, the author of the serious novel *Herzog*, plans to write a biography of him. Eleanor Roosevelt compared him to "some strange kind of electrical circuit. By giving energy he gets energy back."

Humphrey was born over his father's drugstore, located on Main Street in the tiny South Dakota town of Doland. As a child Hubert was called "Pinky." (This was one aspect of Humphrey's past that his aides were none too eager to publicize in the '64 campaign, since the Republicans were calling him the same thing.) Actually, the nickname was bestowed by his mother because he looked nice in pink baby clothes.

When he arrived, in 1929, to begin studies at the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis, he had seen a big city only once before in his life. Soon, however, depression and drought settled on the Midwest, and after only a year of college, Humphrey had to go home and help out.

Humphrey says today, "The whole point of life is opportunity. I'm not for handouts but I do believe in compassion. What we do owe people is a chance," he says, from direct experience. Such was his frustration at being forced to discontinue college that he developed psychoneurotic symptoms—pallor, pains in his stomach and fainting spells. The best he could manage in the way of schooling was a five-month course in pharmacy at Denver, where he studied virtually round the clock and graduated, a registered pharmacist, with the highest marks in the school's history. His father heard that his son had memorized virtually the whole pharmacopoeia and put him to the test with obscure formulas. Humphrey knew them all.

In 1937 he finally got back to the university, a man in a hurry now. With both he and his wife working and sharing a bathroom with neighbors, Humphrey, by then 26, carried a large course load but still managed to graduate in a total of three years' time. Then he went on to a master's degree in political science.

Humphrey made his debut in politics in 1943, running as a complete unknown for mayor of Minneapolis. The only surprise of the campaign was the closeness of his defeat. He ran up a $1,300 campaign debt which he paid off by holding a number of jobs at once, from lecturer (at $5 a talk) to janitor of an apartment house. In 1945 he became perhaps the only ex-janitor in American politics when he again ran for mayor of Minneapolis and won by an enormous margin. He was both a good and colorful mayor, popular with labor and business people, and unpopular with criminals for his attack on organized crime. He was even shot at once as he stood before his house.

In 1948, when the Democrats were nominating Harry Truman for President Humphrey was interested in the Vice-Presidential nomination, but he was a comparative unknown on the national scene. He might have remained so except for his stand on civil rights at the Democratic convention that year. Humphrey denounced the civil rights plank being planned by the Democratic leadership as a "bunch of generalities," a "sellout to state's rights." The Democratic old pros were furious. Senator Scott Lucas of Illinois openly called Humphrey a "pipsqueak." Leading Democrats, Truman included, wanted a mild civil rights plank because they hoped to hold the South and avoid a convention walkout. For Humphrey, however, a strong plank was a matter of principle, even though he expected to be kicked in the teeth when the matter came to a vote on the convention floor.

When debate began Humphrey made one of the shortest speeches he has ever delivered. "For all of us here," he concluded, "for the millions who have sent us, for the two billion members of the human family—our land is now, more than ever, the last best hope on earth. I know that we can—I know that we shall—begin here the fuller and richer realization of that hope—that promise of a land where all men are free and equal,

[*Continued on page* 24]

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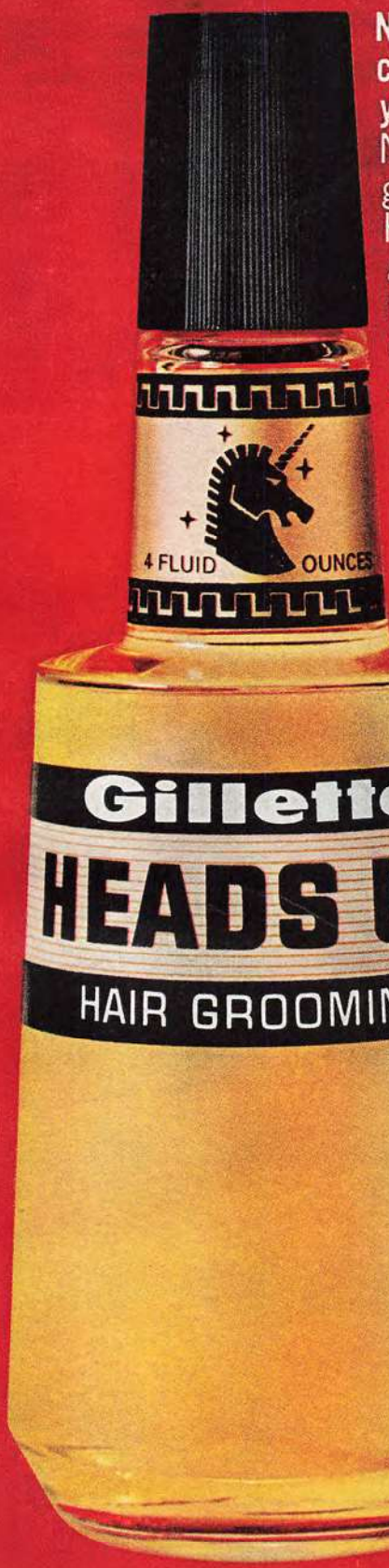

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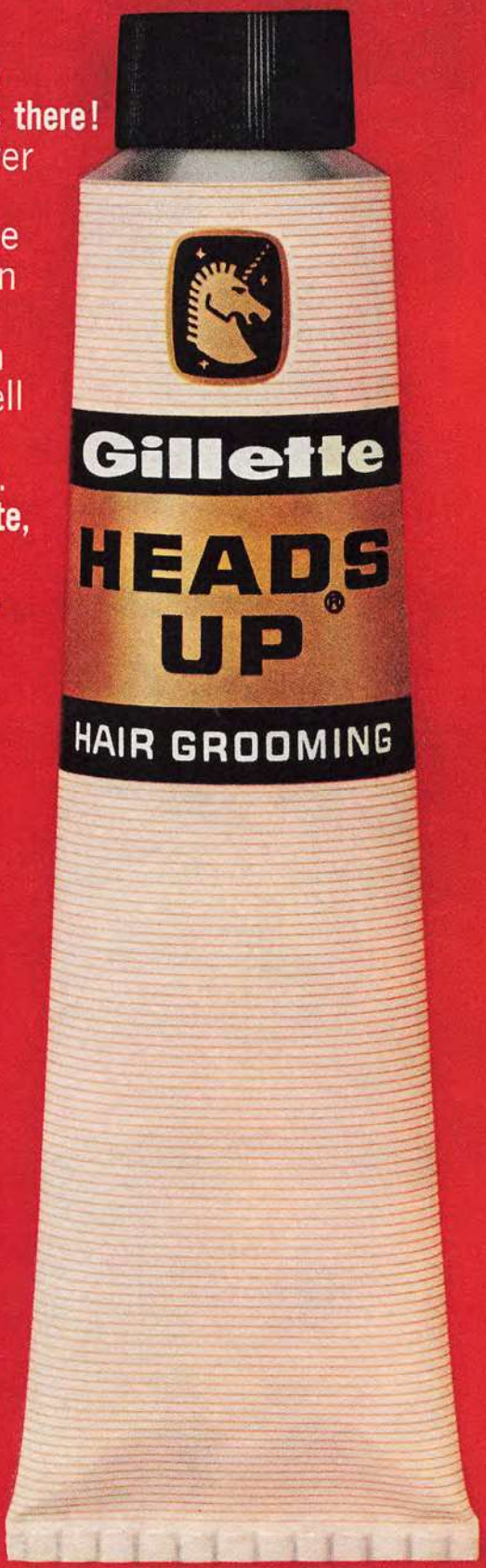

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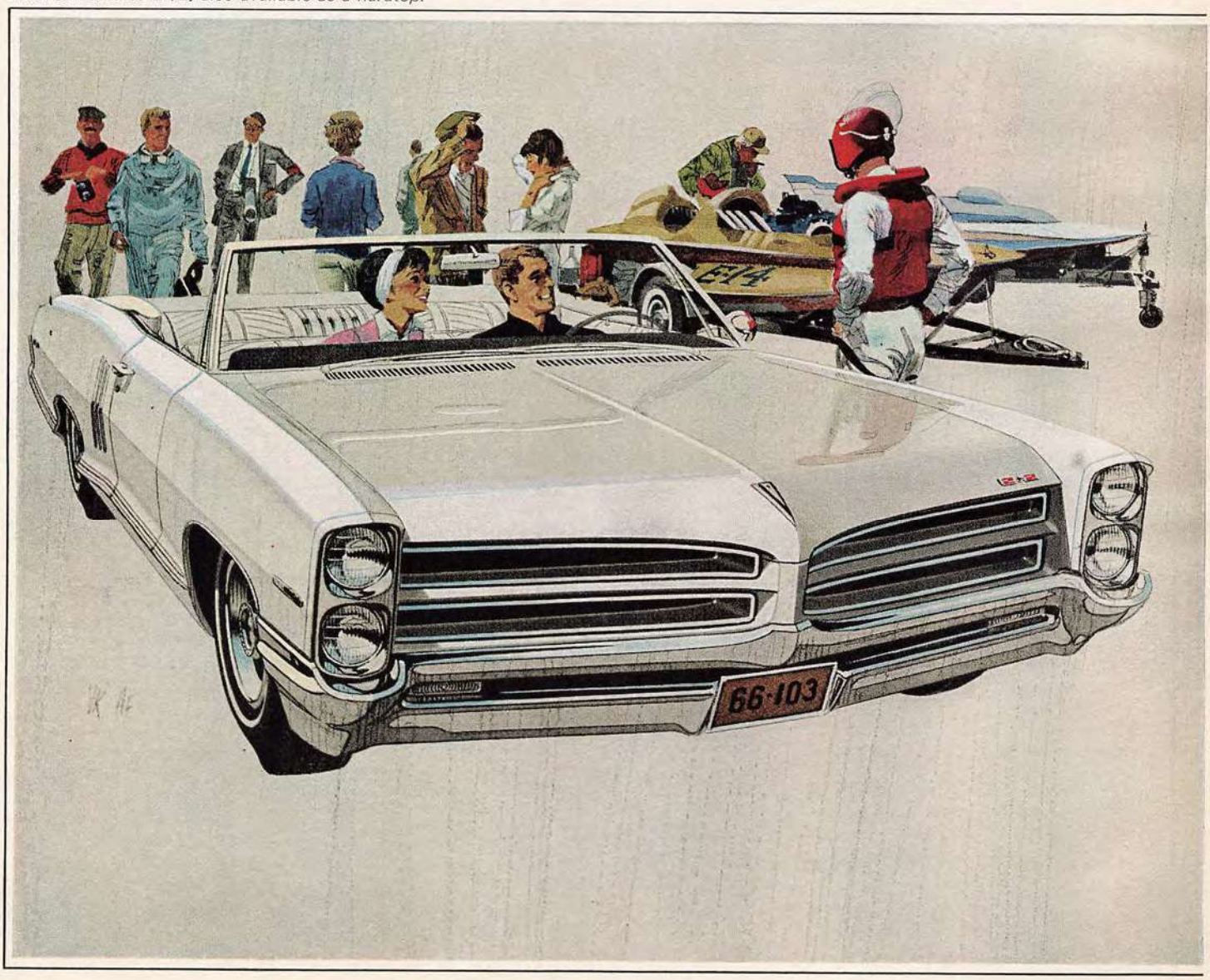

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Wide-Track Pontiac/'66

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[*Continued from page* 20]
and each man uses his freedom wisely and well."

The speech electrified the convention. Whole delegations jumped to their feet and a parade pounded down the aisles. When the votes were counted Humphrey rose, his hands clasped over his head. He had won. The Democrats would go into the election with a tough civil rights plank. As it turned out, he may well have won the election for the Democrats in 1948 as well for the Negro vote came out solidly for Truman.

"My civil rights speech of 1948 branded me as a flaming liberal," says Humphrey, "but it would be conservative today."

The delegate from Minnesota had entered the 1948 convention a near political unknown. He left an established figure, admired by many and hated by some implacable southern Senators who walked out to form their own Dixiecrat party with J. Strom Thurmond as their Presidential candidate.

When Humphrey came to Washington in 1949 as the first Democratic Senator ever elected by Minnesota voters, he was stamped not only as a fire-eating liberal, but as a man who was both brash and self-assertive. By 1950, for instance, junior Senator Humphrey was ready to take on virtually the entire conservative wing of the Senate, with disastrous results for himself.

The immediate issue was something called "The Joint Committee on the Reduction of Nonessential Federal Expenditures." This group's chairman was the powerful Senator Harry Byrd of Virginia. Humphrey stood up on the Senate floor and charged that the Committee was a "wanton waste and extravagance." He said that it "served no useful purpose, and is merely used as a publicity medium." The Committee had been warning darkly about the growth of the federal bureaucracy. Humphrey said that its views were "undocumented." Actually he was also challenging the stranglehold he felt that the southern old guard had on the Senate itself. He demanded that the Joint Committee be abolished.

One by one, the southern Senators got up to speak, lauding Byrd and his committee for doing a magnificent job. Northern Senators, too, got up to defend Byrd, for the young Minnesotan had broken one of the club rules by personally attacking one of its older, most respected members. When Humphrey finally regained the floor to speak in rebuttal, most of the Senators present got up and walked out of the chamber. As Humphrey put it, it was like being "run over by a Mack truck."

Partly as a result of that experience, Humphrey began to change into the kind of politician who occupies the Vice-Presidency today. He decided that you couldn't get along on conviction alone. He mastered complex subjects like taxation and defense. He learned the Senate club rules. Even his speaking style changed from an arm-waving stump speaker to a direct person-to-person approach. He learned how to get along with both constituents and fellow Senators and he was always available to both. More than one Senator received the benefit of pharmacist Humphrey's training, like the Epsom salts he prescribed for a colleague's injured elbow. "You have a quality rare among politicians," Senator Lister Hill of Alabama once told him. "Gentleness."

"My constituents got good service," Humphrey says. "It's a great change in my life, not being so accessible. I like people. It isn't just politics, either—I'm that kind of person. But you can't be that personal with a whole nation. Now I have to be selective and it bothers me. Lots of my friends don't understand."

A recent comment by a biographer, Winthrop Griffith, that has pained Humphrey was that he doesn't have a creative mind. Humphrey feels that, as a Senator, he came up with literally dozens of new ideas for legislation, some of which, like the Great White Fleet of American mercy ships, he still kicks around. Once Humphrey gets his teeth into something he hangs on like a bulldog and his bills kept being introduced into the Senate until most of them eventually passed. The pieces of legislation Humphrey is proudest of having had a strong hand in are the Civil Rights Act, the Peace Corps, the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty and Food for Peace, although he was important in dozens of others.

Humphrey's ability to make news amounted to genius. No American politician got more mileage out of the Soviets than Humphrey did out of his long interview with Nikita Khrushchev in 1958. In Moscow again in 1963 for the signing of the Nuclear Test Ban Treaty, Humphrey seemed to dominate the photos, to the point where one newsman said to him, smiling, "Who are all those people with you, Hubert?"

Humphrey decided to try for the Democratic nomination for President in 1960 even though the odds at the outset were by his own estimation, 50-1 against him. He had little money and his campaign forces were poorly organized. His main opponent, John F. Kennedy, was in much better shape from the very beginning. But Humphrey thought he could make a race of it and determined to give it the best try he could. Few professional politicians thought he had a chance but Humphrey hoped to surprise them.

His lopsided defeat in the West Virginia primary shattered his hopes. But the day after, his campaign in ruins, he was back on the Senate floor debating a complex tax bill. "It took a lot of guts, considering how he felt," says one of his campaign workers.

He won reelection to the Senate that year and also campaigned loyally for Kennedy, in and outside of Minnesota.

Following the assassination of John F. Kennedy, Humphrey supporters began discussing their man's chances for the Vice-Presidency. A poll showed that Humphrey was favored among party workers, but Robert F. Kennedy had much support over the country. From the beginning, Humphrey men thought that the Attorney General was the real opponent. From the White House came

[*Continued on page* 28]

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[*Continued from page* 24]

the word: "Don't press the President publicly. And don't fight Robert F. Kennedy directly."

So it was done in private. Humphrey supporters, like Arthur Goldberg, now U.S. Ambassador to the United Nations, Alex Rose, vice-chairman of the Liberal Party of New York, and Walter Reuther, head of the United Automobile Workers, backed their man in talks with the President. Mailings went out to party leaders containing a list of Humphrey backers among significant people in American political life, and private polls showing Humphrey strength were brought to the White House. After Johnson had eliminated members of his Cabinet from consideration, meaning Kennedy, the word from the White House was that Humphrey should start getting "exposure" and drum up the widest public support.

Kennedy people received the news that their man had been eliminated from consideration with shock and even anger. Up to a week before the convention, some of them were still talking of a floor fight. "If the nomination had been thrown open in January," a Humphrey man has said, "Bobby Kennedy would have clobbered Hubert." The President's theory was that only under the last-minute pressures of the convention could he discover and neutralize the pockets of resistance to Humphrey's candidacy.

Then, the President wanted to see if Humphrey would be acceptable to the people, and how well he stood up under the ordeal. "Johnson put everybody to the test of developing support, handling civil rights, settling the Mississippi squabble at the convention, and so forth," a Humphrey man says. "It wasn't stated bluntly but there were things he expected Humphrey to perform."

The convention's suspense was a tremendous strain on Hubert Humphrey's nerves. When the word finally came, it was almost anticlimactic to the Humphreys. "We'd been playing it so low key for so long," Mrs. Humphrey says today, "that when the President called me to say, 'We're going to nominate your boy tonight,' I was busy fixing dinner for the family and I forgot to tell the children."

For Humphrey, the campaign was sheer delight. For once, he had both organization and money. Muriel Humphrey had used the term "the happy warrior" about her husband and now the name was put on Humphrey's chartered Electra. Humphrey himself was full of jokes, continually amusing those around him. As always, he was virtually indefatigable. Even after a hard day's campaigning, he wanted to stay up talking until 3 a.m. Humphrey loves crowds, reacting to them almost glandularly, and he likes to touch people as well as be touched by them. At the end of the day, Humphrey's cuff links would sometimes have been ripped off in the push and his arms and hands would be covered with tiny scratches. Old pharmacist that he is, he would bathe his hands in alcohol every evening, to ward off infection. And, if anybody on the "Happy Warrior" was ill, Humphrey would drop everything to see what he could do.

The incident that has most prominently marred the happy warrior's tenure as Vice-President was the failure of President Johnson to send him to Winston Churchill's funeral in London. To some it seemed the President's vanity intervened, for Humphrey is probably one of the most popular living Americans to the English. It may be, too, as a Senator told me, "Johnson simply forgot he had a Vice-President, he'd been without one so long. He was thinking of Hubert as his administrative assistant and relying on him."

"The President delayed his decision so long that Hubert already had other commitments," a Humphrey staff member says flatly.

Whatever the answer, there is no reason to suppose that the President has changed his mind about what he told reporters on entering Convention Hall in Atlantic City. "I think in all my life that I have never taken any decision more seriously than picking Humphrey. I have had one thing on my mind above all others, that is that when fellows like you come to write the history of this period they will say that we paid attention to the main thing," he said. "I picked Humphrey because in my judgment, and after checking with leaders all over the country, I was convinced that he would be the best man to be President if anything happened to me."

As of today, Humphrey is in undisputed first place for the Presidential nomination in 1972—or 1968, should for some reason the President decline to run again. His principal rival remains Robert F. Kennedy, although Kennedy has said he has no Presidential ambitions for 1968 or 1972 and has also said that Humphrey is the logical man to move up to the Presidency. In view of the uncertainties of life to which he had been exposed, Kennedy said he had no intention of trying to lay a trail to the White House. Despite this message, Humphrey people remain on guard. One told me, "Everybody knows that one of the Kennedys will want to be President, and Humphrey feels that, at 54, his career isn't through."

Humphrey supporters tend to fall into two groups. One is composed of ordinary voters who like him and have confidence in him; the other group is people with special interests and causes—labor, Negroes, farmers, peaceniks—who believe that Humphrey has been a fighter for progress, at least as they interpret it. Humphrey's reputation as a fighting liberal is both his strength and his weakness, for many Americans are still afraid of him. For this reason, Humphrey men constantly emphasize the idea that he is becoming a two-fisted politician. "One thing that can be said about Hubert's experience with Johnson," an aide said, "is that he's learning to be tougher. You have to be tough to get things done."

Recently Humphrey was asked about a poll that showed 40 percent of the people had doubts about (1) his "socialistic" tendencies and (2) his ability to handle foreign affairs.

"But 60 percent thought I was fine," said the Vice-President. "When I get over 60 percent, I worry." —**Arthur Herzog**

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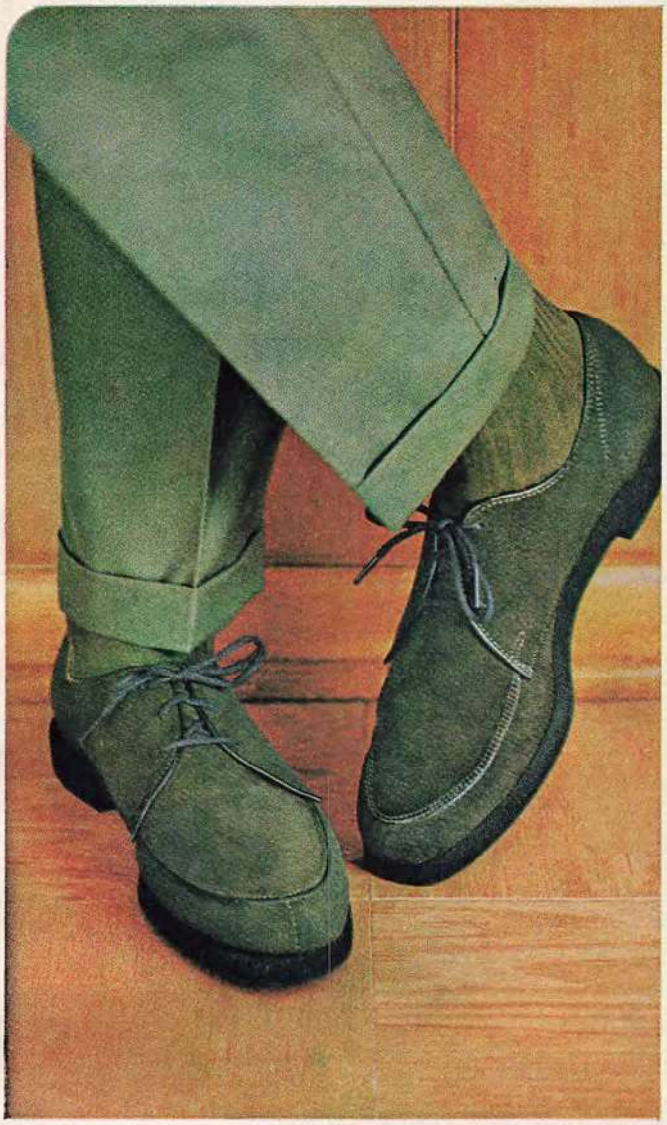

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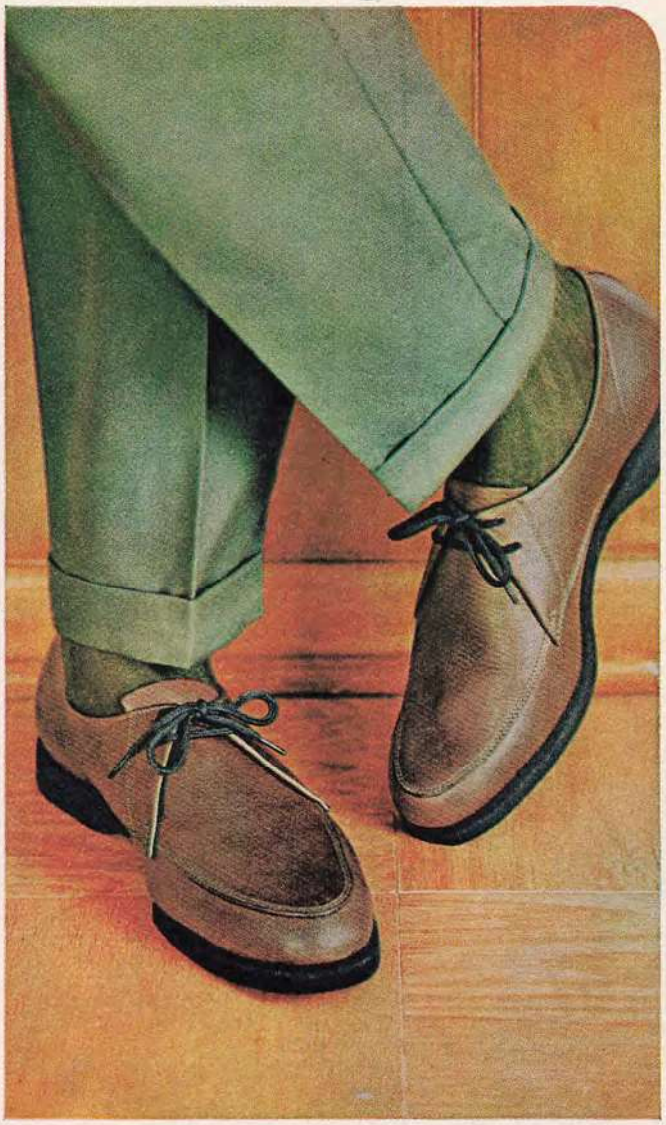

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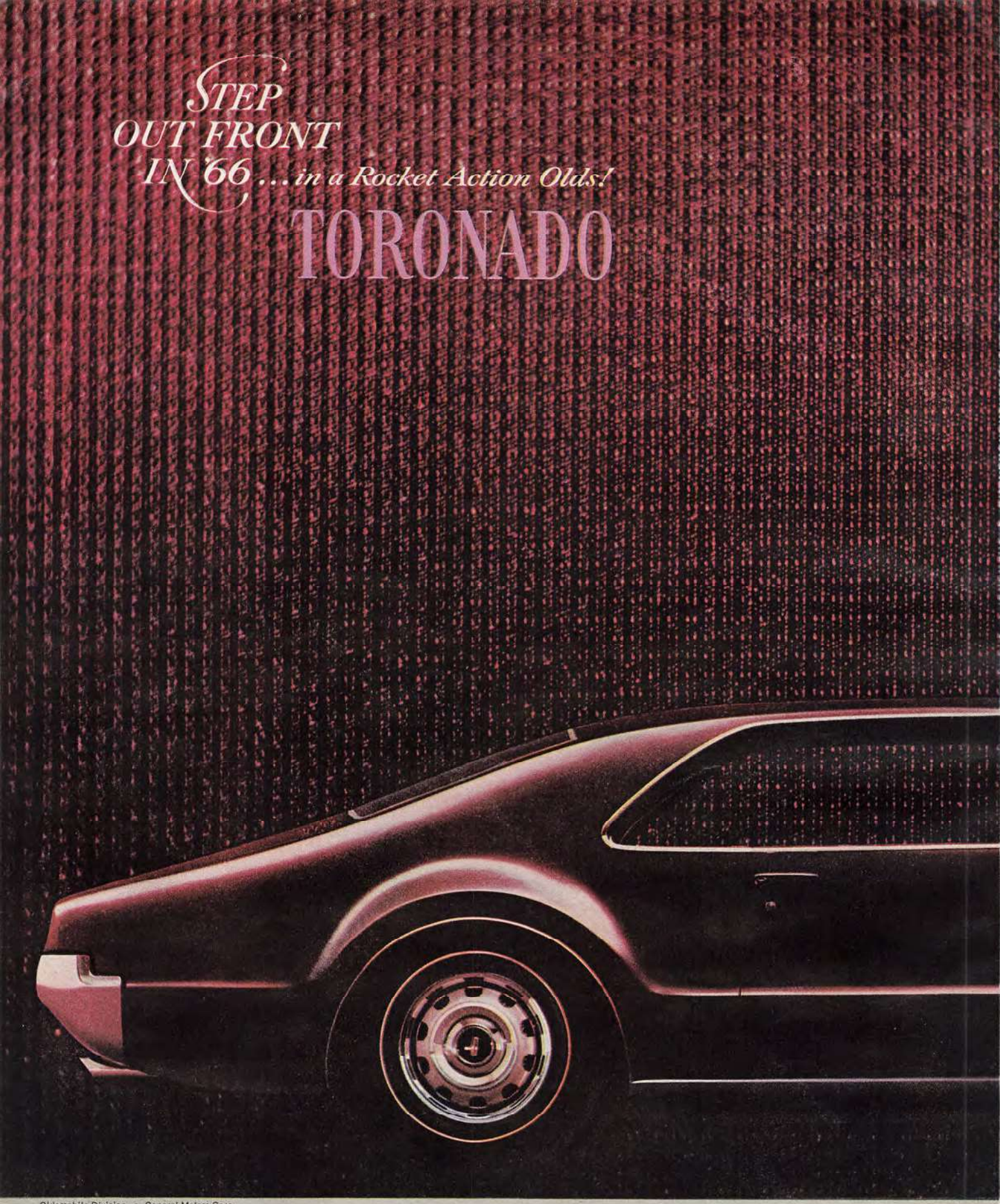

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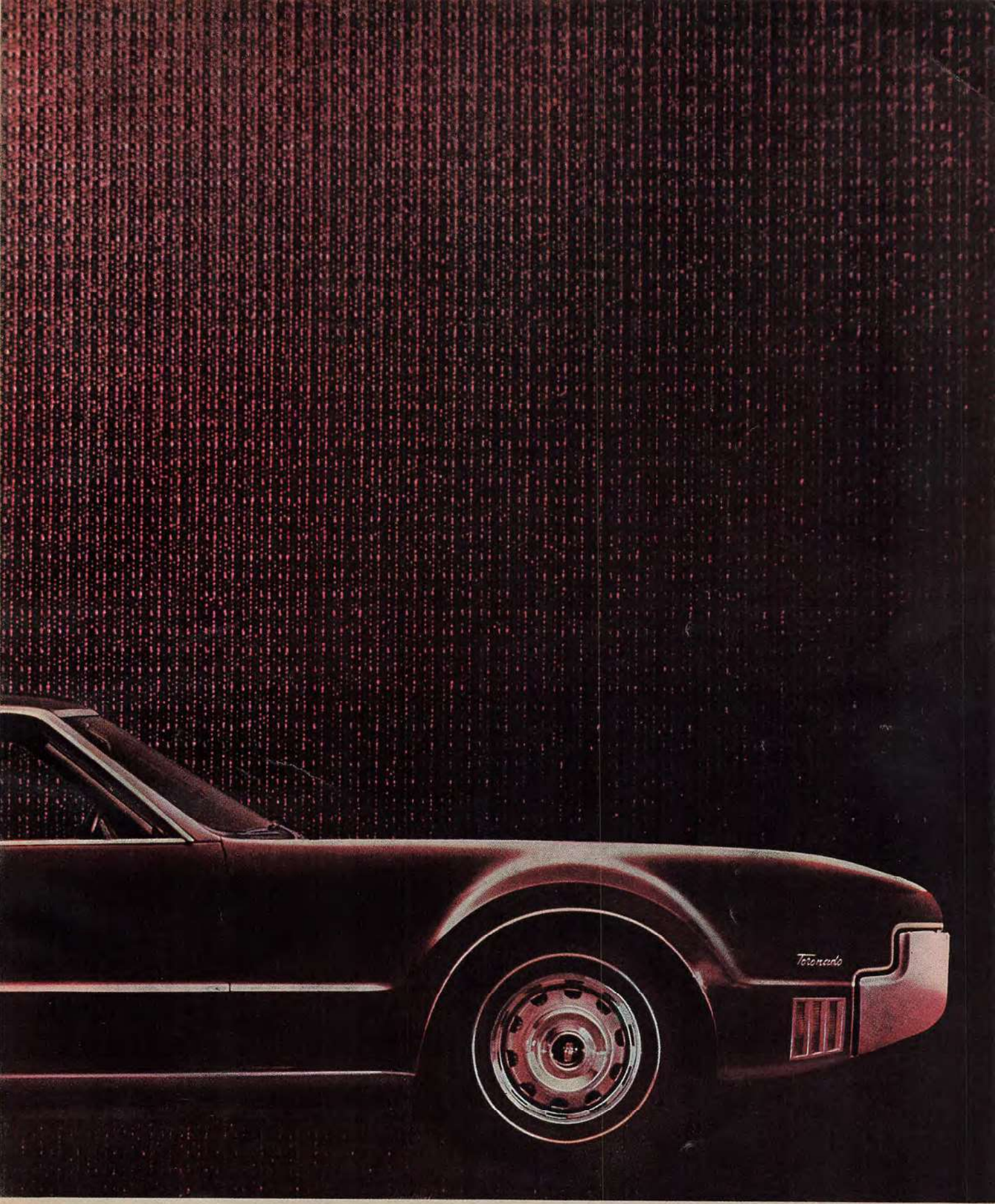

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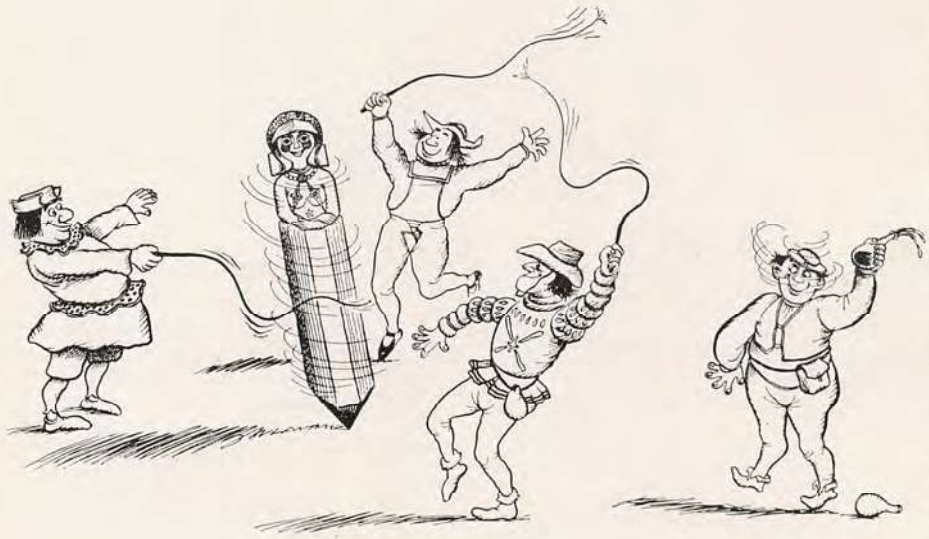
STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin



Spinning a top was, at one time, more than mere child's play. In 16th-century English villages it got to be man's work, though done for fun. The style of top used in those days was the whipping top, cylindrical rather than cone-shaped. Every boy knew how to keep his top going, once it had been set spinning, by lashing it with a small whip. Some genius thought of making a whipping top in adult or superjumbo size. This monstrous toy could be spun, it was found, if whipped vigorously enough by two or three men together. The sport spread; big, gaily painted tops carved from willow wood were donated by local gentry or bought for public recreation. The "town top" or "parish top" set spinning in the marketplace became a familiar sight in Elizabethan rural England, particularly in winter when it provided a pleasantly warming pastime for skilled players. Shakespeare likened a drunkard's whirling head to the parish top, and other writers also referred to it one way or another. Yet, curiously, when the custom died out, the huge tops vanished so completely—presumably burned for firewood—that not a single one is known to exist today in any private or museum collection. *By Robert Torrence, Berkeley, Calif.*

Making ends meet is no problem today when engineers tunnel under a river or mountain from opposite sides simultaneously. Modern surveying methods give accurate aim. In 1962, French and Italian crews drilling the seven-mile-long Mount Blanc auto tunnel through Europe's highest Alp came together in the middle only five and one-fourth inches out of line. In shorter U.S. tunnel work nowadays, heading lines usually meet on a dime. But when ancient man first began two-way tunneling—mostly to pipe water into fortified towns—there were wide misses, for lack of surveying knowledge. One wonder of Greece was a 1,000-yard aqueduct tunnel under a hill at Samos; engineer Eupalinus's gangs missed joining at first try by 16 feet. Roman engineer Nomius Datus's 1,900-year-old alibi has been preserved on a memorial tablet he erected. During a four-year absence from his North Africa mountain-tunneling job—hand chiseling of rock by slaves then was slow work—the heading got well past midway without meeting. Nomius saved the project, his tablet says, from becoming two tunnels instead of one, by driving a cross-gallery to connect the wayward headings.

The strangest game animal in the world today is probably the camel. It lives wild in only one region on earth, central Australia. When exploration of the arid interior of Australia began a century ago, camels were imported from Asia and Africa, where they had lived as domesticated animals for thousands of years. The ungainly beasts did well Down Under. By 1900, about 6,000 of them were doing highly useful work carrying men and freight; a government stud farm was established to increase the camels. But with the coming of the motor age, the beasts were soon outmoded. By the late '30's, surplus and valueless camels had gone wild and were consuming too much range forage, so stockmen began the unique sport of camel shooting. One party of hunters scored a record tally of 153 in one day. It is estimated that several hundred wild camels currently roam and breed in the wastes of central Australia. They make shy and elusive targets, however, and although literally "big game" in size, they will not likely ever be prized as fashionable trophies. *By M. L. Walker, Chicago, Ill.*

Though the way of all flesh is inevitably "dust to dust," in the Biblical phrase, the dead human body can be surprisingly durable. When spared burial—which speeds decay—a corpse kept in a low-humidity atmosphere will slowly dry to a state of natural mummification. No embalming is needed. The soft tissues shrink and harden, joints become rigid and skin taut, and a very emaciated but clean, lightweight and seemingly permanent mummy remains. This phenomenon awes tourists at a number of historic cemeteries and churches where old corpses are on view. In Europe, the cathedral of Bremen and monasteries in Bonn and Palermo have notable collections. Mexico has a cemetery in high-and-dry Guanajuato famed for its vault that stores dozens of men, women and children, all propped erect in rows like a stock of shopwindow dummies. The world's oldest unembalmed corpse may well be that of a humble tile setter who died in 1470; reposing in an open coffin at Bremen, it still resists disintegration after 515 years. *By Sam Azadian, New York, N. Y.*

Illiteracy oddly helps to tidy up towns and villages in backward Moslem countries where most of the people have never been taught to read or write. An unlettered but pious Moslem will pick up any scrap of paper lying on the ground and tuck it safely into the nearest wall crevice. He hopes thereby to earn a good mark for himself in Heaven . . . not for neatness, but on the chance that the paper bears the name of Allah and that now Allah's name will not be trod upon.

Of all allergies known to man or beast, one afflicting cats seems nature's most unkind. Some cats, it has been discovered, are allergic to catnip. They love the stuff, but they can't handle it. Their eyes go red and runny, and they sneeze violently and uncontrollably, like any human hay fever victim. There is no cure for an allergic cat except to give up contact with catnip forever.

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

hot tip

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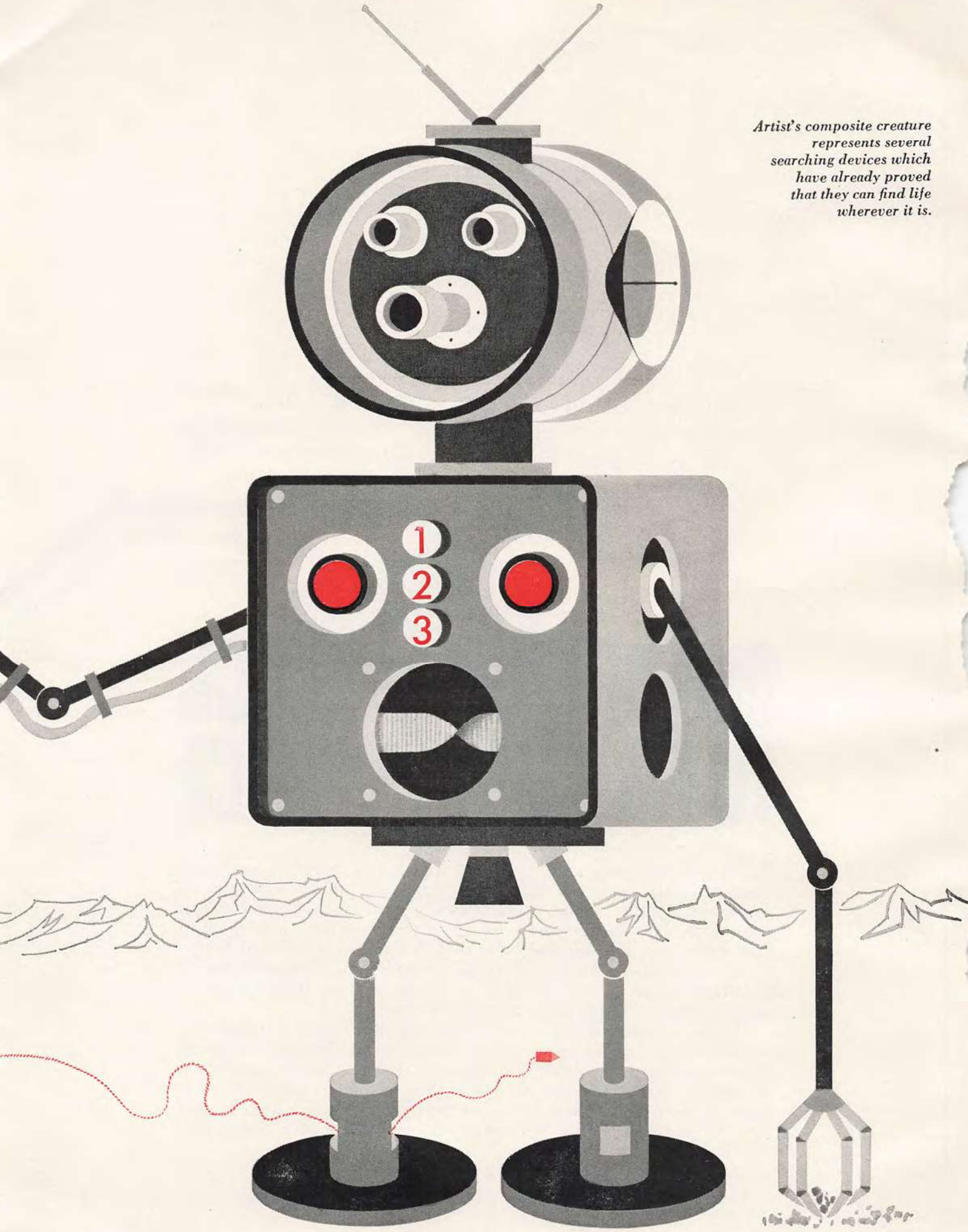
BY MAX GUNTHER
ILLUSTRATED BY OTTO VAN EERSEL

Science is creating our own "little men from earth." When we send them out on missions to other planets they will tell us all about any other creatures they may meet

OUR BIG ROBOT REACH TO FIND LIFE IN SPACE

■ High up in California's mighty White Mountains, on a desolate, windswept waste of barren gray rock and snow, a small group of men gathered in November, 1963, to conduct a strange experiment. They had been climbing most of the day. Now they were far above the timberline, in a region of thin atmosphere and perpetual bitter cold. It was a place inimical to life. No trees or shrubs, however hardy, could survive in this inhospitable world. No lizards scuttled among the rocks, no insects or grubs crawled on or in the dead, frozen ground. It was the end of the earth.

Their beard-stubbled faces raw with cold and wind, the men struggled to a level area among the rocks, a place where they could stand and work. They unpacked two odd-looking, vaguely cylindrical devices, each about the size of a pint mayonnaise jar, and set them on the rocks about 50 yards apart. A few flakes of snow fell on the men as they worked, and the gray sky grew darker. A new snowstorm was on the way. Working as fast as their



Artist's composite creature represents several searching devices which have already proved that they can find life wherever it is.

Earthman's first scouts in the solar system may not have arms and legs, but their electronic brains have a high IQ

numbed fingers would let them, they made some final adjustments on the two cylindrical devices, then stood back and watched.

They were watching a scene which, four years from now, it is hoped will be duplicated on the surface of the planet Mars.

The two strange cylindrical devices were life detectors, designed to be set down on Mars and other planets as soon as the National Aeronautics & Space Administration learns the necessary soft-landing techniques. NASA is sponsoring and paying for development of more than half a dozen such devices, all different, all ingeniously clever. One or more of them, with luck, will soon answer one of the most awesome questions of our age—indeed, of all human history. The question: does life exist outside the confines of our own planet Earth?

The device being tested that day on a White Mountain ridge was named the "Gulliver," after Jonathan Swift's fictitious traveler who discovered odd inhabitants in strange lands. The scientists who had struggled up the mountain tried to imagine that a NASA space capsule had just soft landed on a pockmarked Martian desert or on the enigmatic, cloud-hidden surface of Venus. The two Gulliver devices would have been ejected from the capsule (by some means not yet decided upon) and now they lay on the ground, waiting.

An automatic timing device in each Gulliver had started to tick. After about a minute, there were two sharp reports like rifle shots. From each Gulliver two bullet-shaped projectiles shot in opposite directions. Each projectile trailed some 25 feet of thin, tough kite line, coated with silicone grease to make it sticky. The other end of the line was firmly anchored inside the Gulliver. When each projectile got out to the limit of its line, it snapped off and kept going. The line fell to the ground, draping itself over the rocks.

For a while after that, nothing happened. Then, inside each Gulliver, a miniature battery-powered motor began to reel in the sticky strings. The strings slid over the ground picking up particles of soil and bits of rock dust, then disappeared inside the Gullivers. Miniature trapdoors automatically closed and sealed.

Next an intricate job of automatic detective work began inside the Gullivers. It would take time, so the waiting scientists huddled together for warmth as the snowstorm gathered strength. Among them were the two men who developed the Gulliver: microbiologist Dr. Norman Horowitz of the California Institute of Technology, and sanitary engineer Dr. Gilbert Levin of the Hazleton Laboratories in Falls Church, Virginia.

Doctor Levin, a lean, dark man who stands nearly six and a half feet tall, had conceived the basic Gulliver idea back in the early 1950's. At that time he was working for the California State Health Department. One of his jobs was to test water samples from Santa Monica beaches to see whether they were too full of bacteria for safe swimming. The laboratory test work was time-consuming and boring, so Doctor Levin devised a gadget to do the job automatically.

"You see," he explains, "all living things that we know of—men, plants, microbes—produce gas in their life processes. My idea was simply to measure the amount of gas emanating from a sample of water, and this would tell me roughly how many bacteria were in the water. To do this, I spiked the water with a nutrient solution that was 'tagged' with radioisotopes. When the bacteria fed on this solution, the gases they produced were faintly radioactive. The gases flowed around a radiation-sensitive device like a Geiger counter. If it counted a lot of radioactivity, I knew I had a lot of bacteria—and would have to close down the beach."

In 1961, NASA saw that Levin's method of pollution protection had its nonearthly uses and came up with money for further tinkering. The result was the Gulliver device.

When the sticky string is reeled back inside the device, the string is automatically dunked in Doctor Levin's radioisotope-tagged nutrient broth. If there are any microbes on a planet—and biologists believe no life is likely to exist without microbes—the radiation sensor will soon begin to react.

In actual use, the sensor will be hooked up to a simple telemetering system that will send the information back to earth. On the mountain that day, the information was presented through counting devices on the Gullivers themselves. One Gulliver was the "control." Its string was dipped in a microbe-killing antiseptic. This is a precaution that will be taken on all planetary life-hunting probes, as a check against faulty measurements resulting from damage en route, stray radiation, microbes accidentally carried from earth or unforeseen problems. The control Gulliver's radiation counter should read near zero; otherwise scientists will know something has gone wrong with the experiment. The other Gulliver was the actual life detector.

Doctor Levin watched it tensely. It had worked well in previous tests in other environments—a park in Washington, D.C., for instance. But those were places that teemed with life. This cold, bare mountain would be the Gulliver's most demanding test. If the Gulliver could detect life in this nearly lifeless spot, it could be counted on to detect life almost anywhere.

As the scientists watched and worried, the life detector's radiation counter began to click. Within 50 minutes, it showed three times as great a count as the control Gulliver. Even on the barren rock of the White Mountains, the Gulliver had found microscopic life.

Doctor Levin and his col- [*Continued on page* 84]

The guns of war rumble around Saigon each night and no one can know which of the city's cafes will be terror-bombed next. But beautiful women still sunbathe in bikinis, night life is boisterous and the Viet Cong haven't yet captured the golf course. A Pulitzer Prize winner who has covered Viet Nam for four years describes a...

playgirl city

BY MALCOLM W. BROWNE

SAIGON, VIET NAM

■ Each night at about dusk the big 155-millimeter howitzers in the suburbs begin clearing their throats for a night's work. As if to offset that warlike rumble, the piano lessons in the villa behind my apartment in Saigon begin at just the same time—and have, punctually, for the last four years.

The big guns at first are more felt than heard. The street vendors clack their sticks and gongs, the cars and motor scooters clog the boulevards and send a pall of exhaust smoke over the city, and the neon lights of the sleezy GI bars begin to light up Tu Do Street. It is all peaceful enough, but for that puff of pressure against the skin, the rattling of the windows and slight vibration of the floor. By the time curfew empties the streets and stills the motors, the night song of the howitzers—seeking out the invisible Viet Cong enemy—has risen to the volume of a thunderstorm.

The guns around Saigon put a little tingle of war

and danger into the air that newcomers like. A well-heeled tourist can still pass a pleasant evening in one of the rooftop hotel bars, listening to the thump of the guns and perhaps watching orange tracers drifting over the Saigon River. The nice thing about those sights and sounds of war is that they have been going on in Saigon continuously for half a decade, never closer or farther away. The big commercial Boeing jets land daily on the same runways used by fighters and helicopters. From Saigon, it seems like a safe war.

Through all the coups, countercoups, street rioting and battles around the capital, the basic sounds seem never to change—the big guns, the traffic, and the nightly piano lessons behind my apartment.

But there have, of course, been more ominous flurries of excitement in Saigon during the long war.

In late 1961 a huge Viet Cong task force swept in from the jungle-covered mountains of Kontum Province to seize the important district capital of Dak To. The Saigon government estimated that the Viet Cong had fielded at least a regiment to take the town, and this was bad news. Washington also was worried. General Maxwell D. Taylor came out to take a look on behalf of President Kennedy, and Taylor's grim report started the American military escalator rolling.

Since then, the Viet Cong has been getting bigger, and the American escalator has speeded up. This summer, Dak To fell to the Viet Cong again, and Defense Secretary Robert McNamara brought another gloomy report back to Washington. It seems now that as many as one quarter million American servicemen may be fighting in Viet Nam before long.

All this makes taxis and girls harder to get and the prices of everything higher.

Meanwhile, the war, of [*Continued on page* 108]

UNDER SIEGE

THE $200 MILLION OIL SWINDLER WHO SHOOK WALL STREET

BY NORMAN C. MILLER

Winner of a Pulitzer Prize for
his newspaper coverage of this story

Tino De Angelis said
the storage tanks were full
of vegetable oils.
So did an American Express
subsidiary. But when
creditors came looking for
their billion gallons
of collateral, it
was gone. What's more,
it had never been

■ Anthony (Tino) De Angelis was a thoroughly unimpressive figure. His five-foot, five-inch frame was swollen to the straining point by the weight of his 240 pounds. His bland moon face dissolved into a series of chins which gobbled up his fat neck. Black horn-rimmed glasses framed thick graying hair, combed straight back. He wore rumpled, ready-made suits with a ball-point pen jutting from the handkerchief pocket. Neither flashy rings nor other jewelry offset his stolid appearance. Put an apron and a chef's cap on him and he would have looked right baking pizza in the window of a little Italian restaurant.

But De Angelis' appearance, like everything else about him, was deceptive. He was a big man in Bayonne, New Jersey, with a chauffeur-driven Cadillac and a bulky wad of bills in his pocket, and he was forever pressing cash into the hands of his many admirers. He was a wide-ranging traveler who was well known for his big deals and free-spending habits in New York, Madrid, Karachi and other cities far from Bayonne. He was respected everywhere he went as an imaginative businessman of indefatigable energy and great skill. De Angelis sold salad oil, a prosaic product, to be sure, but he sold it brilliantly, in enormous quantities that no other salad oil salesman had ever equaled.

No one will ever equal De Angelis' exploits with salad oil. For salad oil was the stock in crime of this most deceptive man. And it was not ordinary crime but daring and bizarre trickery on a colossal scale. Anthony De Angelis turned his talent for selling salad oil into the greatest swindle of our time.

This unlikely master swindler, who prided himself on his rise to riches from a humble beginning, did nothing so mean as duping the gullible public. De Angelis chose an international array of financial experts as his victims in the great salad oil swindle. With incredible ease, he outsmarted dozens of the shrewdest bankers, brokers and businessmen in the United States and Europe. For the better part of a decade, the financiers lent hundreds of millions of dollars to De Angelis to bankroll his worldwide salad oil deals.

It was remarkable that the financiers would even speak to De Angelis, much less lend him millions of dollars. Before moving easily into the highest financial circles, De Angelis had compiled a record that would have barred an ordinary man from obtaining a small personal loan from almost any bank. He had run a good business into bankruptcy. His companies had cheated repeatedly on U.S. government contracts. He had been indicted on a criminal charge. His accounts had been closed at two large New York banks when it was suspected that he was kiting checks. All this, and a good deal more, was known or could have been ascertained by executives who for several years approved the multimillion-dollar loans to De Angelis.

But nothing that De Angelis did seemed to disturb his financial backers. He made flamboyant salad oil sales at prices that seemed impossibly low to orthodox businessmen. The financiers didn't ask De Angelis how he made his profits; they lent him more money for the next improbable deal. De Angelis embarked on a prolonged and apparently senseless speculation by buying an unprecedented amount of vegetable oil futures contracts on commodity exchanges. Hardly anyone worried about it and brokers willingly lent him money so he could buy more futures contracts without spending a cent of his own.

Despite all the indications that loans to De Angelis were a miserable risk, his financial backers were certain that their money was safe and that their investments would return them big profits. De Angelis had a vast storage center for salad oil in Bayonne and each time he got a loan he pledged part of his [*Continued on page* 131]

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY IRWIN HOROWITZ

Condensed from *The Great Salad Oil Swindle*, copyright © 1965 by Norman C. Miller, published by Coward-McCann, Inc.

BY GUY SHIPLER, JR.
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BEN SOMOROFF

THE TOWN THAT FOUGHT TO KEEP PROSTITUTION

For years the major industry of Beatty, Nevada, was commercial sex. When it was outlawed, the town rose in protest—and today the red lights are shining again

BEATTY, NEVADA

■ One hundred and fourteen miles north of Las Vegas, Nevada, is a small oasis in the Amargosa Desert. Over the years this green dot in a bleak and brooding land has grown into the unincorporated village of Beatty.

Originally Beatty was a thriving gold mining community. But by the mid-1950's most of the nearby mines were closed. The U.S. Atomic Test Site town of Mercury, some 40 miles away, brought trailers full of commuting workers to Beatty and ranchers within a radius of 50 to 75 miles came to town for supplies, but nevertheless Beatty's economy was far from sound. It had no heavy industry, no bank, no telegraph, no mayor; its affairs were run by the County Board of Commissioners who met in Tonopah, 93 miles away.

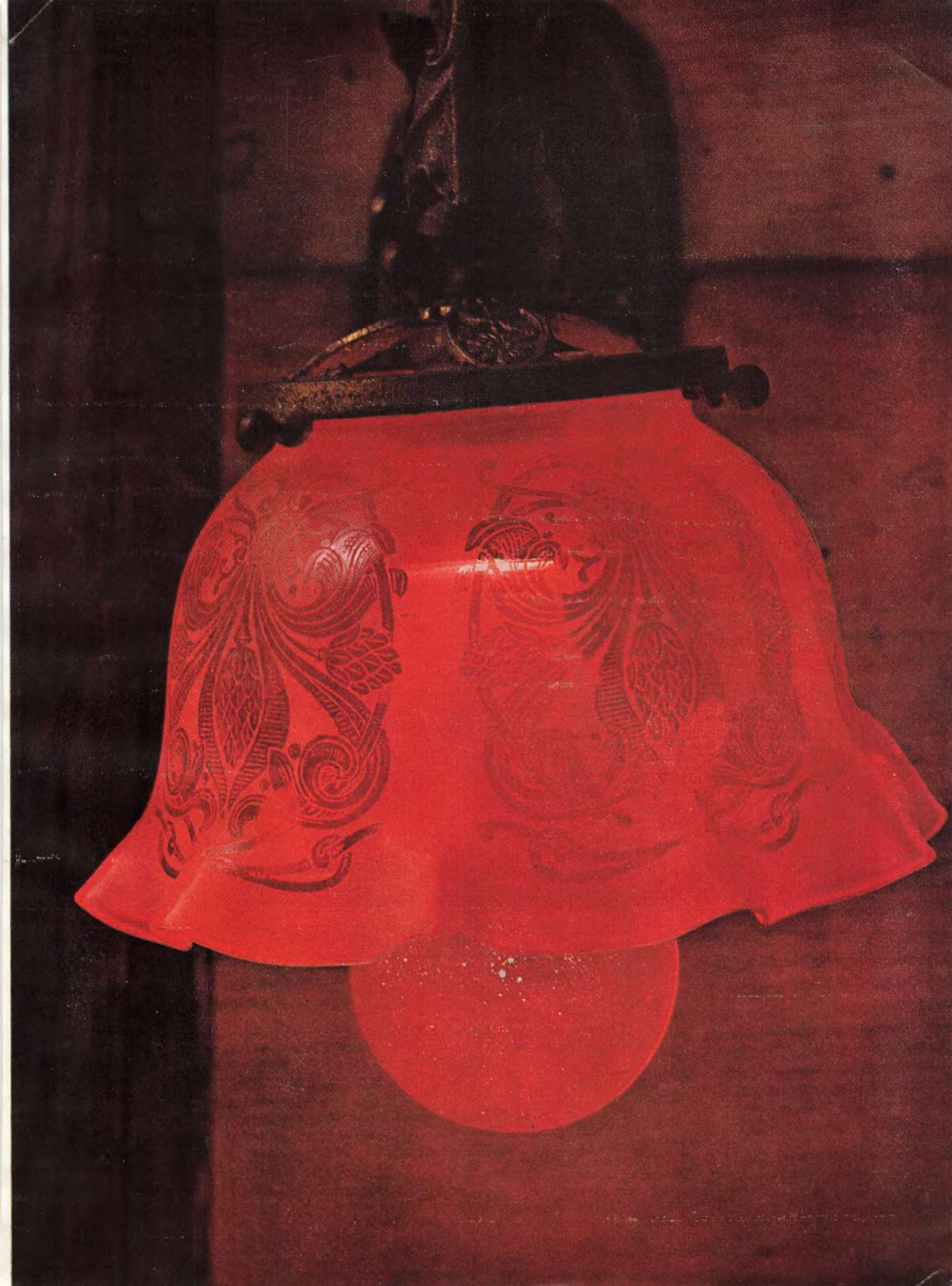
Then, in the fast-changing society which followed World War II, a new factor came to the little town's rescue: Prostitution. A tremendous travel boom, sparked by the lifting of wartime restrictions and a high prosperity, had put Americans on the road in record numbers. U.S. Highway 95, the only road between Reno and Las Vegas, became the main artery supplying the town's lifeblood. In this sparsely settled area, distances between communities are so great that a high percentage of motorists are bound to stop at any oasis. People stopping in Beatty began to provide steady business for the town's half-dozen bars and gambling casinos, five gas stations, a handful of cafes and motels—and two brothels. Ultimately prostitution enjoyed such a spectacular boom in Beatty that it became the town's leading industry, drawing customers not only from Las Vegas but from as far away as Los Angeles. (Nevada has no state law against prostitution. Counties and communities must outlaw it through their own legislation.)

For a number of years after the war, the two brothels in Beatty—the Red Rooster and the Willow Tree—shared this flourishing market. Averaging five girls apiece and charging the then standard Nevada rate of $5, $7.50 and $10, each house netted between $7,000 and $8,000 a month. Naturally this kind of business meant that the rest of Beatty enjoyed prosperity too. The houses operated with no interference from the authorities—the Nye County Board of Commissioners or the district attorney, located in the county seat in Tonopah. As long as the houses obeyed a few broad rules laid down by the commissioners, and as long as no one complained that they were nuisances, they were within the law of Nye County.

Then, in the fall of 1957, the blow fell. From the Tonopah office of Nye County District Attorney William Beko came an order shutting down both the Red Rooster and the Willow Tree. No reasons were given for the order and it was not stated whether the shutdown would be permanent—a factor which was to have a great bearing on the future of Beatty.

Stunned, some of the town's leading citizens drove the 93 miles to Tonopah at top speed to find out why Beko had acted.

He told them: Three people had complained that one of the madams got drunk [*Continued on page* 78]

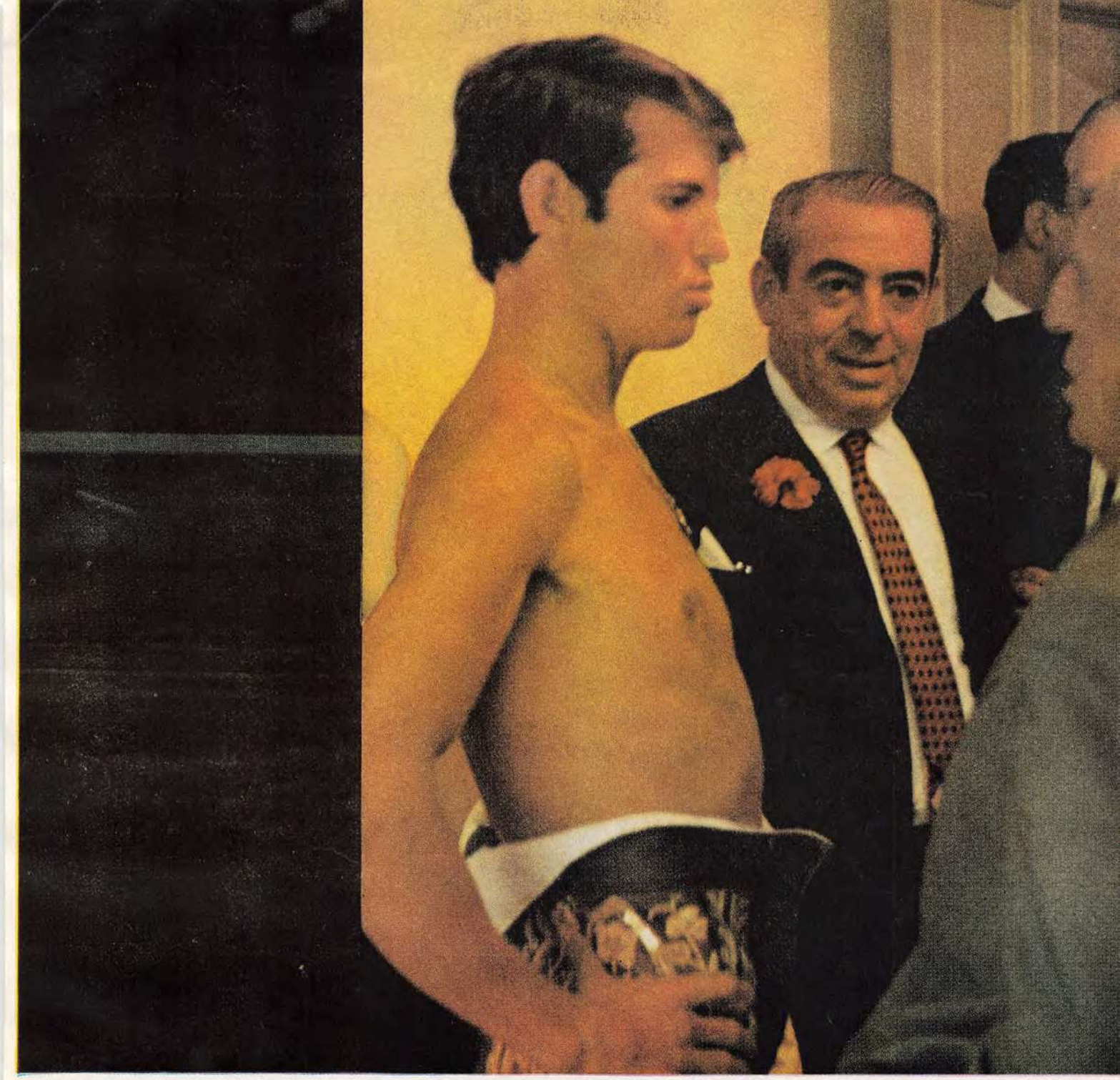


In the ring or in his hotel room (right) El Cordobes is a magnetic attraction.

BY ROBERT DALEY

a deadly sport gets an unlikely

Copyright © 1965 by Robert Daley, from the book *The Swords of Spain* to be published by the Dial Press in November.



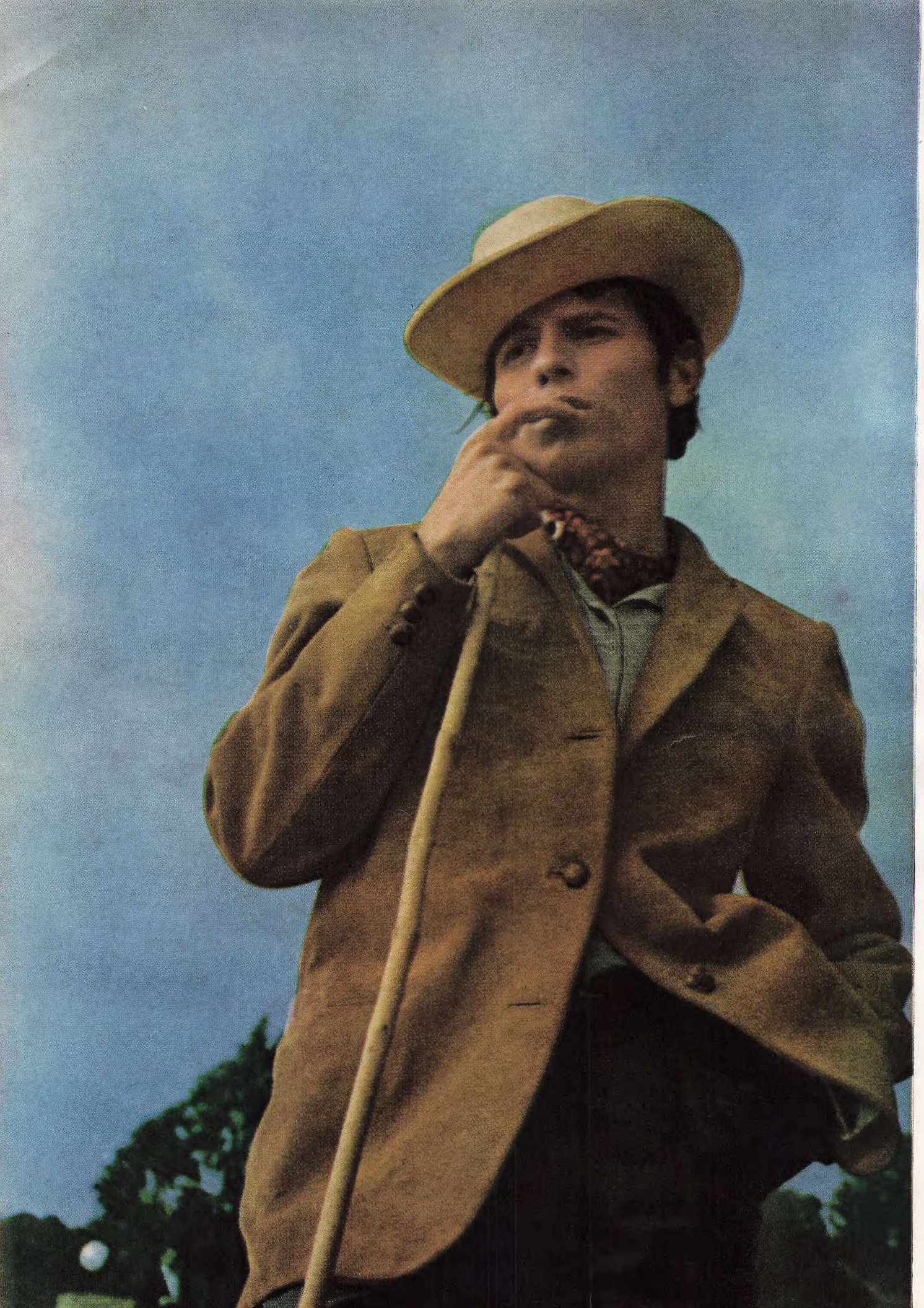
El Cordobes was a starving peasant who never learned to fight bulls properly. Now he is a millionaire matador, but the bulls are still sticking horns in him

hero

He lay near death with three horn wounds in him, and the crowd gathered quickly outside. Night came on, and still people stared up at the walls, and talked in whispers. "*Oh, él pobre. . . Pobre hombre.*" Poor man.

That day, May 20, 1964, he had made his debut in Madrid. He was 28, or perhaps over 30. One of the things never sure about El Cordobes was his age. In any case, he was 10 years older than most new matadors, and he was more full of hunger than any the mob had ever known—hunger to make and spend money, hunger to please and provide thrills, hunger for adulation and fame.

Despite $1.2 million already in the bank, he had declared grimly: "I'm



PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOSE-MARIA LARA—PIX

During a cookout on a neighboring ranch, he sings and plays the guitar but eats only vegetables and fruit.

he loves his native land and its open spaces

not going out of that bullring on foot. I mean to be carried out. Either on the shoulders of the mob, or on a stretcher." Later he made the big bull turn round and round himself in pass after pass, a heart-stopping, beautiful, perilous thing to watch. He won the mob and its shoulders at once, and must have known this from the thunderous noise which threatened to burst the walls of the Madrid plaza. He should have stopped then and killed the beast, but he would not stop. Now the crowd could almost see the light dawning in the brain of the bull. For God's sake, El Cordobes, that's enough. He had already gone on twice the normal length of time, double the normal number of passes. He was in the center of the ring—he had deliberately taken the bull out there, 30 yards from the nearest help—and now the horns had begun searching for something solid, the great skull hooking in each pass.

And then the bull lifted him, its horn in his left leg. El Cordobes crashed down to the sand, the bull wheeled and was on him again, goring away. The ballet was over. Men were running out from the fence 30 yards distant and El Cordobes was gripping the horns with both hands, but one was plunged into his crotch. Then the horn stabbed into him still again. At last men beat at the bull's flanks, yanked its tail, flapped capes. Finally it lifted its horns.

He was the highest paid and most popular matador of all time, yet still carried food in his pockets. He owned a plane and a fleet of expensive cars which were always stocked with food. He had never been to school and could neither read nor write until very recently, but knew where every cent he earned was placed and where his money would bring the best return. He had been in jail more times than he could remember, yet cabinet ministers now followed him about. He still peeled oranges with his teeth, but ballerinas and film stars vied for his favors. Sometimes girls he didn't know telephoned him threatening to commit suicide if he refused to see them. In a year at least three books had been written about him, and he had appeared in two successful movies. Virtually every place he fought the arena was sold out, and scalpers hawked tickets out front for 10 times the price or more. Bullfight posters advertising these fights sometimes showed just his photo and the date; not even his name was necessary—that face and smile were enough to guarantee a sellout. He got paid a percentage of the gate, or perhaps a flat fee which was seldom less than $6,000 per appear- [*Continued on page* 120]

On his ranch in Cordoba El Cordobes watches wild bulls run in the pastures.

BY DANIEL P. MANNIX

MAP MODEL BY BLAKE HAMPTON

■ In 1956, two "clam diggers" on the Tennessee River found a bed of pig-toe mussels—a species of freshwater mollusk with a mother-of-pearl lining that may occasionally produce pearls of gem quality. The men started prying open the shells. Suddenly one digger gave a wild yell. He had found a perfectly formed pearl of pure color and luster.

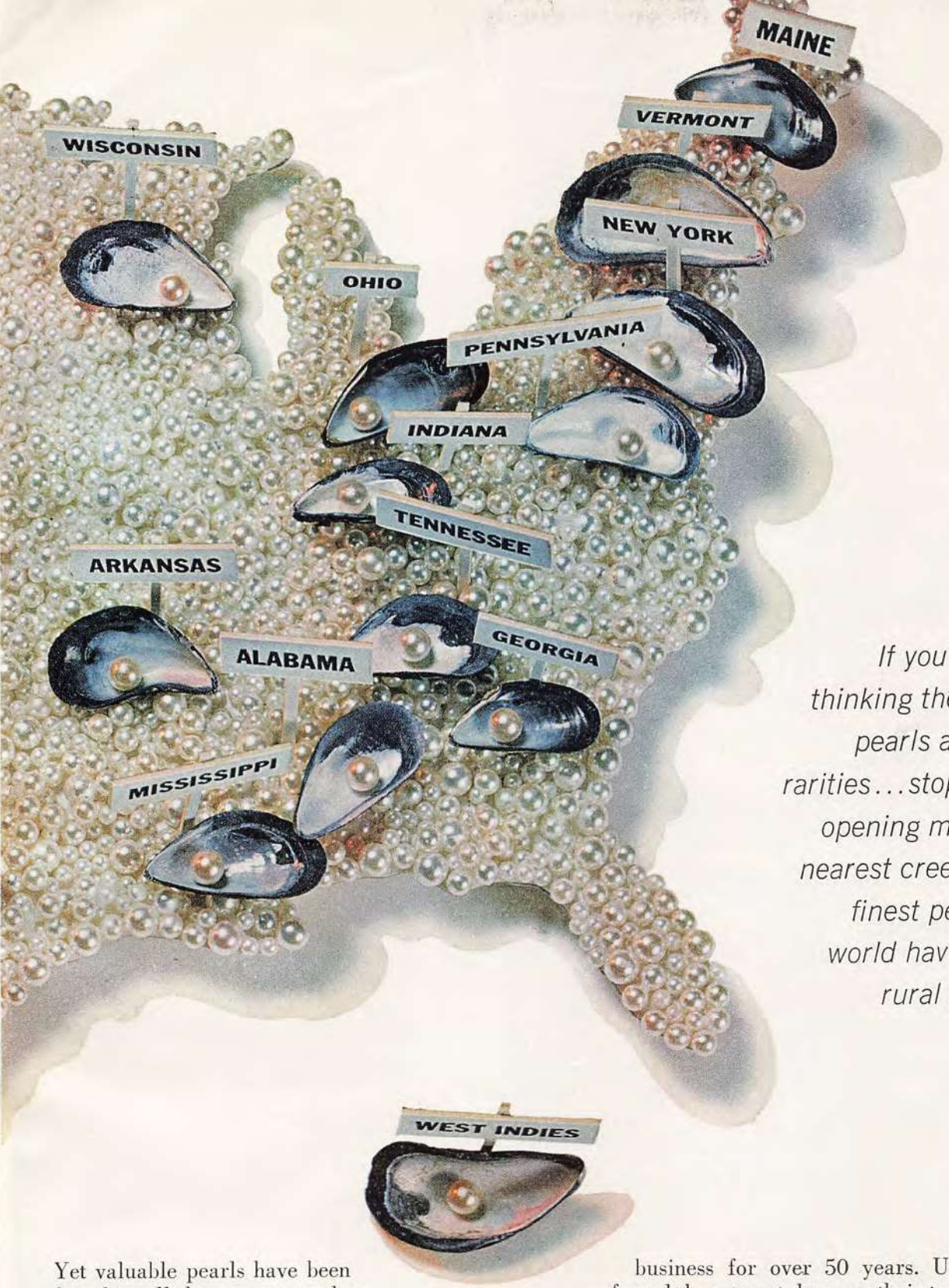
"We're partners so I get half," shouted his friend.

"To hell with that—I found it."

Both men went for their guns and fired together. Both dropped mortally wounded. But within hours word of the new strike had spread. Hundreds of men, women and children were wading in the river feverishly digging mussels. By the time the bed was cleaned out, several thousand dollars worth of pearls had been found by the avid searchers.

Most people think pearls are produced only by the saltwater mollusk usually called an "oyster"—although it's only a distant relation of the edible oyster—in tropical seas. Actually, any shellfish that secretes nacre or "mother-of-pearl" can produce a gem pearl and plenty of our freshwater mussels do just that.

Big strikes like the Tennessee River one are as rare as winning the Irish Sweepstakes with a single ticket.



If you've been thinking the best natural pearls are foreign rarities... stop, look and start opening mussels at the nearest creek. Many of the finest pearls in the world have come from rural America

Yet valuable pearls have been found in all the areas tagged on the above map, and $150,000 worth of pearls and pearl materials are discovered in the United States every year. And although American pearls are becoming scarcer because of the destruction of mussel beds by diggers and the pollution of our larger streams, they still can be found by experts in isolated rural regions of this country.

Two such experts are Mr. and Mrs. Morris Hanauer who operate the American Gem and Pearl Company in New York City. The Hanauers have been in the pearl business for over 50 years. Until age recently forced them to cut down on their traveling, they used to take frequent trips into the back country of Arkansas, Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee—talking to the local fishermen, tracing down every rumor of pearls and usually returning from a trip with $10,000 to $20,000 worth of pearls.

"You have no idea how desperately poor most of the people are in these areas," says Mrs. Hanauer. "One-room shacks, meat once a month, no schooling and clothes held together with a few pins. They live on the dream of finding [*Continued on page* 112]

tools that shaped ships

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

In the days of sailing ships the glimpse of a tall vessel slipping through green seas, white sails billowing, inspired seaman and landlubber alike. The beautiful, fast merchant ships were literally works of art—carved out of the forest by hard-muscled men, using only hand tools.

Nautically-minded citizens of San Diego recently learned the skills it takes to make a mast and lay a deck when they restored the 205-foot bark "Star of India" with the same kind of tools that first put her together in 1863. Her admirers believe that the "Star" is the oldest iron-hulled sailing ship in the world. Her wood deck, masts and interior all had to be remade and her hull repaired.

When money and labor were volunteered for the ship's restoration as a public project, old salts among the volunteers had to teach the novices how to use shipwrights' tools. Some—the adz and planes, for example—are older than sailing ships. Others are special to sail. The marlinespike, for splicing rope, is an ancient sailor's pride. The authentic old tools San Diegans used came from the collections of Don Cunningham and Alden C. Davidson. Seaworthy again, the "Star" is now a floating maritime museum and a tribute to the men and tools that built her a second time.

ADZ (left), shown near bow of the "Star," chipped and shaped roughed-out timbers with its wide, sharp blade.

PLANES of all sizes and many uses smoothed and finished wooden surfaces all over a ship. "Long plane" made lengthy cuts for deck planking. Tiny white whalebone plane with rounded bottom was used for fine grooving.

SHIP'S AX began the job of making a fast, beautiful sailing vessel from raw timber brought straight from forest to shipyard.

BORERS AND SHAPERS of all kinds were needed by old-time shipwrights. Long-handled brace gave extra leverage for drilling through thick oak. Ship's auger behind brace bored holes. Foreground tools—spoon bit, treenail sharpener and auger—shaped treenails. These were wooden pegs used mainly to fasten planking and overheads to the frames. Treenails swelled up when wet and held fast.

TAR FUNNEL poured boiling oil in the cracks between planking to make decks waterproof—a process that had to be repeated often. "Tarring the decks" was never a sailor's favorite job.

FID is a simple tool that, with the marlinespike, has been used for hundreds of years to splice rope. Both instruments were also handy for skull cracking in seamen's brawls.

DRAWKNIVES finished rounded surfaces. Foreground knife with thin blade and adjustable handles can reach into tight places. Just behind it is a heavier knife used primarily for dressing spars, masts.

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BOB GRANT AND JOHN E. BOYKIN

PLANES

SHIP'S AX

BORERS AND SHAPERS

DRAWKNIVES

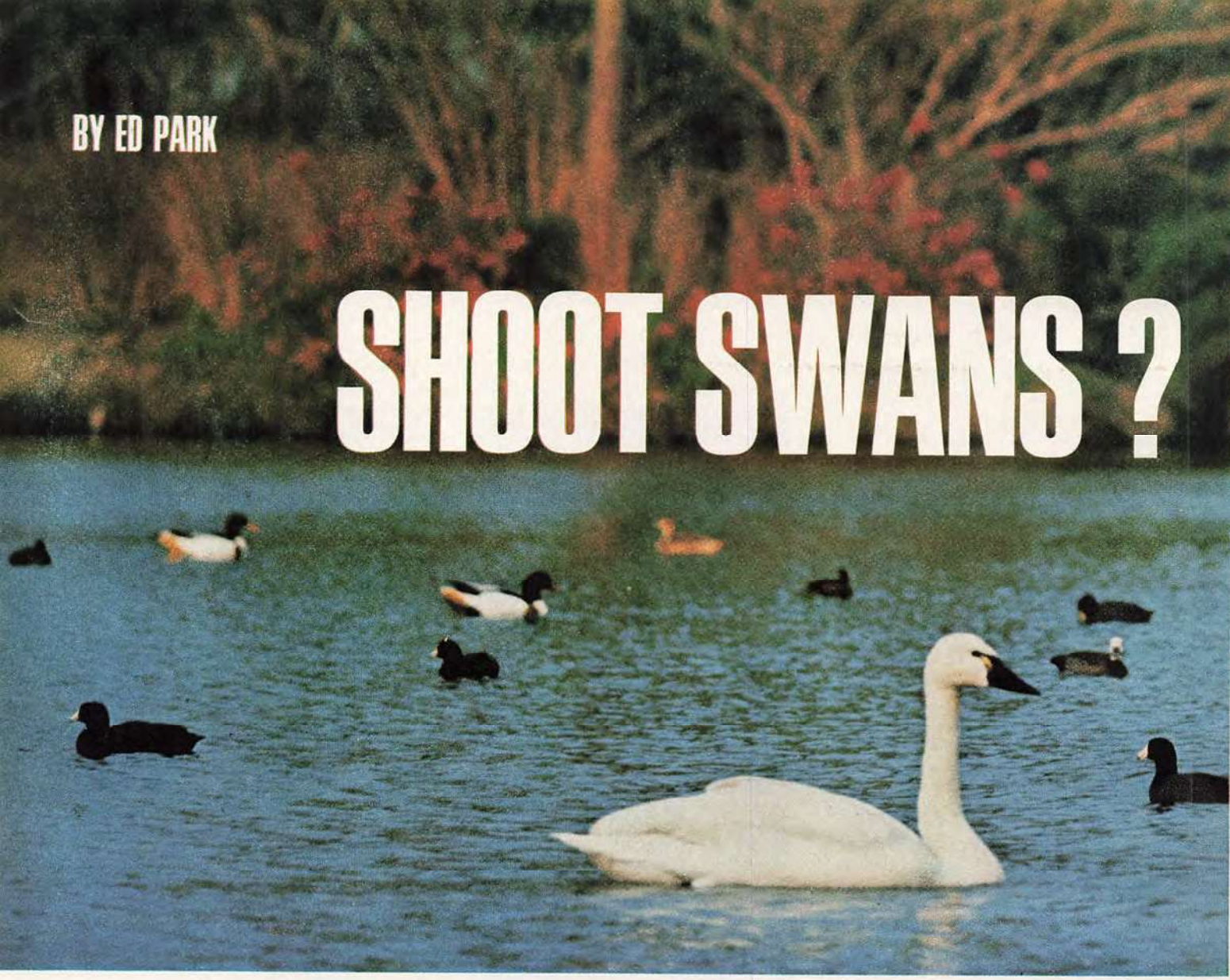
TAR FUNNEL

FID

← ADZ

BY ED PARK

SHOOT SWANS?



■ The sacred cows of India lead wonderfully secure lives, protected by law, religion and public sentiment. We in modern, sophisticated America may think that coddling cows is a bit silly, yet how about our long predilection for not hunting females of the deer family (even though we know that winter starvation will stalk and kill them more relentlessly than hunters)—or our equally sentimental attitude about swans?

Who'd ever want to shoot a swan? The mere thought is abhorrent.

That's why I was more than a bit surprised and angered when I heard in the fall of 1962 that Utah was going to open hunting on all swans—the first legal season since 1918.

Swans! Why, I'd been to the city park just a few days before, feeding bread to these magnificent snow-white birds. I found the whole idea revolting and let a few people know about it with strong letters. But soon courteous answers cast a different light. Utah was having a limited hunt of *whistling* swans only, with 1,000 permits being issued, good for one whistling swan apiece. The rare trumpeter swans were not being hunted. Yet I still had doubts, so when I happened to be in Salt Lake City later, I stopped by the offices of the Utah Department of Fish and Game and talked with Donald A. Smith, assistant chief of game in charge of waterfowl.

"Your seasons are on whistling swans," I began. "What's to prevent a hunter from killing a rare trumpeter since the two can't be distinguished in the field?"

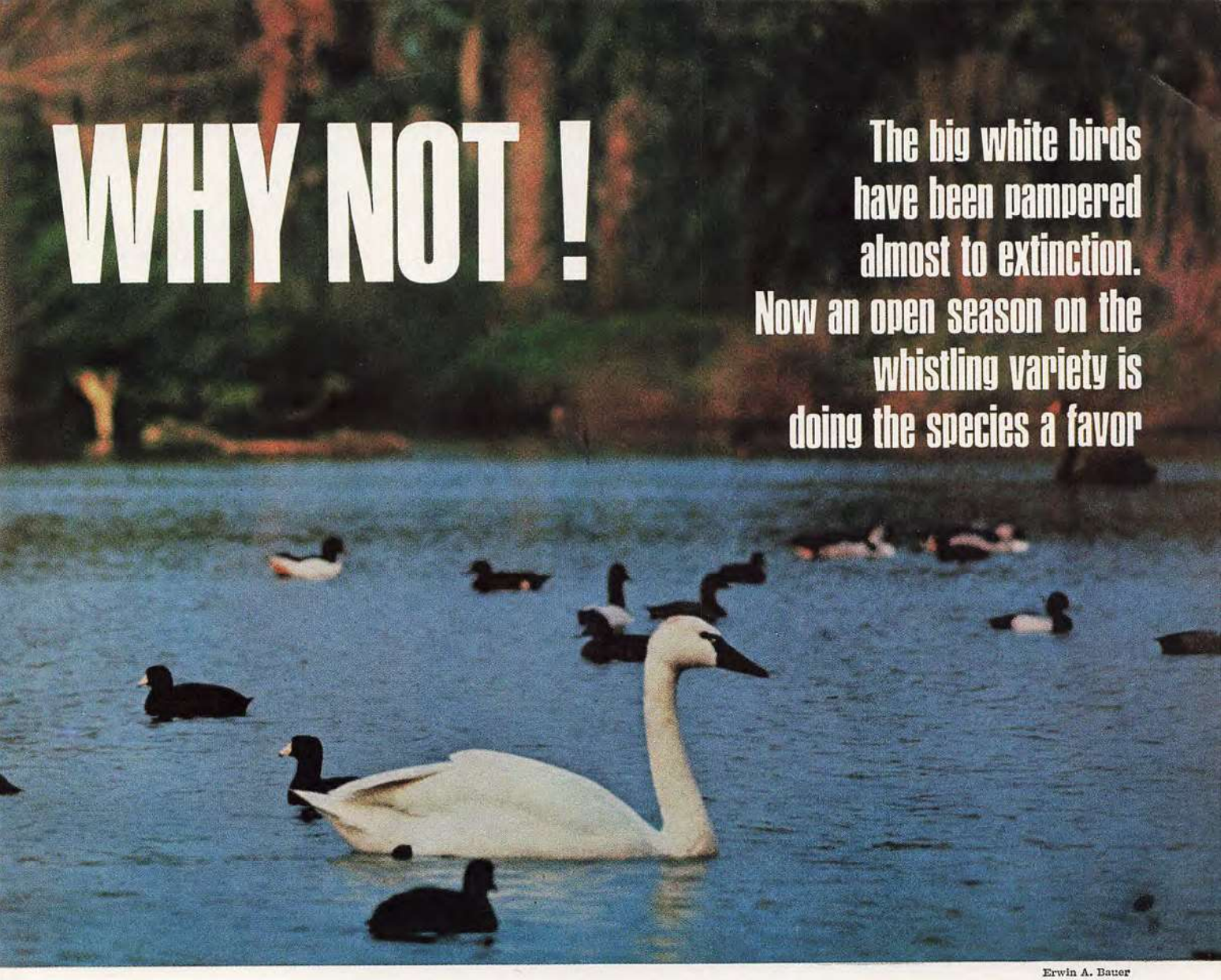
"There have been only two trumpeters seen in Utah since 1901, and the most recent was 42 years ago. We also check the swan hunters and no trumpeters have come through the checking station."

"But aren't trumpeters found in neighboring states?" I continued.

"Yes, and that's why the Fish and Wildlife Service hasn't opened the hunting of whistlers elsewhere. Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Nevada, Oregon—all have trumpeters, so no swan hunting at all is allowed."

WHY NOT!

The big white birds have been pampered almost to extinction. Now an open season on the whistling variety is doing the species a favor



Erwin A. Bauer

"Isn't 1,000 swans killed per year too many?" I asked Donald Smith.

"Not when you realize we have between 30,000 and 40,000 passing through here each winter, and that hunters manage to harvest only 300 to 400. That makes a kill of only about 1 percent of our total population."

"Only 300 or 400? They're so big, slow and tame—how come the kill isn't 100 percent?"

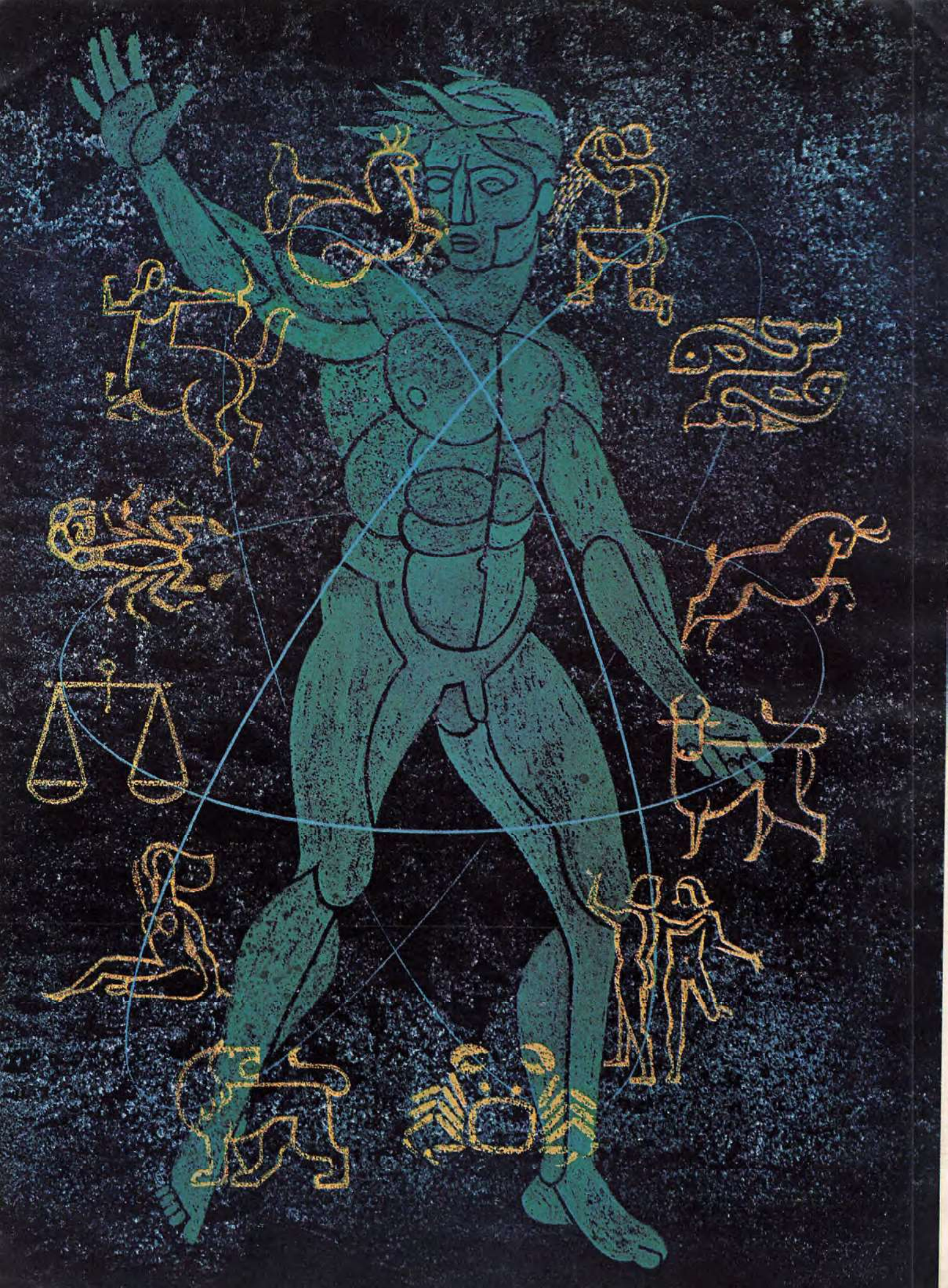
Smith explained that wild whistlers aren't the same birds we feed in parks. This swan is big, true, but is also fast, wary, tough and hard to bring down. "Besides," he added, "the hunting moves the swans south and keeps them from freezing to death in droves."

I left feeling quite a bit better and applied for a permit, though with some reservations. I was one of the lucky 1,000, and last fall I found myself on the way to Salt Lake from my home in Bend, Oregon.

I decided to have a look around Ogden Bay Waterfowl Management area, for about two-thirds of the swans are taken here. I arrived a little before shooting time one morning and, as I got out of the car, I realized that somewhere out in the darkness there were hundreds, maybe thousands, of calling birds. I tried to place the sound but it was strange to me. Then I felt a wave of chills run up my back as I realized—they must be swans! Suddenly I was excited at the prospect of seeing hordes of the huge white birds.

I could spend several days hunting, if need be, and didn't figure I'd have any trouble shooting something as big and slow as a swan, so decided to spend the first day just looking around. Also, I was still not too sure about *me* shooting a swan even though I was beginning to accept the idea of someone else doing it.

I hurried down the dike which formed the western boundary of the main lake, passing hunters every 50 yards or so. Down the line I could see tiny red glows as hunters puffed nervously on cigarettes. The Wasatch Mountains were sharply outlined against the predawn sky and a thin, chill fog hung over the valley. I was looking for a place to [*Continued on page* 118]



BY JOE GOODAVAGE
ILLUSTRATED BY OTTO VAN EERSEL

ΑΣΤRΘLΘGΨ

SURPRISING REVELATIONS FROM A SUSPECT SCIENCE

Most scientists still call astrology a fake, and charlatans still use it to gull the credible. But evidence from space indicates the stars do affect our weather and may guide our fortunes and our lives

■ Not so many years ago, any claim that forces from without our universe could have effect upon human beings and their environment would have thrown astronomers and other true scientists into an uproar. To accept such a thesis would be to acknowledge a belief in astrology—and to orthodox science, believing in astrology is like believing in witchcraft.

Now, however, the climate of scientific opinion is changing somewhat and evidence is emerging which seems to suggest that what goes on in the heavens may well have some cause and effect connection with all of us here on Earth. An increasing number of scientists are studying the relationship of stars and planets to man. They are probing the claim that astrologers have knowledge and power with which to make accurate predictions of future events.

Many scientists are still reluctant to acknowledge their interest. One astronomer at a well-known observatory admits he knows how to read astrological tables and cast horoscopes, but he wants the fact kept quiet. "My professional life is at stake," he says. Yet despite such fears, more and more scientists are willing to speak out on the subject of astrology.

Dr. Ellsworth Huntington, a Yale University historian, has traced the correlation between movements of the planets and the recorded fates of some civilizations of the past.

Dr. Bryant Tuckerman, while at the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, New Jersey, has done a study of early Babylonian astrological computations, checking them against history. Since the Babylonian astrologers included a variety of information in their tablets, including commodity prices, Doctor Tuckerman's study points out a basis for new research. Glenn T. Seaborg, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, has said the Tuckerman data could reveal vital information about modern economic cycles.

Dr. Harlan T. Stetson of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology told the New York Electrical Society some years ago, "If [celestial-terrestrial] relationships are not pure coincidence . . . they may prove the beginning of two new sciences—solaristics and lunaristics—scientific versions of medieval astrology. By means of these it may be possible to predict the flux of business cycles and the coming of earthquakes, as well as other phenomena."

Whether astrology will evolve into a fully respectable science remains to be seen. At present it is a calling which attracts both charlatans and sincere practitioners. The latter variety undertakes to [*Continued on page* 103]

JOE DON LOONEY RUNS, KICKS AND TACKLES WITH THE POWER OF A TANK, BUT IN TWO SEASONS WITH THREE TEAMS HE HAS BEEN IN TROUBLE MORE THAN HE HAS BEEN IN GAMES. SOME PEOPLE STILL THINK HE COULD BE FOOTBALL'S NEXT SUPERSTAR, BUT UNTIL THAT DAY COMES EVERYBODY IS JUST...

Waiting For Looney

BY RON SMITH

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWARD R. NOBLE

If you're a rookie in a National Football League training camp, you have to take a lot of abuse and smile about it. This is the way a rookie proves he belongs, that he's one of the boys.

At breakfast in the chow hall you may be halfway through your cereal when somebody says, "Hey, kid, give us a chorus." You stand up on your chair, place your hand over your heart, and sing your college fight song. You sing it loud and clear the first time because somebody else might say he couldn't hear you and would you please sing it again. Big-name veterans order you to carry their shoes, or shine them. Assistant coaches call you cannon fodder and ask you if your mother knows you're out playing with the big kids.

Last year Joe Don Looney, a rookie halfback from Fort Worth, Texas, sang no songs and carried no shoes. He was not one of the boys. Nor is it certain he will become one, even though he runs like a wild stallion, tackles hard enough to topple a dinosaur, and kicks long, towering punts that seem to be shot from a mortar. No man has played so little and caused so many headaches in so short a time.

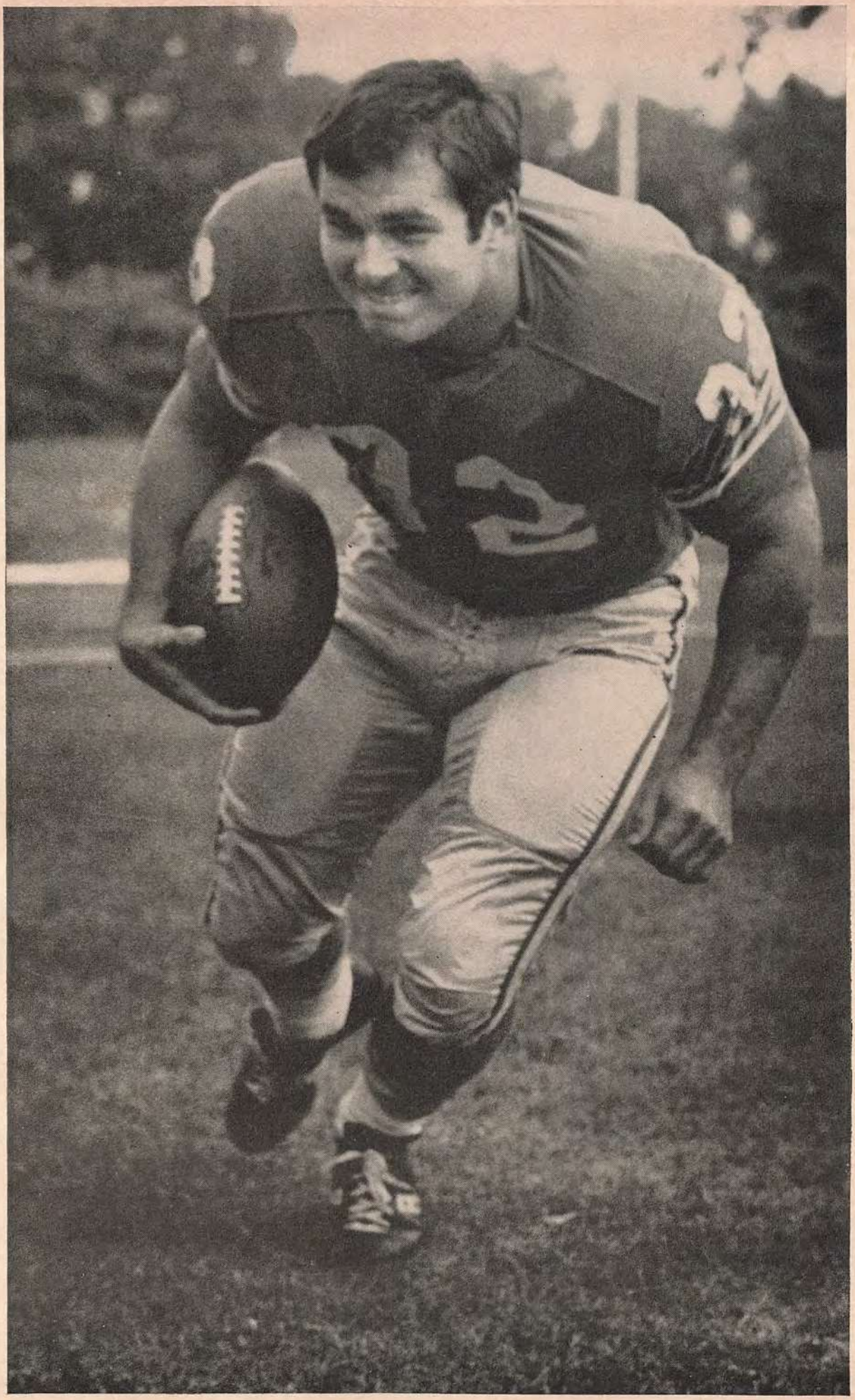
Looney is 23 years old. He stands six-one and weighs 230 pounds. His arms are thick and powerful and the muscles in his back and legs are clusters, hard as bone. The first time he played in a pro game he ran 58 yards against the Chicago Bears, a touchdown spurt that left tacklers strewn behind. His first punt sailed 47 yards from the scrimmage line. He threw a block once on Merlin Olsen of the Los Angeles Rams that separated Olsen from his helmet and his consciousness. Mostly, though, Joe Don Looney has straddled the bench because he seldom has been out of management's doghouse.

He has not fitted into the curious little society that is a pro football team because into this society Looney has brought a personality that is entirely his own; a moody, emotionally-complex personality that has made him an object of awe, untold enemies, and which also may keep him from becoming one of the truly great players of his day.

Once, in a scrimmage game, Looney ran to the wrong side of the line. "Wrong hole! Wrong hole!" a coach barked. Looney, walking back to the huddle, looked at the coach coldly. "A good runner makes his own hole," he said. Next time he carried he ran to the wrong side again.

Today, the Detroit Lions have Joe Don. They say he could be the something extra they need to win a championship, and that all he needs is a chance to play. Yet one week after joining the Lions' training camp this fall, Looney twice missed the 11 p.m. curfew and made headlines when it took a teammate and two policemen to subdue him during a wee hours restaurant ruckus that started when the husband of a waitress at the restaurant claimed Looney and John Flynn, the teammate, tried to leave without paying their bill.

"I've got a job for Looney," said Harry Gilmer, the Lions' head coach. "He could be a vital part of the team. If he is man enough he will get the job done;



Looney (32) and teammates discuss tactics in preseason game against the Colts. The next move was Looney, running wild.

if not he'll fall by the wayside. It's as simple as that."

The Lions are Looney's third team in one year. He touched four different colleges en route to the National Football League and at the last—Oklahoma, where he made All-America—was booted from the squad after scuffling with an assistant coach. The New York Giants made him a first draft choice and took him to camp. Six weeks later they threw up their hands and traded him to the Baltimore Colts. Last summer the Colts traded him to the Lions. Between trades Looney was fined by a police-court judge for kicking in the door of a young couple's apartment, reprimanded by his coach, and fined by his general manager for acts detrimental to the team.

If you ask him about his troubles he will not discuss them beyond saying, "I kind of lost my head." Then he will look at you with his quiet, dark eyes and say, "All I want to do is play football. Right now it's the only thing I really know how to do."

He said this several weeks ago, in a dormitory room at Cranbrook School near Detroit, where the Lions train. He was sitting on his bed wearing a small, boyish grin that belied the wild tales of his difficult nature. He is painfully courteous but he has been roasted by reporters, because of his troubles, and he distrusts them. He has learned to say, "I'm sorry, sir, but I don't give interviews." Nor does he. Yet now, in the quiet of his room after a hard morning practice, he seemed to be enjoying our conversation.

"I liked Baltimore," he was saying, "and I'm sorry I didn't do more to help them win a championship. But I was glad I got traded because they're looking for runners here. If I can make the team I might get to play a lot here. I know I could do real well if I could just play some."

A portable record player was on a table in his room and there were two large bottles on a dresser. One was filled with vitamin pills, the other with mineral tablets. Looney swallows them to pamper his great body. Two iron blocks with small handles were on the floor. These he uses to keep his massive biceps toned up. There were no books, which struck me as unusual. Looney is a voracious reader. He is especially fond of Ayn Rand books (*The Fountainhead, Anthem, Atlas Shrugged*)—all of which express a philosophical belief that man must not sacrifice his individuality and must struggle to save himself from paralyzing conformity.

Though he does not say so, Joe Don Looney must figure he has been right to do some of the things he has done. Not long ago, in the restaurant at 3 a.m., he was certain he was right. He said the man he tried to pound into oblivion had pulled a knife on him and pointed it at his stomach after accusing him of not paying a $3.38 bill.

"I went out of my head," Looney said. "He could have killed me. That's all I kept thinking of. And I really wanted to get him. But Flynn kept me off him. All that happened was a lot [*Continued on page* 96]

HAPPINESS IS A DRY MARTINI

The first of a series of contemporary comments by America's favorite nighttime comic,

JOHNNY CARSON

Drawings by Whitney Darrow, Jr.

HAPPINESS IS *having the smart aleck who was voted Most Likely To Succeed make it—on the FBI's "Ten Most Wanted" list.*

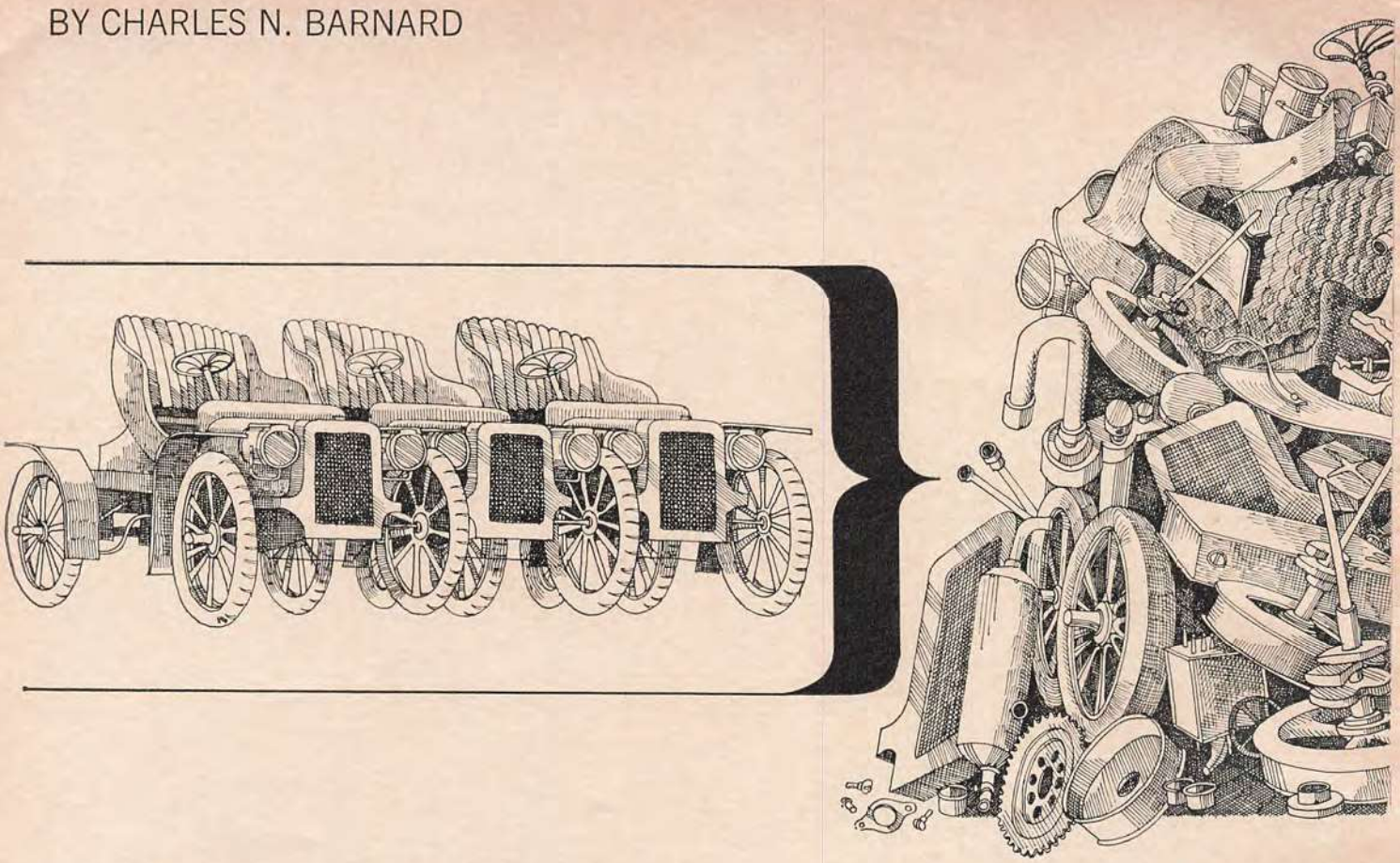
HAPPINESS IS *sitting down to watch some slides of your neighbor's vacation and finding out he spent two weeks in a nudist colony.*

HAPPINESS IS *discovering your blind date is technical advisor on* Peyton Place.

HAPPINESS IS *your dentist telling you it won't hurt and then having him catch his hand on the drill.*

From the book *Happiness is a Dry Martini*. Text copyright © 1965 by Cory-Richard Music, Inc. Illustrations copyright © 1965 by Whitney Darrow, Jr. To be published by Doubleday & Company, Inc.

BY CHARLES N. BARNARD



THE CASE OF THE SCRAMBLED CADILLACS

■ Fred Bennett wasn't an American, but he acted like one. He was, in 1908, a London automobile salesman representing various makes of American cars, particularly Cadillac. He didn't call himself Friendly Fred or Best-Deal Bennett, but he had all the instincts of a 1965 promoter and he used them whenever and wherever he thought he could sell an American car to an Englishman. At a time when the automobile was still an expensive novelty in England, Bennett took every means to demonstrate that low-priced American automobiles were as good as higher-priced English cars, if not better.

"I may be an Englishman," said Bennett, "but that doesn't mean I don't know a good thing when it comes from another country." So saying, he would vault into the seat of his 1903 Cadillac and proceed to blast up the nearest hill against any and all competition. More often than not, the Cadillac held its own against bigger and more costly cars.

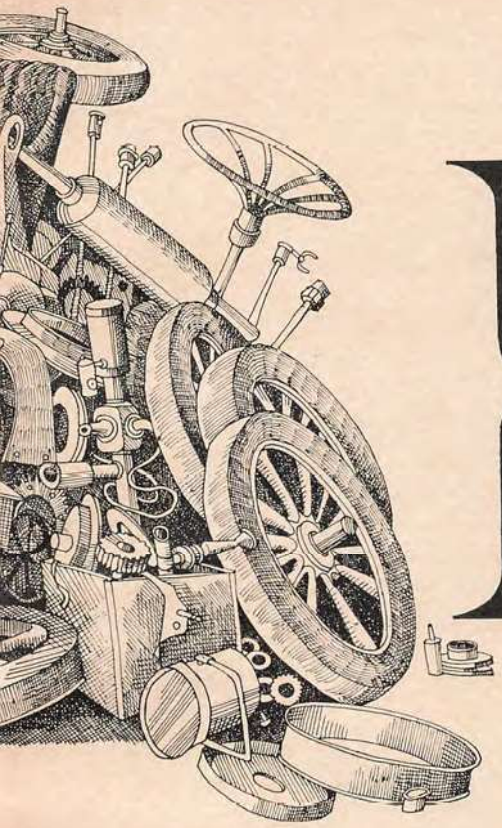
"Only a thousand miles?" Bennett would say. "Why, my Cadillac can do that without even getting tired," and off he would go on the longest of reliability runs.

Some of Bennett's stunts may have ruffled his English competitors' feathers, but for the most part he was accepted with amused tolerance. It was a time of high enthusiasm for the automobile, and Fred Bennett—who had started out in life as an engineer and who had once built his own three-wheel car—was forgiven for being such a bubbling and eager salesman. After all, said other auto men, poor Fred doesn't sell many cars for all his racing around and hill climbing.

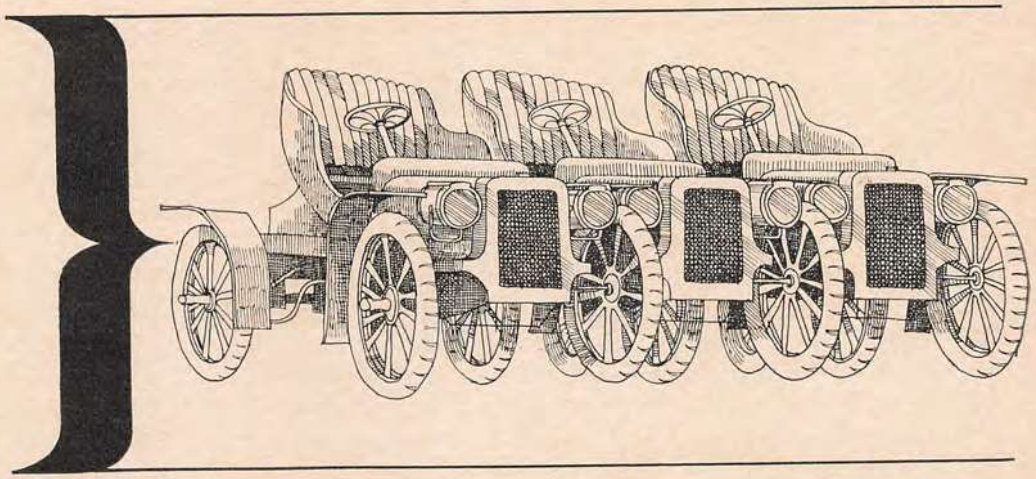
But "poor Fred" wasn't the type to give up easily—and because he wasn't, there came a day when he promoted his name right into automotive history. Years later, Alfred P. Sloan, president of General Motors, said "it was the greatest individual effort in the long history of the American motor trade."

Bennett surely didn't know that fame was about to be thrust upon him on that wet morning in March, 1908, as he stood, hands on hips, cloth cap pushed back from his forehead and surveyed the results of his latest promotional gimmick. In fact, the sight of what he had begun was enough to chill the enthusiasm of a Barnum.

The three garages that Fred looked into somewhat incredulously were side by side under one corrugated tin roof. They were no more than narrow stalls, each with its own door, each barely wide enough or long enough to hold an automobile. Their side and back walls were brick, the floors cement. The only light



Tom Ballenger



Start with three automobiles, take them all apart to the last nut, then try to put 2,000 pieces together and end up with three cars again. In 1908 it was a test most Englishmen thought the Americans would flunk

entered through the open doors. They were like three dreary cells in a block, and imprisoned in each was a heap of parts and pieces—wheels, gears, pistons, shafts, headlights—that had once been an automobile. It looked like the aftermath of some frightful three-car collision preserved for a police investigation. Certainly, no one would have guessed that the bizarre test which Bennett was sponsoring at this lonely shed would be remembered for half a century.

Actually, Fred Bennett wasn't the only man responsible for the scrambled wreckage in the three garages. Another was Henry M. Leland, president of the Cadillac Motor Car Company in Detroit, a Yankee machinist, inventor and engineer who had his early training as a precision toolmaker at Colts Patent Fire Arms Manufacturing Company, Inc., in Connecticut. He later turned to the manufacture of one-cylinder gasoline engines and, in 1902, to building cars. In 1903 he formed the Cadillac company. (After Cadillac, Leland would go on to found the Lincoln Motor Company in 1917.) He was a man dedicated to quality who once declared proudly, "I do not build cars to sell, I build them to run!"

Although continents apart, these two, the salesman and the industrialist, faced a common problem and challenge. "Mass production" of automobiles had been under way in the United States for four or five years. In 1908 the young industry produced 63,000 cars and was almost doubling its output annually. Every manufacturer was trying to devise ways in which automobiles could be turned out faster using "assembly line" methods. But although the cars coming out of each factory had a look-alike appearance, under the skin they were still largely handmade creations. They were assembled on the lines by workers who *fitted* them together. If a part went in too tight, the men would look around the parts bin for another which might fit better. Cutting, grinding and shaping of components during the assembly of a car was commonplace. The result was that no two cars were ever exactly alike, production speed was slow and, once on the road, repairs were difficult and uncertain because spare parts would seldom fit.

Leland understood the problem. Although by 1906 the Cadillac factory had grown to be the largest and best equipped automobile plant in the world, and despite the fact that one out of every six cars sold in the U.S. was a Cadillac, Leland was by training and disposition more interested in quality than quantity. He believed that no car could be represented as a truly

quality product until every piece fit every other piece like the bolt in a rifle, or until it was certain that a Cadillac part made in Detroit would fit a Cadillac car anywhere in the world. This required manufacturing standards as yet unheard of in the industry. Specifically, it required a method for measurements which would be precise to thousandths of an inch.

In his quest for precision, Leland, in 1907, introduced the use of Johansson gauge blocks into the U.S. auto industry. The invention of a Swedish engineer, the blocks were boxed sets of polished tool steel cubes which represented standard measurements of one inch, one centimeter, etc. When kept under stable temperature conditions (like weights and measures in the U.S. Bureau of Standards) they could be used as master references. At 68° F. they were guaranteed accurate to 0.00001 of an inch. Their surfaces were so smooth and parallel that when two of these blocks were pressed together, they clung to each other like magnets. Every measuring instrument in the Cadillac factory was set by and checked against the "Johnny blocks." There would no longer be any doubt that a five-inch-bore piston would fit a five-inch cylinder. As elementary as this may seem today, it was a revolutionary approach to the manufacture of automobiles.

When Bennett had gone to Detroit to visit the factories, he was impressed with Leland and with the standards of accuracy he laid down. He saw the company's large investment in precision production machinery. He came home to England with a renewed confidence in the product he was selling. The single-cylinder, 10-horsepower Cadillacs of that period were, at about $1,000, low-priced cars by British standards. (In 1908, a 40/50-horsepower Rolls-Royce cost $4,750 without a body.) But despite all Bennett's efforts, many Englishmen refused to believe that an automobile selling for so little money could possibly be made with proper materials or with skilled workmanship. They came to his showrooms out of curiosity, sniffed disdainfully at the American cars, brushed aside the salesman's enthusiastic descriptions and walked out laughing.

"They just don't *understand*," raved Bennett. "They think that if a car is made by hand it must be better than one made by machines. But hands make mistakes—Leland's machines do not!"

As time passed, Bennett never ceased thinking about some new way to wipe the smirks off English car buyers' faces—to prove the superiority of American manufacturing techniques. Entering rallies and hill climbs and reliability runs wasn't enough. They were reported only on the sports pages. Bennett wanted the *front* page. There had to be some way to make it dramatically.

"One day in 1907," Bennett later wrote, "I was watching the fitting of some kingpins and stub axles in my shop and I knew they were made to one ten-thousandths scale of accuracy. I asked for several of them to be brought from the store and was astonished to find that, with this high degree of precision, every one fitted. Remarkable indeed; I wondered how I could demonstrate to the world that this high accuracy had been accomplished."

Bennett mused about the problem for weeks. One day, standing in his showroom surrounded by 12 new Cadillac runabouts fresh from their Detroit packing crates, the idea took its final form:

"That's it!" thought Bennett. "These cars could all be dismantled right here and put back together again and it wouldn't matter whether the parts of one went into another or not. There isn't another car in the world that would dare try such a stunt, but I do believe we might just get away with it with these Leland Cadillacs."

Of course, Bennett knew it wouldn't do just to demonstrate his idea in a showroom. What was needed was an official, impartial sponsorship. Boldly, still thinking of the front page, he took his plan to the Royal Automobile Club. Take any of my cars right off the floor, he said, or take any of those which are in transit to England (making a total of 103 cars to choose from), strip them down to the last nut and bolt, put them back together again in any way you please, then run them for 500 miles to prove that everything fits—and that Cadillac has truly achieved standardization of manufacture.

The scheme intrigued the R.A.C. There were some restrained smiles among the officers when they thought of the risk Bennett was taking—"typically American," they said, "typically brash"—but the test was worth a try because it was so novel. The R.A.C. agreed to supervise and certify the results.

On February 29, 1908, a committee of R.A.C. officials appeared at Bennett's Anglo-American Motor Car Co. on Heddon Street, selected three Cadillacs at random from the floor, made note of their engine serial numbers and then asked Bennett if he would have his men push the cars into the street. Their fuel tanks were dry and they carried no batteries. The engines had not turned over since they left Detroit months earlier. Yet when gasoline and spark were supplied, they all roared to life on the first pull of the starter cranks. Bennett, a big smile spreading across his face, thought this was a good beginning at least.

With an R.A.C. man sitting next to each of the drivers, the little caravan took off through London traffic for Brooklands track, 23 miles away. There the three cars were driven ten laps, or until 50 miles showed on the odometers. Each car was officially timed on the course so its performance could be compared with tests that would be made later. Then they were locked up in the dreary row of tin-roof garages, the R.A.C. observers providing their own padlocks for each door.

Word of the test spread [*Continued on page* 116]

BY RUSSELL BARNETT AITKEN

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BEN SOMOROFF

rifles go ritzy

Want to be first in your block with a glamorous-looking rifle? Suddenly there is a wide choice—all handsome enough to warrant proud display above your fireplace

■ There was a time when all a hunter asked of his rifle was that its barrel be properly bedded and that it shoot accurately enough to hold a decent group at 100 yards. Appearance was so secondary in importance that many rifles on the gun racks of posh shooting clubs looked as if they'd been stocked with old pieces of flooring.

Things are different today. Never before in American history have so many game animals been bagged with such high-velocity cartridges loaded in such fancied-up rifles. 1965 is going to be remembered as the year in which a big game hunting enthusiast could walk into practically any reputable gun store and buy, right off the rack, a beautifully stocked rifle of a quality which—until now—normally required a special order, months of waiting upon the whims of a custom gunsmith, and a big, fat check.

This situation has come about because the major American arms manufacturers have recognized an astonishing trend toward luxury which they could not afford to ignore. In consequence most of them—Winchester, Remington, Savage, Browning and

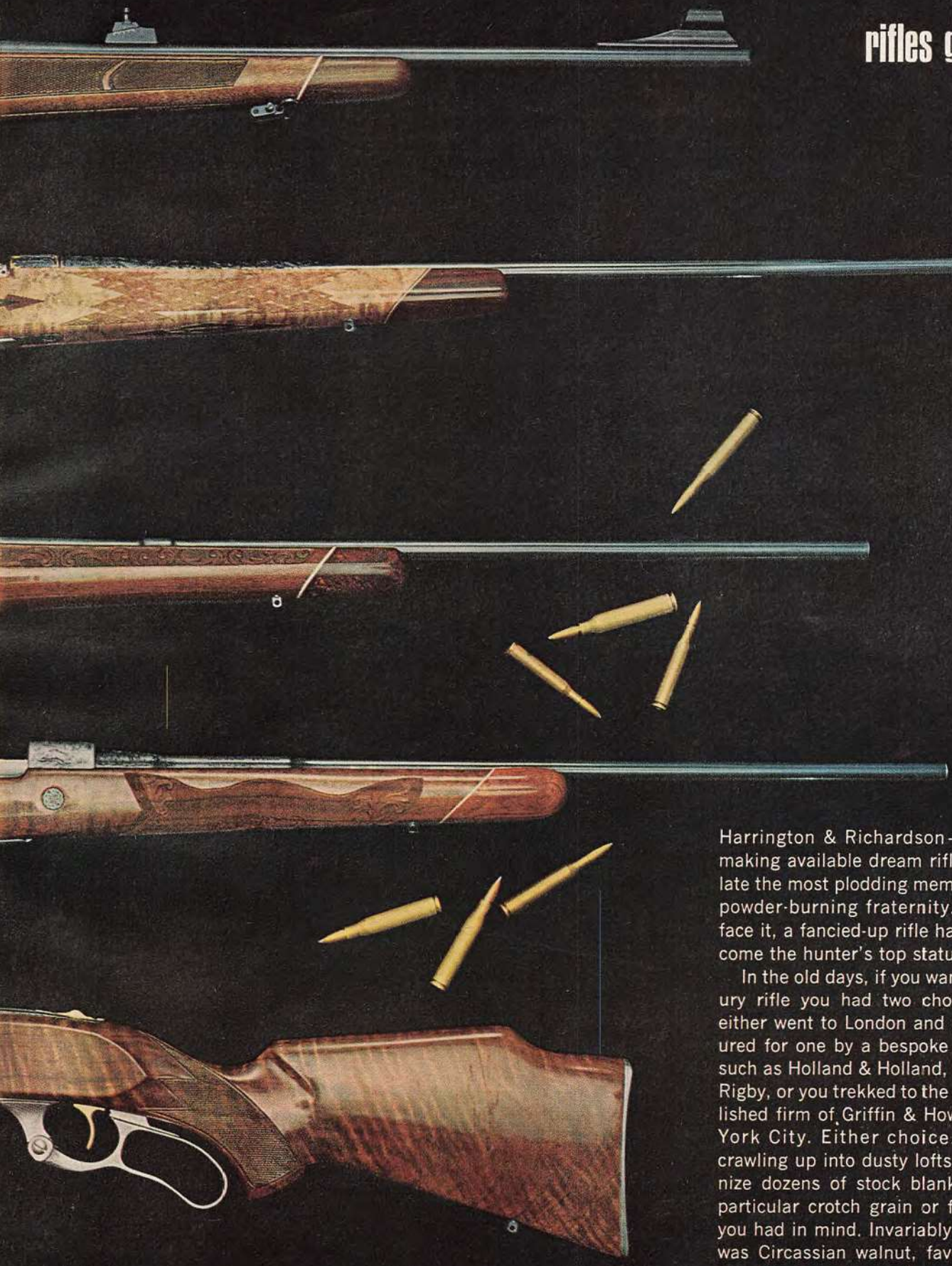
REMINGTON MODEL 700 CUSTOM

HUSQVARNA PRESENTATION RIFLE

H & R ULTRA AUTOMATIC

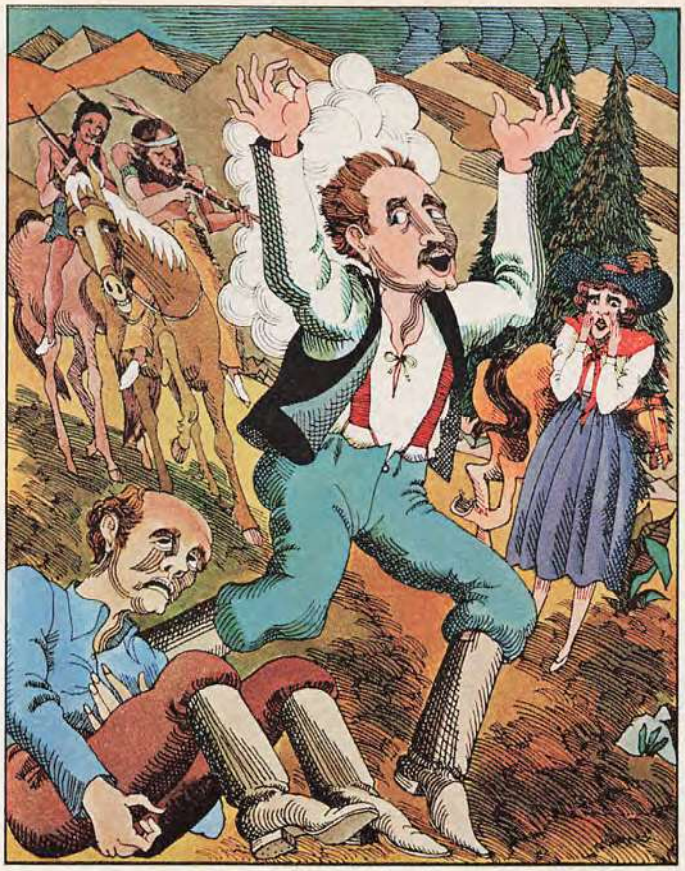
WINCHESTER
MODEL 70 DELUXE
WEATHERBY
MARK V DELUXE
FAJEN
THUMBHOLE-
STOCKED
SAVAGE
BROWNING
OLYMPIAN GRADE
SAVAGE MODEL
99 PRESENTATION

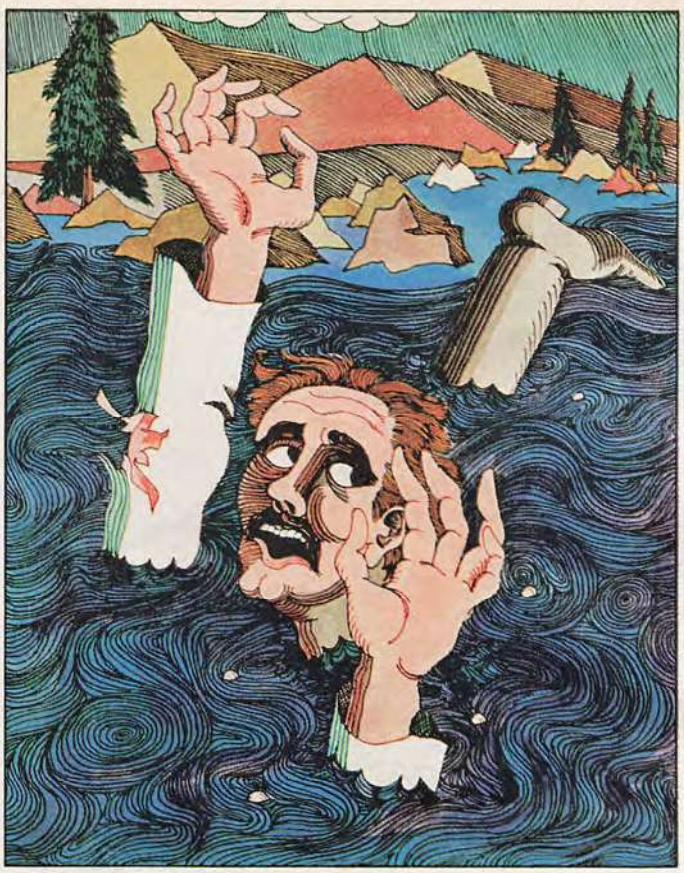
rifles go ritzy



Harrington & Richardson—are now making available dream rifles to titillate the most plodding member of the powder-burning fraternity. For let's face it, a fancied-up rifle has now become the hunter's top status symbol.

In the old days, if you wanted a luxury rifle you had two choices—you either went to London and got measured for one by a bespoke gunsmith such as Holland & Holland, Purdey or Rigby, or you trekked to the old established firm of Griffin & Howe in New York City. Either choice entailed crawling up into dusty lofts to scrutinize dozens of stock blanks for the particular crotch grain or fiddleback you had in mind. Invariably the wood was Circassian walnut, favored over the American variety because it had a more attractive figure, denser grain and greater tensile strength. It had to be air-dried wood, not kiln dried, and dried a (Continued on page 100)





George Cowan—like the disaster-ridden hero of a Keystone melodrama—500 wild Indians, three bullets, two near-drownings, and forest-fire burns.

BY RUSSELL ANNABEL

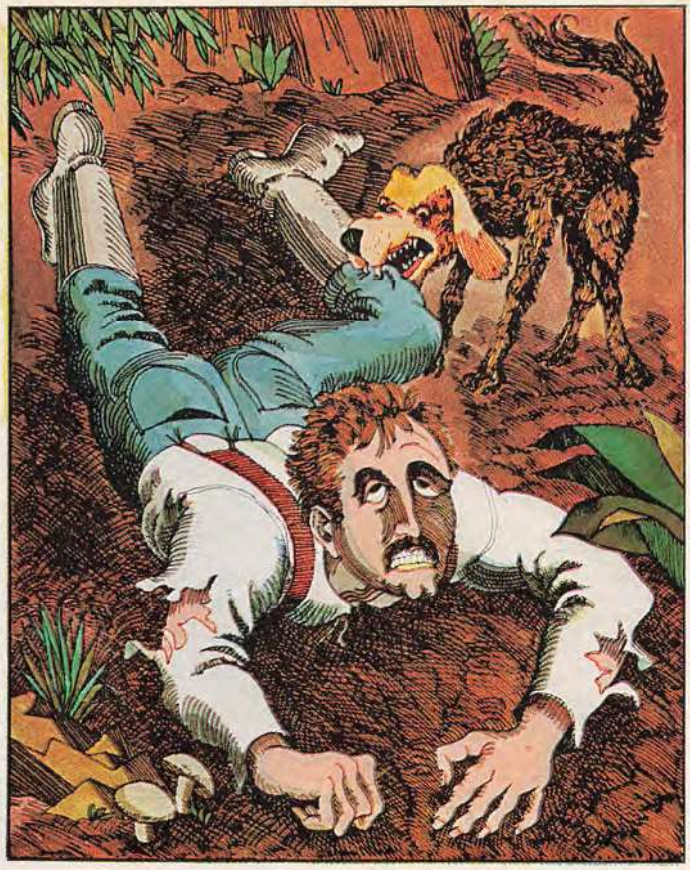
ILLUSTRATED BY TOM BALLENGER

George Cowan never pretended to be an Indian fighter. He was a mild, patient, unflamboyant type, a lawyer who had built up a good practice in the tough mining town of Helena, Montana. Occasionally he would limp into the Last Chance Saloon where he would instruct Curly, the bartender, to set out a bottle of what Cowan affectionately referred to as moose milk. If a suitable audience was present, he would then, after refreshing himself, hold forth as follows:

"We are a durable race, gentlemen, and superior in most respects. But we are naïve regarding women. Too often we permit our wives to become our managers. That sorry mistake once got me into more trouble than had ever befallen anybody, I think, since Ulysses."

Curly, the bartender, always prompted Cowan at this point by saying, "Tell us how it started, George." Curly knew the story by heart, but it fascinated him. He was a married man himself.

"It started because I was idiotically tolerant and easygoing," Cowan would reply. "I had been married only two years, and didn't know how to say no to a woman and make it stick. So I let my beloved wife Emma plan our vacation that year. Her plans, it turned out, included my esteemed brother-in-law Frank Carpenter and five of his pals, and my teen-age sister-in-law Ida. Then the whole Nez Percé Indian tribe and



set out with his family on a camping trip in Yellowstone Park. He ran into Even his own dog turned on him. He spent his life trying to forget...

THE SADDEST VACATION STORY EVER TOLD

a large part of the U.S. Army also got into the program, and. . . ."

"George, you need a vacation," Emma had said that sunny August morning in 1877. "I have a lovely plan. Just relax and leave everything to me."

Emma was a spirited, well-assembled brownette, 24 at the time. She was 11 years younger than Cowan. Women were envious of her brisk, businesslike efficiency. Emma was particularly adept in a very specialized skill—manipulating George Cowan.

"I have been talking with my brother Frank," Emma said the following day. "We have an idea that it would be wonderful if we all went exploring and sight-seeing in the fabulous new Yellowstone Park. You would enjoy seeing the geysers, wouldn't you, dear? The scenery and the mountain air would be a tonic for your poor, tired nerves."

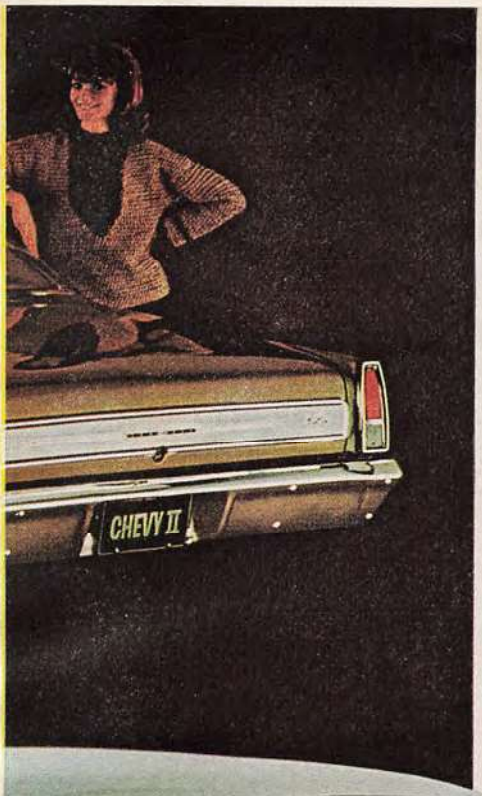
"No," replied Cowan. His idea of a perfect vacation was to sit on the front porch in his shirt sleeves, with his feet propped up and a pail of beer handy. "The only interest I might have in a geyser," he said, "would be to wash my socks in it."

Cowan had once known a man who claimed to have done just that. His socks were blown 200 feet in the air and 100 yards downwind, [*Continued on page* 91]

Chevy II Nova Super Sport Coupe

'66 CHEVELLE BY CHEVROLET

It's as much different inside as what you see outside. And this Chevelle's the newest of all: Super Sport 396!



'66 CHEVY II BY CHEVROLET

CHEVROLET

Maybe you'd like an economical car if it were easy handling, sprightly acting, roomy inside. And looked like this.

Now economy's back in high style: the 1966 Chevy II by Chevrolet. It looks wider and longer. Everywhere there's something as fresh and new as the swept-back roof line on Chevy II coupes for 1966. Inside, you see rich new fabrics. A handsome new instrument panel. Soft foam-and-vinyl Strato-bucket seats in the Nova Super Sport Coupe.

You like performance? Don't cross off Chevy II! You can order up a 327-cu.-in. Turbo-Fire V8. Unless you prefer the sort of six- or four-cylinder saving that goes with this easy-to-own sort of car: unitized body, flush-and-dry rocker panels, self-adjusting brakes and more. Hah! Who says economy's a dull, drab word? Not you, not after you see Chevy II for 1966.

Chevelle Super Sport 396 Coupe

Now for 1966 Chevelle Super Sport is all this: new 325-hp Turbo-Jet V8, special suspension, fully synchronized 3-speed with floor-mounted shifter, special hood and other identification, redline tires — packaged as sport coupe or convertible. You can order 360 hp in an SS 396, too.

Of course, there's still a Turbo-Fire V8 or a thrifty Six for anyone who mostly likes the look and luxury and comfort Chevelle ladles out in 10 other models. New styling, headlights to taillamps. All-new interiors. A handsome new 4-door hardtop: the Malibu Sport Sedan.

What we haven't changed is Chevelle's Full Coil-springed ride. Its stretch-out roominess. Its middle-sized handling ease. Chevelle '66 goes more beautifully than ever between Chevrolet and Chevy II. See, at your dealer's.

Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan

HOW TO DRESS FOR INDOOR SPORTS

With a touch of dry, red wine, a long-playing record on the stereo and a few glowing logs to fire the senses, a young man's fancy on chilly evenings often turns to fair, fair game. What more is needed? Clothes, of course, designed for indoor sports. At left is a subtly multicolored sports jacket of silk and wool by the House of Worsted-Tex, $50. This two-button model features flap pockets and twin vents. Our man of the evening also wears a V-taper, single-cuffed shirt by Van Heusen, $5, and a specially styled button-down tie by Prince Consort, $2.50. For a more casual mood, quick switch, at right, to a Ketty of Tarino tweed cardigan sweater. Imported from Italy by Cezar, Ltd., of New York and Los Angeles, it is priced at $60. The wash and wear slacks of Acrilan and rayon are by Hickok, $8.95. Women's indoor sportswear here and on the next page are exclusive designs from Martier-Raymond of New York.

PRODUCED BY
RON BUTLER,
Men's Wear Editor

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE
BY CARROLL SEGHERS II

INDOOR SPORTS

A change in the music, an enticing shoulder and a real twist in apparel for the indoor sportsman. The rich-maroon suede pullover has a nylon lining, turtleneck inset and a deep side zipper. It is from Robert Lewis Weather Wear, $55. The trousers, in suedelike cotton, are Contact Slacks by Miller, $11. For names of stores carrying specific items of clothing shown, write: Men's Wear Editor, TRUE Magazine, 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036.

Advertisement

You're fired.

The day of the "job slob" is over.

Clothes still make the man—whether he's running a lathe, plowing a field, or just washing the car.

If you wear work clothes, it's time to turn over a new leaf. Start right here. ⟶

THE RISE AND FALL OF THE HOUSE OF OTTO

During his fabulous reign, an amazed little nation received a royal jolt: carnival rubes were sleeping with the king's harem

BY DOUGLAS F. STORER

DRAWING BY ISADORE SELTZER

■ The breeze off the Adriatic came in the window crisp and cool, whipping in another bracing Albanian morning. But all color had drained from the prime minister's usually ruddy cheeks. He stared at the telegram in his hand in utter disbelief.

His secretary looked at him nervously. "Anything wrong, Excellency?"

"Merciful Allah," the prime minister croaked. "A national catastrophe. I must see the king."

The year was 1913, and the date was the fifth day of the fabulous reign of Otto the First, King of Albania.

To say those were turbulent days is merely to say they were typical in the history of the tiny mountain state of Albania. Rumor has it that the communists who rule today do so only because neither the Tosks, who live south of the Shkumbi River, nor the fierce Gheg clans of the north care much who sits in government. For in Albania down through the centuries, tribe has perpetually been at war with tribe, and the code of the feud dictates supreme law.

This casual approach to government led to the ascendancy of King Otto. Italy, which lies across the Adriatic and wished to dominate Albanian seaports, had supported the little country's declaration of independence from the dying Ottoman Empire in 1912. Coup accomplished the next year, the country needed a nominal ruler.

So the Albanians chose, as their "Protector," a Turkish prince named Helim Eddine. The choice wasn't difficult, because Eddine was a Moslem, and most Albanians are Moslems.

While mountain tribes were indifferent to their ruler, the more cosmopolitan people of the seaports were not. The population of the port city of Durazzo was especially enthusiastic, for it had been named the capital.

Durazzo declared a day of celebration for the coming of the prince. Crowds gathered in the streets for Eddine's arrival, while flags flew and bands played Eastern airs.

The prince arrived by carriage and the crowd was treated to a display that made it worth all the hours they had stood waiting.

First, a man well over seven feet tall stepped out. He wore a military uniform that glowed with braid and decorations, topped with a huge Turkish fez. The crowd gasped as he drew his great, curved sword and brandished it.

"Stand back!" came a booming voice out of a bristling beard. "Make way for Helim Eddine, Prince of Turkey, Protector of Albania!"

A second man appeared. He, too, was a huge man, but in a different way. He wore the standard Turkish peasant's blouse and baggy trousers, but was almost as wide as the first man was high with enormous shoulders that stretched what should have been a loose-fitting garment. His turbaned head turned slowly on a thick neck as he eyed the crowd, then, apparently satisfied, he turned and made a *salaam*.

Then the prince appeared. There was no mistaking him. Tall, commanding, in a magnificent white uniform and bejeweled oriental headdress, he was every inch a nobleman. He did not glare at the people; a gracious smile [*Continued on page* 110]

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DICKIES work clothes are more than rugged.

They're also trim. Tailored. Flattering. And Shape/Set.

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Treat them rough. Wash them plenty. They keep their good looks, and so do you. Put DICKIES on the job, and you do the job handsomely.

P. S. Even if you don't care how you look at work, maybe some woman does. Tell her our name. It's

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Blaze a Bronco trail to

Roadster is great for the great outdoors! Convertible vinyl top and doors available.

Bronco, the new 4-wheel

Unexpected traction, unexpected action, exciting things happen to driving when all four wheels provide the drive! Whether you collect big game trophies or just the kids at school, you'll get a new lift from going when Bronco supplies the go!

You'll have a lot more fun in '66—if Bronco has a part in it! Bronco is the new kind of sports car with *4-wheel drive.*

Your Bronco will take you up hills too steep for roads. Over beach sand. Through unplowed snow (plow it, too, if you wish).

Bronco will take you into the woods for hunting. Right to the banks of streams and lakes. It will add sport to swimming and fishing... boating and camping.

where the fun is!

Wagon takes the whole family . . . anywhere!

Sports utility does all kinds of chores . . . in all kinds of places.

drive from Ford!

Bronco gives you smooth six-cylinder power — the muscle you need for rough terrain And it has the speed for expressway cruising, safer passing.

Bronco has soft-riding *coil* springs, made possible by husky radius rods. So it's a car you can use for everyday family needs—shopping, running errands, driving to school or work.

Open your heart to Ford's frisky Bronco. Let it bring a new kind of *living* into your life!

Multiply Bronco's usefulness with these extras!

SNOW PLOW	WINCH	LIMITED-SLIP AXLE
SKID PLATES	TOW BAR	POWER TAKE-OFF
REAR SEAT	BUCKET SEATS	FREE-WHEELING HUBS

Ford Bronco/66

THE TOWN THAT FOUGHT TO KEEP PROSTITUTION

[*Continued from page* 42]

one night, went outside and began shouting the names of her customers at the top of her lungs. He also had reliable reports the girls were not getting their weekly physical examinations as required and some of them had not been fingerprinted, a rule designed to help control white slavery.

Some people charged that the lights on the Red Rooster and the Willow Tree were too bright. Others said that, even at 100 yards' distance, the houses stood too close to the highway. Someone mentioned that kids often used a lot across from the Willow Tree for a playground. Residents of the nearby trailer camp objected to heavy auto traffic throughout the night. The girls were seen uptown more and more.

Not only to the town leaders, but to nearly all of Beatty, these were minor reasons for destroying a major industry and the reaction was immediate and violent. Within a matter of days, a petition bearing the signatures of 145 people had been shipped off to the commissioners in Tonopah. The signers included 40 women, none of them prostitutes, all of them respected Beatty housewives. The petition read:

"We the undersigned citizens and residents of Beatty, Nevada, and vicinity do hereby protest the closing of the two business houses operated by Frances Hardy and Belle Norheim, commonly known as the Willow Tree and the Red Rooster."

Though most Americans pretend that prostitution doesn't exist in their communities, here were the leading citizens of one town publicly protesting its suppression. Further, they seemed almost to dignify it by calling the Red Rooster and the Willow Tree "business houses." These were people who believe it is impossible and undesirable to try to legislate morals—that legalized prostitution, like legalized gambling and easy divorce, is both civilized and realistic.

A prominent Nevada lawyer once put it this way:

"You're not going to stop prostitution by outlawing it, any more than we stopped drinking by Prohibition. All you do when you pass a law against any kind of vice is to invite organized crime to take it over. Most Nevadans believe it's better to have prostitution out in the open where we can control it instead of underground where we can't. That's why we have legalized gambling. Why not legalized prostitution?"

In his office in the Tonopah courthouse, D.A. Beko gave the impression of being a progressive, open-minded man, not one who would move as a bluenosed reformer. "I'm not opposed to prostitution at all," said Beko flatly. "At least, I'm not against it in principle. But I think it has to be kept under very strict control. It was getting out of hand in Beatty.

"When I heard about the drunken madam and about the girls not getting their physicals, that was it. I decided to close down the houses for 30 days—sort of a punitive measure to get things back in line."

Beko had acted under Nevada's so-called "nuisance law." This law defines as a nuisance "anything which is injurious to health, or indecent and offensive to the senses."

"In this case," Beko said, "I didn't have enough evidence at first to make a shutdown of the two places permanent. Usually, when an issue like this comes to trial, there are no witnesses willing to testify that a nuisance really does exist."

Ironically, it was the petition protesting the shutdown that permanently sealed the doom of the Red Rooster and the Willow Tree. "That proved 'satisfactory evidence,' all right," said Beko. "In effect, 145 people stated that these places *existed as houses of prostitution.* Therefore the complainants had proof of the nuisance. So I had to make the shutdown permanent."

Beko sighed. "It was really too bad," he said. "Prostitution could mean good business for the town."

But Beko knew that there was more than economic advantage at stake. "The citizens of Beatty are for prostitution on moral grounds," he said. "That shows up in the petition. You can't have a thing like that, which decent women will sign, unless the women are sincere about it. So when a town obviously wants prostitution, we have to listen." The main antagonist is one man—Ben Knox, the proprietor of St. Peter's Bar. He has been outspoken and violent on the subject, and has accused the town's leading citizens of being pimps.

Driving down the wide, typically western main street of Beatty, a visitor would scarcely know that prostitution had dominated its economy or that now there was any marked discussion about it, one way or another.

Two blocks into town, standing on a corner, was a stucco building painted a violent green. A sign identified it: "Exchange Club." This was the town's largest gambling casino, but it also served as its bank, savings and loan institution and general meeting place.

Inside, a massive mahogany bar and dark, heavy Victorian-style backbar established the Old West tone despite the clashing chromium and plastic decor of the casino and cafe. The bartender, a tall, thin man with a moustache, was eager to talk about the shutdown. Over the clank of a couple of slot machines banked parallel to the bar he quickly confirmed the serious economic effect:

"Couple weeks ago, before the places closed, three guys come up from Edwards Air Force Base, down in the Mojave Desert in California. Blew into town on Friday night and didn't leave till late Sunday.

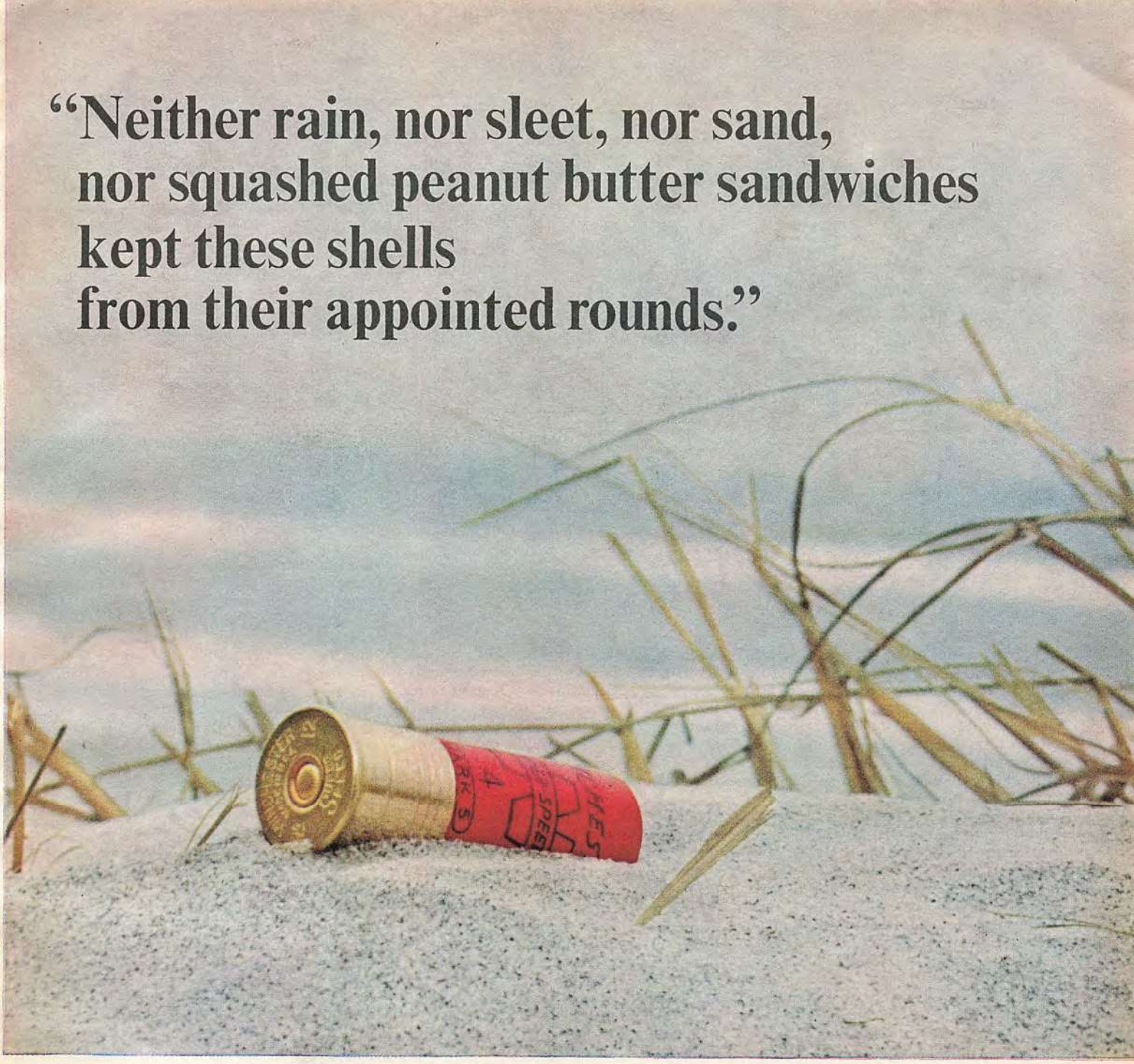
"Before they left, they told me they come because of them whores. Said they dropped a total of 450 bucks while they were here.

"So now what happens? Well, they call me up last week, because they hear this rumor about the shutdown, and they don't want to come up if it's true. I gotta tell 'em the joints are closed tighter than a drum. Naturally they don't show, and the town loses maybe five bills." The bartender shook his head slowly. "It's a hell of a note," he said.

How did the women in town feel about it?

"Yeah? What makes you so positive I'm getting a split personality?"

"Neither rain, nor sleet, nor sand, nor squashed peanut butter sandwiches kept these shells from their appointed rounds."



David Ommanney, the Winchester man from Africa, had one complaint about his Alaskan goose shoot. His pockets got so soaked, he had trouble separating the Mark 5's from the soggy sandwiches.

You can blame the bum weather we ran into in Alaska for the things that happened to our shells that day.

They got soaked in the pockets of our rain-drenched jackets, and plastered with peanut butter, and accidentally squashed in sand under our boots when they slipped through our frozen fingers.

But it didn't faze their tough plastic hulls. As David said when he first tested this shell on safari in Africa, "The only thing you can do to a plastic Mark 5 shell is shoot it."

Now, most shells today are made of plastic. But only the Mark 5 high-brass shell uses stronger (33,000 psi) *compression-formed* plastic. It's safer. And it doesn't need a base wad. Instead, the shell itself forms a solid shoulder that puts the powder smack on top of the primer (no corners to hide in). So none of its power is wasted.

David credits the success of our Alaskan goose shoot to this extra wallop—and the denser patterns produced by the protective Mark 5 collar wrapped around the shot.

For, despite the rain and the sand and the soggy sandwiches; and despite a coat of feathers that looked thick enough to repel a 50-caliber bullet, we all got our limit.

"This is precisely why you should use shells that hit as hard as the Mark 5," said David, holding up one particularly thick-feathered bird. "It often makes the difference in what you bring home for dinner – meat, or just feathers."

WINCHESTER®
Western®

"You mean we're *all* FBI agents?"

The bartender pointed toward the cafe in the back of the big room. "See that waitress back there? She's a leader and she knows what the women think."

The waitress was Mrs. Ruth Hinds, a plump woman in her late 30's, mother of five children. She said that she had not only signed the petition against the shutdown of the two houses, but she had also been charter president of Beatty's P.T.A. when it was founded five years before, and was still active in many other civic affairs.

"I feel that there is a definite moral value in having these places," she said. "Beatty has no sex crime. I don't remember ever hearing of a child being molested. Now the few women here who didn't want to sign that petition don't think that sex fiends go to places like that. Maybe I'm wrong, but I think they do. In any case, we don't have rape in Beatty.

"I have a 16-year-old boy. I would rather have him go to a place like that than have him bothering a girl. I know he's going to get the urge, because nature is nature.

"My next-door neighbor feels the same way I do. She has five girls, and now she thinks they should stay home at night, because the houses are closed. She's afraid now her girls might get attacked."

Mrs. Hinds was about to go off shift, and a friend came in to pick her up. The other woman, a mother of four children, took up Mrs. Hinds' refrain: "I've lived here 22 years," she said, "and there has always been at least one house here. I'm for it. We just feel it's a protection as far as both male and female are concerned.

"Another thing," she went on. "You may not know this, but both these places have contributed a lot to charity. There has never been a children's program, or a Christmas program, which the Willow Tree and the Red Rooster both haven't given a big donation to." Further questioning on this point revealed that the houses were also contributing $100 a month apiece to the Beatty hospital fund, and were thus the heaviest contributors to it. This kind of generosity impressed the town.

Neither of the houses looked like charitable institutions. Less than five minutes walk from the center of town, beyond the edges of the oasis and surrounded by desert, the Red Rooster and the Willow Tree stood within a few yards of each other. They were silent now, devoid of life of any kind. The Willow Tree was built of concrete blocks painted pale green. It resembled a small motel or an expensive, one-story desert home. A large electric sign on the roof, facing town, read "Willow Tree"—a name which came from a small, carefully nurtured willow in the patio. Along the eaves were strung alternating red and yellow light bulbs. The modern porch light to the right of the front door contained a red bulb.

The Red Rooster looked more like the general concept of an American brothel. A boxlike, two-story frame building, it was covered crudely with red tar paper, had a couple of neon signs which read "Red Rooster Bar." (Most Nevada brothels have bars for getting acquainted and agreeing on price.) Instead of a fancy lantern, the Red Rooster had over its shacklike main entrance a naked red light bulb in a white porcelain socket.

To the people of Beatty, however, the difference in decor had no bearing on the quality of the girls or the price. In the Oasis Bar, a middle-aged man confirmed that he had been a fairly regular customer of both places. "They were both as clean as your own bedroom," he said. "The girls in these two houses were all the same in the way they behaved. They never used vulgarity."

Just down the street from the Oasis was the headquarters of the opposition—St. Peter's Bar. Ben Knox, a gray-haired, middle-aged man didn't hesitate a second in giving his views on the shutdown. "Best thing that ever happened to this town!" he declared. "Why, hell, nobody would come here with them whorehouses runnin' wide open. Now maybe we'll get some business." (Victor Aqualino, proprietor of the Oasis Bar, had said his business dropped 25 percent immediately after the closing, had been falling steadily since.)

What did Knox think of the petition protesting the shutdown?

Knox struck out his firm jaw. "Damndest thing I ever heard of," he snorted. "First time I ever heard of a petition to *break* the law. You'd think decent people would be glad to get rid of them houses. I say any man who can't run a business without a whorehouse, he ought to be in the penitentiary!"

Did Knox feel that the two houses in question had been run badly? "Hell, yes," he shot back. "Whenever you get a whorehouse, somebody gets paid off. You're damn whistlin' they do. You got too many people layin' around not workin' and drivin' Cadillacs."

It was clear however that Knox stood almost alone in town. It was said that one prospector, known only as Tony, had been so angered at Knox that he had thrown a rattlesnake among the legs of the customers in St. Peter's Bar. They scattered in all directions with no more damage than shattered nerves.

Knox vehemently denied that Tony actually threw the snake: "He only threatened to."

In spite of the smouldering resentment against Knox, and the glee with which most of the town received the news of Tony's threat against him, the people in general took the view that calmer, more formal methods were needed to get prostitution back into business in Beatty.

"In this town," said a man born and raised in the state, "the right to have legal prostitution is no different than the right to vote. Hell, you don't have to go to whorehouses, or even approve of them, just like you don't have to approve of a certain movie, or go to bars. But that don't mean you shouldn't *allow* 'em. We feel a man's got a right to live like he wants to."

A heavy man in work clothes chimed in: "You're dead right, Joe." His name was Art Revert, a name that meant a great deal in Beatty. The Revert brothers —Art, Robert, and Norm—were the town's unofficial rulers. Robert was a state assemblyman and ex-deputy sheriff. The three brothers together owned the power plant and the water system and most of the town's real estate.

Art Revert defended prostitution on grounds of simple moral decency. "Those places suppress crime," he said. "You know, people who object to whorehouses never lived around 'em. Hell, I've never lived in a town that didn't have 'em. Okay, so there are five or 10 fallen women in the houses. Isn't that better than

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having all the women in town fallen?"

But how about health and morals?

"In all the years those houses have been here," Art answered, "I've never heard of any man contracting a disease down there. Those girls have to be checked out all the time. And if it's done anything, it's improved the morals of the town. Instead of seducing high-school girls, these guys take their five bucks and go down there and get it out of their system. Then they treat the high-school girls like ladies."

"Look," one listener suddenly exploded. "Who the hell's going to commit a crime when he can get the job done by an expert at the Tree or the Rooster for five bucks?"

"Now I got a couple of daughters," said another man. "They walk by the Exchange Club here, and they look in the windows, and they see all this gambling going on. But that don't mean a thing to them. They grew up with it."

A third man philosophized, "Other towns could learn a lesson from Beatty. We're proud of our little community. It's a cross section of American life. We got a millionaire or two, a proportionate number of stiffs, and a lot in between, just like any place else. Yet there are only a few guys in town what don't want these joints reopened."

Why, then, was a town so much in favor of prostitution and obviously proud of itself as a normal, moral community unable to keep its chief industry from getting out of hand? Sitting in the living room of his neat, plain house on a dirt side street that evening, Robert Revert outlined the problems.

"We couldn't really control the behavior of the people who ran the houses," he explained. "For instance, the girls were not supposed to fraternize with the townspeople—sort of an unwritten rule. They used to be very careful about this, staying away from the center of Beatty. But then they began showing up in town. What was worse, they would speak or smile at some of the local men, obviously recognizing them. You can imagine that this would play hell if a man was with his wife."

Would there be new places open outside of town, then, as Beko had suggested?

"Oh yes," said Revert. "But first we have to make sure that they are run right."

He paused, and looked out the window at the fading light. "The trouble is, things are changing. Even in Nevada. We've had houses in this state since the early days. But now we have an influx of new people from the ouside, and they overpower us. We had only 91,000 people in this state back in 1941. Now look at us. About 260,000." He shook his head, slowly, almost sadly. "That's the trouble," he said. "That's what loses our freedoms. . . ."

Today, seven years later, the population of Nevada has soared to over 400,000. Yet prostitution still has a long way to go before it is outlawed in Nevada. And the prediction of D.A. Beko and Bob Revert has come true: a new house of prostitution has opened and is doing a booming business just north of Beatty on U.S. 95. A gay roadside sign painted dark blue with yellow lettering and stars identifies it: "Vickie Star Ranch." At the end of a dirt driveway, some 200 yards in from the road, there is a small, unpretentious white frame house, partly secluded in a grove of cottonwood trees. It is a somewhat less blatant establishment than the bolder, more accessible Red Rooster and Willow Tree had been.

There are changes in Beatty, too. The violent green of the Exchange Club's outer stucco walls has been altered to a subdued beige. Across the street, St. Peter's Bar has been replaced by a small store. On a small hill not far from the site of the Red Rooster and the Willow Tree stands a small white building. It is a clinic, built largely with funds from the two houses, and visited each Wednesday by the doctor from Tonopah. All traces of the Red Rooster are gone now. The Willow Tree is still there. It is now a quiet desert home. The sign, of course, is gone, but the little tree which had given it its name has grown.

The physical changes are relatively small, but there are now other differences, too. People don't mind discussing Beatty and prostitution—but now they do not want their names used. And there isn't the intensity, the righteous indignation. Some residents of Beatty explain the town's present calm attitude on the subject simply as a reflection of the situation. "There's no crisis right now, no fight," said one prominent citizen. "Nobody has threatened to make a big noise to get the Star Ranch closed up. Ben Knox has long since gone. No leader of any group opposed to prostitution has taken his place. But I'll bet if there was the same kind of threat against the Vickie Star Ranch, or if it were forced to shut down, you would get a pretty strong reaction again. We're still independent people and we still believe in live and let live. We don't like injustice. We don't like authority trampling on us."

Thus prostitution is in business again in the Beatty area, just as it is elsewhere in the state. It flourishes at places like Bobbie's Buckeye Bar in Tonopah, at the Lucky Strike in Mina, at the Green Front in Hawthorne, at Moonlight Ranch outside Carson City. And some cities like Elko and Winnemucca, boast anywhere from two to half a dozen houses.

But the old-timers still have a haunting conviction that Nevada is changing. Jealous of their birthright of freedom, they fear its loss. To them, there is a subtle trend away from the fierce independence of spirit of the Old West. One of them, a nameless old man in the Exchange Club bar, summed up this feeling with bitter humor:

"All over Nevada, the lights are going out, one by one." —**Guy Shipler, Jr.**

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OUR BIG ROBOT REACH TO FIND LIFE IN SPACE

[*Continued from page 37*]

leagues could go down the mountain laughing and joking, although the snow flurries of the hour before had mounted into a howling storm. The Gulliver had proved itself. Now it could confidently be sent out into the universe to answer one of mankind's biggest questions.

The question of life on other planets has perplexed and fascinated men ever since they first found that other planets exist. It is a question loaded with enormous implications for humankind. Is life a freak of nature, a crazy aberration confined to this one little ball of lava circling this one dim star in this remote corner of the universe? Or is it a universal phenomenon, a product of normal chemical events that happen on any planet where the conditions are right? More than that: if life is a common phenomenon, how about intelligence? Are there beings elsewhere with the power to think, to develop technologies? Or is man with his giant brain unique, alone and lonely in the universe?

All kinds of men, with varying degrees of authority and good sense, have pondered these questions over the centuries. Learned religious academicians have written ponderous monographs to prove that life does or doesn't exist on other worlds. Astronomers have turned up various bits of long-distance evidence for and against. Science-fiction writers have studied the matter with their imaginations. But now, at last, the long conjecture is almost over. The questions are about to be answered by direct investigation. For the first time in history, the mystery is being attacked with work and money instead of speculation. All over the U.S., and probably in the U.S.S.R. as well, scientists and engineers are actually building the hardware and performing the experiments that can give us definite answers.

So widespread has this life-detecting effort become that, in five fast-moving years, it has grown into a respected and recognized science with its own name, hierarchy, internal cults and countercults. Its name, coined in 1960, is "exobiology."

The chief U.S. exobiologist is Dr. Freeman H. Quimby of NASA, a former biology professor who is also—by an apt coincidence—a competent astronomer. Doctor Quimby not only directs researchers in NASA's own exobiology labs around the country; he also has power to open or close NASA's fat wallet for university and industrial exobiologists who want research funds. Any time anybody has some nutty idea for a new piece of life-hunting hardware—and all of them sound nutty at first—he must convince exobiologist Quimby it's worth spending the taxpayers' money on.

Quimby is a squarish man of middle height with dark hair, a hawk's beak nose and light-blue eyes that survey the world intently from behind black-rimmed glasses. His office, in NASA's shiny modern headquarters building in Washington, D.C., has an incongruously museumlike look. Strange looking machines, odd small devices of unguessable purpose, stand on the crowded bookshelves. On one shelf is a piece of black rock, and cellophane taped behind it, a typewritten explanation referring to some obscure scholarly argument about its origin and age. One wall bears a set of maps showing the surface of Mars and the seasonal swelling and shrinking of the planet's mysterious dark areas.

Quimby speaks with the slow deliberation and caution of a scholar, though occasionally he emphasizes a point with an earthy cussword. "Yes," he says, "we're spending a considerable amount of money to find out about life on other worlds. We have some devices already in the hardware stage—the Gulliver, for instance—and these might be fired to Mars next week if we had the rocketry to do it. And we have other devices that are just beginning, just drawings on paper."

He muses for a while, gazing out his window at Washington, D.C., teeming with human life drawn from all over the planet Earth. "I won't be pressured into making a prediction," he says, "but I will say I won't be surprised if we find life on other planets. There's a concept called Cosmic Abundance. The materials you and I are made of—chiefly hydrogen, carbon, oxygen—aren't rare materials in the universe. In fact, they're considerably more abundant than materials found in the earth's crust—silicon, iron. There's nothing out of the ordinary about you and me, you see, as far as our basic constituents go."

The Mariner IV spacecraft that flew past Mars in July, 1965, turned up long-distance evidence on the likelihood of life there. We now assume that the lack of water and atmospheric conditions there seem hardly tolerable for living things—but, so far, this is all we know. The next series of Mars shots—the bigger, more complicated Voyager spacecraft scheduled to debut in 1969 or 1971—will give us the real answers. The Voyagers are the craft that will carry the first Gullivers and other life hunters up into the unknown.

Life hunters like the Wolf Trap, for instance. This clever little gadget was conceived a few years ago by Professor Wolf Vishniac, a dark, balding, genial biology professor of the University of Rochester, New York. He orginally called it the Bug Detector, but his colleagues couldn't resist the temptation to label it with his own first name. It's now irrevocably dubbed "Wolf Trap" in official NASA documents.

The Wolf Trap is about the size of two stacked cigar boxes. Its main principle is charmingly simple. When microscopic creatures get into a nutrient-bearing liquid such as water and begin multiplying, they turn the liquid cloudy. The eye can detect this elementary evidence of life, and so can a photoelectric cell. Inside the Wolf Trap, a light shines through a clear nutrient solution and into an electronic eye cell. The eye cell is equipped to measure finely the intensity of light it sees. If the liquid grows cloudy, the light will be dimmed. The eye cell will send this information back to earth.

"We've tested several models of the Wolf Trap," says microbiologist Dr. Charles Weston, Wolf Vishniac's research associate. "The last test was in May, 1965, at Death Valley, California."

Death Valley is aptly named. Almost nothing lives in parts of this sun-blasted desert except wandering bands of scientists performing strange research. In a

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ALWAYS VIRGIN WOOL

"You were expecting Leonard Bernstein?"

desolate area of sand dunes next to a vast gravelly plain. Doctors Vishniac and Weston and a few colleagues set up camp one oven-hot morning. Not a tree grew here to shade them; not a blade of grass shielded their feet from the blistering rocks and sand. It was not like the frozen world of the White Mountains, yet it was the same: it seemed lifeless.

They set the Wolf Trap down in the sand and turned it on. (In actual use on another planet, of course, this turning on will be accomplished automatically—possibly by a switch that will be activated by the impact of hitting the ground.) A gadget something like a miniature vacuum sweeper immediately began to suck desert dust and sand into the Wolf Trap. Inside, these particles went into a shot-glass-sized reservoir of nutrient liquid.

The electronic eye instantly signaled that the liquid had become cloudy. But as the dust and sand particles slowly settled out, the eye signaled almost clear liquid again. From now on, as long as nobody picked up the Wolf Trap and shook it, only one thing could conceivably increase the cloudiness: life.

The scientists settled in their tents for a long, hot wait. "It was worth waiting for," recalls Doctor Weston. "In about five hours, the eye began to signal a suggestion of new cloudiness. In 18 hours it was definite." The Wolf Trap, like the Gulliver, had found life on one of the least livable spots on earth.

"There are several modifications and refinements we hope to make on this device before it goes to another planet," says Doctor Weston. He and Doctor Vishniac hope, for instance, to refine the eye so that it is more sensitive to small changes in cloudiness. There are also plans to add some electronic gadgetry that will measure changes in the nutrient liquid's acidity—growing acidity being a clue to the presence of propagating life.

"Of course," remarks the Gulliver's inventor, Doctor Levin, "all devices that depend on a nutrient solution have a basic problem: life on other planets may not use the same nutrients as life on Earth. For all I know, the nutrients we're using in the Gulliver may be deadly poison to microbes on Mars, and the poison we use in the control of Gulliver may be steak and potatoes to them. This isn't probable, of course. The planets in the solar system seem to have had a common origin, and if there is life on other planets, we can make a tentative assumption that it is at least something like Earth life in its basic chemistry. Yet we can't forget the possibility that it will turn out to be totally different."

To prepare for this possibility, Doctor Levin and other exobiologists are experimenting with nutrients that could conceivably be used by totally unearth-like creatures—creatures with a chemistry based on ammonia, for instance, instead of our own familiar oxygen. "And there are other life-detection devices under development that don't depend on feeding microbes a nutrient and watching them propagate," says Doctor Quimby of NASA. "Propagation is only one attribute of life that instruments can detect. There are others."

There are some, in fact, that instruments alone can detect. One is a curious property called optical rotation. As far as science knows, all living things on Earth possess it, and the assumption is that creatures elsewhere—if any—may possess it too. The unaided human eye can't detect it, but relatively simple optical instruments can, easily. If you shine a plane wave, or "flat ribbon," of polarized light through any living substance on Earth, the substance will rotate or "twist" the ribbon so that it comes out slanted at a new angle. Some nonliving substances will also twist light, but those that do are rarely found in a natural state, simply lying around on the ground. So normally, if you pick up an object off the ground, shine a ribbon of light through it and see it twist—optically rotate—you can be reasonably sure that this thing is alive or has living things in it or on it.

This strange fact is the basis of a life-hunting device being built at Melpar, Inc., a research firm neighboring Doctor Levin's Hazleton Labs in Falls Church, Virginia. Biochemist Dr. Ira Blei and optic-electronics expert Dr. Seymour West have developed the device. Landed on a planet, it will grab, suck, drill or scrape up a sample of the local landscape. The sample, sectioned thinly or powdered, will be suspended in an inert liquid to make it transparent. Then a polarizing filter emitting plane-polarized light will shoot light through the sample into a second filter. This second filter has a slit in it which lets the light by only in a certain plane. The slit slowly rotates until it's at just the right angle to let the ribbon of light enter. Once past this gauntlet, the light strikes a photoelectric cell causing the device to transmit a reading back to Earth. If the reading shows that the planetary soil sample rotated the light waves of the tiny electronic bug, the scientists will know they have found extraterrestrial life.

"Clever, isn't it?" says Doctor Quimby. He derives a huge and obvious enjoyment from talking about projects like these. "Sometimes I get impatient, thinking that it'll be another four or six years before these devices actually go to work on the surfaces of other planets."

But actually, scientists are already looking for life in the soils of other planets. NASA's hunt for extraterrestrial beings hasn't been limited merely to building odd devices. In the past four years NASA, the National Science Foundation and other U.S. government agencies have generously ladled out money to scientists studying a strange group of meteorites called carbonaceous chondrites.

About 1,500 stony (as against metallic) meteorites have been picked up around the world in the past 200 years, and of these, 20 have been carbonaceous —meaning they have coal-like materials in them. More than a hundred years ago, scientists began speculating that these materials might be the remains of living creatures. In 1858, for instance, a German mineralogist named Friedrich Wöhler studied a carbonaceous meteorite that had fallen the year before at Kaba, Hungary. He found substances that he believed might be the residue of decayed vegetation. "It is conceivable," he wrote, "that this meteorite is a piece of a planet that exploded somewhere far out in the universe, perhaps millions upon millions of years ago."

Other scientists thought Wöhler was nuts. The argument bumbled along in scholarly circles until 1961. In that year the U.S. government, noting that men from Earth were soon to visit other planets and that clues about life in the universe might be useful, decided to rev up the investigation with a cash infusion.

The government found an investigator already hard at work on Wöhler's

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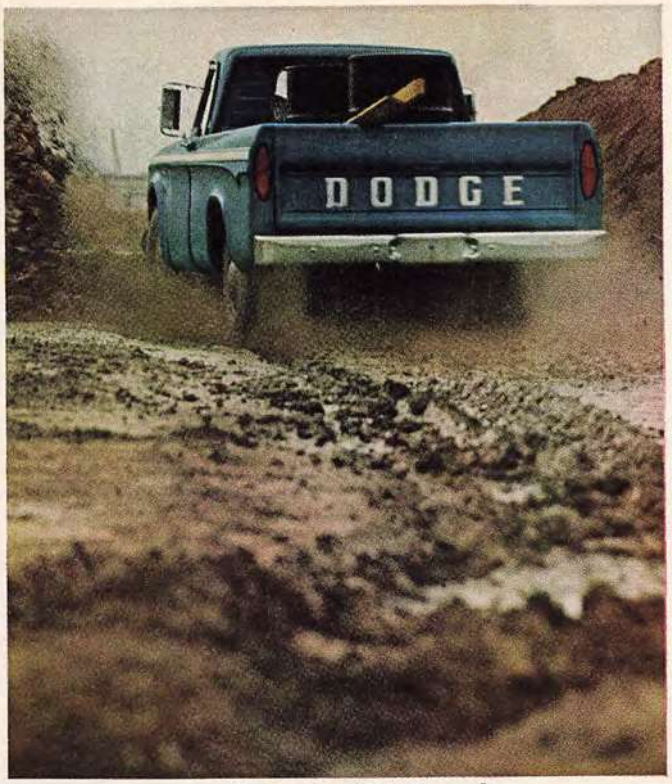

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theories: Dr. Bartholomew Nagy, a geochemist at Fordham University (now at the University of California in San Diego). Doctor Nagy had become interested in an enormous carbonaceous meteorite that had fallen a century ago in France. The huge stone probably weighed well over 25 tons before its encounter with the Earth's atmosphere. After wandering through space for nobody knows how many million years, it tore into the atmosphere at about 8 p.m. on May 14, 1864. It burned white-hot and exploded in a blaze that was seen for hundreds of miles. Fragments fell around the village of Orgueil in southern France. Several tons' worth of them were collected and deposited in museums.

One large chunk ended up at the American Museum of Natural History in New York. In January, 1961, Doctor Nagy contacted the museum's curator of mineralogy, Dr. Brian Mason, and asked to be given a piece of the Orgueil meteorite for life-hunting purposes. Doctor Nagy believed that, with modern lab techniques, he might turn up facts that earlier investigators had missed. Doctor Mason handed over a piece of the space-traveling stone.

A few mornings later—near 6 a.m.—Doctor Mason was awakened by the ringing of his telephone. The excited, faintly European-accented voice on the wire belonged to Doctor Nagy. "Let me tell you," he said, "what we've found in the Orgueil!"

Doctor Mason made grumpy reference to the time, but his caller's enthusiasm could not be dampened. Doctor Nagy and his fellow researchers, it turned out, had extracted certain hydrocarbons from the meteorite. Because of the molecular structure of these chemicals, there was a very strong reason to believe they had been made by living things.

Not long after that, Doctor Nagy and his Fordham University colleagues found a different set of intriguing chemicals in the Orgueil stone: fatty acids much like those found in ancient sedimentary rocks on Earth. Sedimentary rocks are made of mud and sand, along with plants and creatures living there, that get buried and gradually compressed into stone over eons of time. Chemicals of living things, including fatty acids, get incorporated into the stone and can be identified later by laboratory analysis.

Could the meteorite be a chunk of sedimentary rock from some ill-fated, life-bearing world far across the galaxy? When Doctor Nagy presented his findings to the New York Academy of Sciences, many scientists thought it possible. But others were dubious and pointed out, for example, that chemicals such as living things make can also be made in some cases by nonbiological processes. The mere presence of lifelike chemicals in the stone didn't prove that life had made them.

Doctor Nagy agreed. But some months later, examining thin sections and powdered granules of the meteorite under an electron microscope, he saw odd little forms: strangely symmetrical forms that didn't look like mineral crystals or anything else with which Doctor Nagy was familiar. Some were round; some were wormlike; some looked like strings of beads. Microbiologists who examined these shapes thought they might be fossils of microscopic creatures.

But once again, doubts arose. "The suggestion was made that these forms might be microbes of our own planet which had contaminated the meteorite during its hundred-year stay on Earth,"

"Mrs. Saunders, I'd love to handle *all* of your late husband's assets."

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says Doctor Nagy. To check this possibility, he examined the electron-microscope slides still more closely. The symmetrical forms appeared to be scattered throughout the meteorite material, rather than being bunched in its pores and fissures. This was evidence that they hadn't entered while the stone was on Earth. Moreover, further analysis showed that the material of which the fossil-like forms were made was thoroughly mixed chemically with the meteorite's minerals. This indicated that the forms had been in the stone far longer than a mere hundred years.

Probing the mystery further at the University of California, Doctor Nagy arrived at some intriguing conclusions about the meteorite's "parent body"—the planet of which it is evidently a fragment. From its chemical makeup he believes the parent body can't have been very hot—perhaps a few hundred degrees Fahrenheit—but certainly not of starlike temperature. And because the meteorite contains crystals that can't easily form in freezing temperatures, Doctor Nagy speculates the parent body was, at least part of the time, no colder than the freezing point of water.

But most important, Doctor Nagy believes the parent body had water on it or in it—a positive evidence of life which counterbalances the arid photography of Mariner IV. Certain mineral formations in the meteorite could *not* have occurred without water, either in liquid or vapor form. The way in which veins of magnesium sulfate are distributed through the stone leads Doctor Nagy and other researchers to guess that the water might have been in liquid, flowing form, as on Earth.

Like most scientists, Doctor Nagy is cautious with words. Despite all the evidence he has gathered about the Orgueil meteorite, he won't go on record as saying he has proved the existence of life on another world. "I can only say," he told TRUE, "that the evidence indicates strongly that something lived where this meteorite came from."

Something—but what? Only microbes? Or were there, perhaps, intelligent beings as well? Did they blow their planet up themselves in some mad, final war? Were they humanlike in form? Or were they totally unlike us—six-armed and purple, perhaps, with eyeballs on long stalks?

"It's interesting to speculate things like that," admits Doctor Quimby of NASA. "Many of the devices we're working on—the Gulliver and the Wolf Trap, for instance—won't be able to give us answers about that kind of thing. They can only tell us whether the basic microbial life exists. But there are other devices that may be able to show us larger life forms, if any."

One fairly obvious idea is to soft land a TV camera on Mars and other planets. The camera would relay pictures to receiving devices on Earth.

Many types of miniature TV cameras already in existence would be suitable for this purpose. NASA is studying several models to find out which might work best. What's lacking is the enormous amount of portable electric power that would be needed to send clear TV signals across the billions of miles of space. Like light and all other kinds of electromagnetic radiation, TV signal strength fades rapidly as the propagated waves spread out over distances. Recent Russian and U.S. successes in getting TV pictures from the moon, which is only a quarter-million miles away, represent no mean technical feat.

NASA believes a solution to this problem might lie in nuclear power. Scientific teams from NASA and the Atomic Energy Commission are hard at work right now, trying to develop a light, compact, powerful nuclear generating system. TV pictures can be sent along a tight beam of light from a laser.

Another possibility—and this one excites Quimby—is to use a TV device that won't waste power by sending uninteresting pictures. Such a device would need to have a built-in brain and a capacity to discriminate between what is and isn't interesting to life-hunting scientists on Earth. This sounds like a tall order. But this is precisely what is being done in another NASA-sponsored project at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

The groundwork of this project began to be laid in 1958. Physiologist Dr. Warren McCulloch and computer designer Louis Sutro wondered whether it would be possible to make a working model of an animal eye—an eye that could at least roughly identify what it saw and could initiate logical reactions to the things seen. They chose the eye of the common leopard frog as their model. This isn't as fine or complex an instrument as the human eye with its 100-million photoreceptors, but it is a good, serviceable eye for the frog's simple purposes. It enables the frog to spot and escape its enemies and tells the difference between an edible bug and a rock. Its structure and workings have been studied by anatomists, neurologists and others.

The frog apparently sees only four or five gradations of shade from light to dark. Objects are fuzzy and it appears to see only well enough to avoid bumping into them. What does interest the frog is something that moves. If the object's bug-sized, it eats it; bigger, it scrams.

It seemed to McCulloch and Sutro that this relatively simple kind of vision might be duplicated by using a TV camera whose output could be converted into the numerical language of a digital computer. The experimental camera would have its output appear as sets of numbers indicating various shades of light and dark. These numbers, in effect, form a "picture" that could be seen by a digital computer.

"We've got the bug-detector logic pretty well worked out now," computer man Sutro told TRUE. By copying the complex networks of photoreceptors and nerves in the frog's eye, the MIT scientists have built a system that actually sees and sizes up moving objects. The computer being used is a large one, however, and one of the next steps will be to build a special small computer that can be shot through space.

The system will be used on other planets either to look around at the scenery as a man might look, or else to study soil samples through a microscope. The computer will be given various criteria on which to base a decision about whether an observed object is alive: movement, type of motion, shape, size—the same kind of criteria a frog appears to use. If it sees something it decides is alive, it will transmit a picture of the thing to Earth.

All kinds of other life-detecting devices and ideas are being studied by NASA-supported scientists around the country. There are devices based on spectrometry, gas chromatography, ultraviolet spectrophotometry and other complex scientific concepts. If indeed there is anything living on other planets one of these devices, sooner or later, is bound to find it.

The next close approach of Earth and Mars—the first planet NASA plans to check out—will occur in 1967. NASA doesn't expect that the enormous problems of building a soft lander will have been solved by then. But they could be solved in time for the next approach, 1969; and they will almost certainly be solved for the approach after that, 1971. In one of those years life detectors will examine the soil on Mars firsthand.

Will it be worth the expense? After all, it's your tax money that's going to develop the Gulliver, the Wolf Trap, the Frog Eye, the necessary spacecraft. Your money and mine: millions upon millions of dollars. It probably won't bring back any tangible gain—not in our lifetimes, anyway. Should we be spending it?

NASA itself sometimes wonders about this. At NASA's request, a year ago, the Space Science Board of the National Academy of Sciences gathered some of the nation's top scientific thinkers together and asked them, in effect: "Is this business of searching for life—this excruciatingly costly business—sensible?"

The scientists studied this prickly question from every angle they could think of. Their painfully wrought conclusions were summed up by Professor Colin Pittendrigh, noted Princeton University biologist-astronomer. He talked about the current estimate that there may be 1,000 billion-billion planetary systems in the universe with histories similar to that of our own solar system. The question of whether they teem with life or are all sterile—all except this one planet we call home—is a question of huge philosophical importance. It is worth answering at almost any cost, simply to know the answer. "What is at stake," said Doctor Pittendrigh, "is nothing less than knowledge of our place in nature."

—Max Gunther

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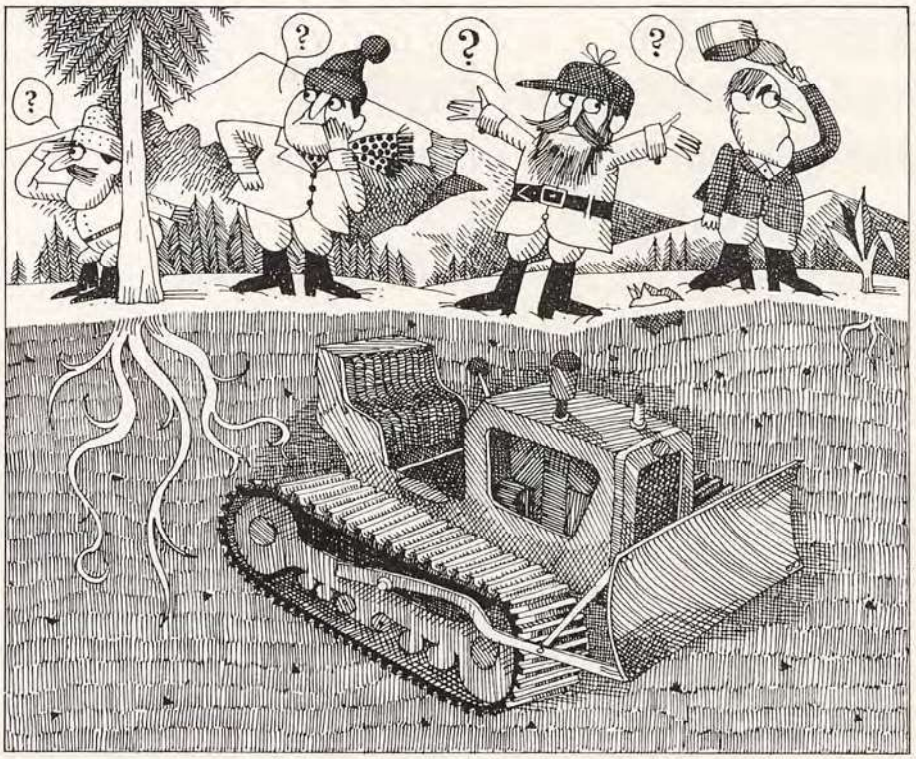

Now you see it, now you don't. Bulldozer disappears and permafrost is the culprit.

In Aklavik in northern Canada, some time ago a construction company had a bit of trouble with a bulldozer left on an airfield. The machine disappeared. As it turned out, nobody had stolen the big earthmover. The land had swallowed it.

The case of the vanishing bulldozer was one example of the shenanigans of a peculiar enemy of Alaskans, Canadians and Russians: permafrost, permanently frozen ground. If an extremely warm spring thaw ever does melt the stuff, it turns into a kind of soup. The bulldozer, being dark in color, had absorbed the sun's heat and literally melted its way down, sinking into the mud—or *slud*, as the scientists call this peculiar gruel.

Dale Andrews, of Spokane, Washington, a recent visitor to Alaska, where he heard the bulldozer story, asks us some questions about permafrost. How deep down is the ground frozen? What other problems does it create?

A few years ago scientists couldn't have answered the first question. Now they've developed electronic methods to take soundings and can report that the ground is permanently frozen, at Point Barrow, Alaska, to a depth of 1,030 feet. That's the record for any place in the U.S. The Russians claim to top that—or rather, bottom it—with permafrost 2,000 feet deep on the Taimyr Peninsula in Siberia.

It takes an average annual temperature of 25°F to create permafrost, the condition occurring when the annual melting is not enough to thaw the ground more than a few feet down. In some places it thaws only a few inches. This is a condition that applies to 20 percent of the land surface of the earth.

Some of man's greatest troubles with permafrost come when melting does occur. In cities like Dawson, Canada, buildings stand at crazy angles, heat from them having melted the permafrost under portions of the structure. Old-timers in Alaska say you can tell from outside a house just where the kitchen is located because the stove makes the house tip in its direction. Many buildings have even collapsed under such stress. Early builders often beat the game by constructing on pilings so the heat could not reach the ground. Modern engineers attack the problem differently. Under large buildings built on permafrost they install refrigerator coils in the ground to keep it in a frozen condition.

Frozen or not, permafrost is a king-sized headache in the northland. One of the real toughies is getting a water supply for modern cities built on permafrost. Even if you drill all the way through the permafrost layer, the water is likely to freeze before it reaches the surface.

The situation is so desperate for cities such as Nome, Alaska, that during a recent International Conference on Permafrost, scientists proposed a drastic solution. These cities, they said, might have to consider "recycling water and waste in systems similar to those used in space capsules."

Q: Did Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation free all the slaves? *Toni DeSatina, Norwich, Conn.*

A: No. The proclamation, issued by Lincoln on January 1, 1863 only applied to the slaves in states fighting against the federal government. Four slave states were fighting on the Union side and their slaves were not affected. In 1865, Amendment 13 to the U.S. Constitution freed all the slaves.

Q: Are any U.S. satellites launched north to south so they travel over the poles? If not, why not? *Carl O. Thoren, Brownsville, Tex.*

A: There have been many satellites launched into orbit so they go over the poles. The most recent was TIROS IX, a meteorological satellite. It was launched in a polar orbit in order to take cloud cover photos of the entire surface of the Earth once a day. NIMBUS I, launched last fall, was also put in polar orbit for the same reason.

Q: Does a boat steer in the same manner as an automobile? *Richard Long, Salisbury, Md.*

A: No. As you turn the wheel of an automobile the front wheels move in the direction of the turn and the rear wheels follow. However, in almost all boats it is the rear that moves first when the wheel is turned. The effect of the rudder is to throw the stern away from the direction in which the wheel is being turned. This pushes the stem forward in the opposite direction, that is, the direction in which the wheel was turned.

Russ Kinne

Q: How high can a Turkey Vulture fly? *Lott W. Johnson, Macon, Ga.*

A: They have been spotted at altitudes of 4,000 and 5,000 feet. These exceedingly ugly birds, also known as American Turkey Buzzards, make up for their lack of beauty and grace with the ability to soar in great circles for hours at a time scanning the ground below. They are guided to food by a sense of sight, not smell. There can be little question that their eyesight is many times more powerful than human vision. Vultures will appear from nowhere in the sky coming directly downward to a dead animal no larger than a cat which they have spotted from the air while still out of sight to human eyes.

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Q: Can you tell me anything about the World War II plane which is outside the museum at the Wright-Patterson AFB in Dayton, Ohio? ***Don H. McCullough, Center Point, Ind.***

A: The plane, a B-24D which bears the name "Strawberry Bitch" and carries the figure of a woman on its side, was symbolic of the durability of World War II bombers. It logged 59 combat missions with the 512th Bombardment Squadron over Italy, Austria, Greece, France, Germany, Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria during the period from September 20, 1943 through June 10, 1944.

Q: How far could an electric automobile go on one charge? ***John Ronald Hartom, Jr., Tucson, Ariz.***

A: Electrics were hobbled by their slow pace and short range. Most could go only about 30 miles between battery charges. One early model, however, did manage to travel 101.6 miles on a single charge, and with Edison cells a Baker Stanhope was driven the record distance of 224½ miles on one charge.

Q: What is considered to have been the fiercest of all the wars waged by the United States against the Indians? ***Ernie L. Cazis, Carlsbad, Calif.***

A: The Seminole War, from 1835 to 1842, against the Seminole Indians of Florida was the longest, costliest and bloodiest war in proportion to the numbers involved that was ever waged by the U.S. It was also the only war we have ever lost; the Indians were the victors and remained in possession of their homes and freedom. The war began when the U.S. tried to crush the sporadic resistance of a few hundred warriors hidden among the swamps and Everglades. After an expenditure of 1,500 men and upwards of $50,000,000 the U.S. ceased formal military operations against the Seminole.

Q: Are the two original Soviet Sputniks still in orbit? ***Maurice Malaise, Ottawa, Ill.***

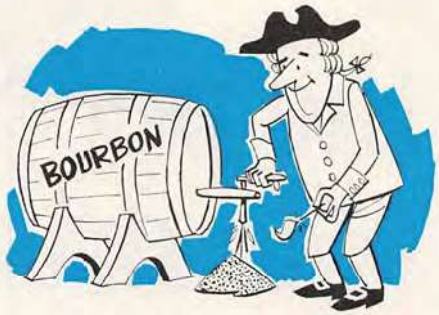
A: No. Sputnik I, launched on October 4, 1957, and Sputnik II, launched on October 4, 1957, are listed by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration as "decayed objects." That is, they approached too close to the earth and were burned up by friction in 1958. The oldest statellites in space are the United States Explorer I and Vanguard I, launched in 1958, on February 1 and March 17, respectively.

Q: I have heard that every year the government sells surplus buffalo meat. Isn't this animal supposedly in danger of extinction? ***William Peoples, Indianapolis, Ind.***

A: Because of the systematic slaughter of the great buffalo herds which once roamed this country, the American buffalo—or bison—was in danger of extinction around 1890. However, through the efforts of various organizations and the U.S. government, the species has been preserved and its numbers have increased until there are now more than 5,000 buffaloes in existence here. The U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service maintains four protected refuges for buffalo where the animals run at large and are maintained as nearly as possible under natural conditions. An annual sale of surplus animals —on the hoof or slaughtered—is made from these areas to avoid overgrazing. A live two-year-old buffalo, by the way, costs about $200. Whole carcasses, butchered, dressed and frozen in family-style cuts cost about $285. The government will not ship the meat, however; it must be picked up at the place of purchase.

Q: What are blue sky laws? ***Samuel Peters, Boston, Mass.***

A: They are statutes passed by most states which regulate the sale of stocks and bonds and other securities for the protection of investors. The first blue sky law, enacted in Kansas in 1911, required investment companies to file with the state secretary a full description of their business and prohibited them from selling securities until given state approval. The term "blue sky" is said to have originated when a member of the Kansas legislature declared that many of the wildcat promoters, if given the chance, would "capitalize the blue skies."



Q: Why is the proof figure on bottles of whisky double the alcohol content? ***L. S. Brookmeyer, Pelham, N. Y.***

A: The system of "proofing" whisky is a heritage from the early days of Bourbon-making. The strength of the Bourbon was measured by pouring a little whisky on a small pile of gunpowder and lighting it. Too bright a flame meant whisky that was too strong; a steady blue flame meant the Bourbon was about right. Early distillers learned that the steady blue flame came from liquor that was half alcohol and half water. This proportion came to be known as "100 percent perfect," or "proved." The word proved became "proof" and came to designate double the percentage of alcohol in liquor.

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Q: What was a meat biscuit and who invented it? ***C. H. Lien, Grand Forks, N. Dak.***

A: Gail Borden, who invented evaporated milk, also invented the meat biscuit for some friends who were going to make the long western trek to California in 1850. His idea was to make a portable food which would contain the nutritious properties of beef. He took beef, fresh from slaughter, and boiled it in a large quantity of water for 16 hours. The fat was then drawn off and the meat was separated from the remaining broth. The broth was evaporated by steam heat until it reached a thick syrup consistency which was then mixed and kneaded with flour, dried in an oven and packed in canisters or casks. Borden went on to sell the biscuits on a small scale, claiming that one pound of biscuit contained the nutriment of five pounds of good fresh beef. Similar products still are used today, mostly by campers.

Q: Is it true that a person who has been convicted of a felony and is in prison does not have to pay federal income taxes? ***William M. Reeves, Fairbanks, Alaska.***

A: No. Although the atmosphere is hardly ideal for earning money, even a man in prison cannot escape income tax obligations.

Q: How did the $ sign originate? ***George W. Chalmers, Chicago, Ill.***

A: There are many theories, but the most widely accepted one is that the dollar sign evolved from the Spanish "P's," the plural symbol for *pesos, piastres,* or pieces of eight. The theory, derived from a study of old manuscripts, is that the "s" gradually came to be written over the "P." This developed, of course, a close equivalent to the $ sign which was officially adopted for the U.S. dollar in 1785.

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THE SADDEST VACATION STORY EVER TOLD

[*Continued from page 67*]

and were laundry clean when he recovered them, the man declared.

"Such a grand sense of humor, George," Emma giggled. "It is one reason I married you. But you just make yourself comfy and relax. Frank and I will attend to the plans."

Fifteen days later, on August 20, while toiling up the rocky bars of a creek that flowed into the Yellowstone River, Cowan's vacation party met one John Shively, a beaver-trapping mountain man. Shively was getting out of the area as fast as he could. He had heard reports of a war with the Nez Percé, and didn't want to become involved. One close-up look at Cowan's outfit caused him to register popeyed amazement. He had never seen anything like it.

Probably, in those pretourist days, no comparable party had ever ventured into the roadless park wilderness. There were seven men (brother-in-law Frank had invited five friends: Charles Mann, Albert Oldham, William Dingee, A. J. Arnold and Henry Meyers) two women, 11 horses, and an elderly pointer bitch named Dido. There were two wagons high piled with camping gear, and a rubber-tired buggy with a fringed top.

"If it's any of my business," said Shively, the mountain man, "what are you folks doing up here anyway?"

"Well, it's like this," Cowan said. "My wife thought I needed a vacation. And she wanted to see the geysers. So. . . ."

"You picked the wrong place for a vacation," said Shively. "I hear the park is plumb crowded with hostile Nez Percé Injuns. There was a fight at White Bird Canyon, and Chief Joseph is heading for Canada with all his people and as much stock as he could get together. General Howard is closing in on them with the Army of the Columbia. If you'll take my advice, you'll turn right around and get outta here. Like I'm doing."

Emma glanced at brother Frank. She trusted his judgment. He was a year older than she and was smart and had been places. In her view he was a real frontiersman, a dashing figure in his buckskin shirt and broad-brimmed hat, with a pearl-handled gun on his hip.

"We heard about the White Bird skirmish," Frank told Shively. "But that was over on the other side of the mountains, and the trouble is ended. You have been listening to rumors, old-timer. Thanks for trying to help, but we'll be all right. Some of us aren't exactly what you would call tenderfeet, you know."

"Well, now, wait a minute," Cowan said. "We'd better find out more about this. Maybe. . . ."

But brother-in-law Frank had already raised a gauntleted hand, wagon-master fashion, and the outfit was moving again. Shively, the mountain man, scratched his shaggy head, took a long searching look back the way he had come, and vanished like a ghost into a willow jungle.

Four days later, the Cowan party came to its first geyser. As they watched, it spouted a good 150 feet into the air. They didn't know its name. Frank had studied a map and insisted that, as a result, he was thoroughly familiar with the park's terrain; but lately he seemed vague as to place names. He said he thought the geyser was either Castle or Beehive, or perhaps Old Faithful. None of the others claimed to have any precise idea where they were. All they knew was that they were proceeding into the mountains on the so-called Yellowstone Trail.

When they had made camp and picketed the horses, Cowan took off his socks. The next time the geyser spouted and subsided, he dashed forward and tossed the socks into the rock-rimmed basin of steaming water. Then he retreated to safety and waited. In due time the geyser spouted again and blew the socks skyward. The wind carried them off and dropped them onto a heap of scabrock. Retrieving the socks, Cowan was delighted to find that they had indeed been steam cleaned.

"I'm satisfied," he said. "This vacation is a success. Let's go home."

"Oh, George," Emma laughed. "You are so precious. I know it was your humor that won me." She kissed him on the ear.

Next morning Cowan got up at sunrise and built a fire. Everybody else was still in the tents pounding their ears. Cowan made a pot of coffee, poured a cupful, spiked it with moose milk from a pocket flask, and was enjoying his first swallows when four Indians walked out of the adjacent timber. They came over to the fire and stood solemnly contemplating Cowan and the camp. They carried new Winchester .44 rifles. They wore only breech clouts, moccasins and leggings.

"Good morning," Cowan said. "Pretty country up here, with the geysers and everything. Climate's nice, too."

"How," said one of the Indians, a lean individual with brass rings in his ears and four eagle feathers stuck in the back of his oily, braided hair. "I am Yellow Wolf. I speak English. Chief Looking Glass is camped over there." He pointed vaguely toward the west. "We want flour, bacon, sugar. You give. Now."

"Sorry. Can't spare any grub," Cowan said. "We're short ourselves. But how about a cup of coffee?"

Cowan asserted later that he intended to use any extra food as a bargaining factor in maintaining peaceful relations with the Indians, and that his brusque refusal was only the standard trader's come-on technique. If that was his plan, he was given no opportunity to pursue it. Yellow Wolf took instant offense.

"Maybe you want to die, white man," he said. He made a motion, at which the Indian nearest him turned toward the timber, raised his hands to his mouth and whistled a loud signal.

Cowan put down his coffee cup and picked up his rifle. It had been a pleasant rose-gray morning. But its cheerful aspect was beginning to fade.

"Stop that," Cowan said to the Indian who had whistled. "Let's don't have any trouble here. I mean, dammit, why start something we'll all regret?"

Hardly had he spoken when 20 or 30 Indians mounted on spotted Appaloosa horses loped out of the pine forest. Hooting, brandishing rifles, they surrounded the camp. At once, as though the racket had just aroused them from sleep, the male members of Cowan's party emerged from their tents. Emma and Ida stayed out of sight.

Brother-in-law Frank took charge. Clearly, he had been listening, for he knew what the dissension was about and knew which Indian had authority. Striding over to Yellow Wolf with a big smile, he stuck out his hand. Yellow Wolf shook hands with him, probably, Cowan thought, to show that he was acquainted with the white man's amenities.

"Of course we can spare you some grub," Frank said heartily. "We are old friends of the Nez Percé. And we have

TRUE

"How can you say I never take you along? Didn't I take you on our honeymoon?"

always admired your Chief Joseph. A great man. A noble Indian."

Oldham, Dingee and Arnold, having heard the word, hurried into the stores tent and came out burdened with groceries. Cowan noted that they looked plenty scared. More Indians were arriving. Some crowded their spotted ponies against the tents. Knives flashed as, jeering, they threatened to cut the guy ropes. Others were inspecting the party's picketed horses.

Cowan suddenly made up his mind. This vacation, no matter what Emma might have to say, was ended. "Who do I see to get a guarantee of safe passage out of the park?" he asked Yellow Wolf.

"Chief Looking Glass," said Yellow Wolf.

"Then lead me to him."

Emma burst out of her tent, with Ida. Throwing her arms around Cowan's neck, she cried, "No, George. You mustn't go. Don't leave me. All these Indians. Something terrible will happen. Frank, tell him he mustn't go." Tears streamed down her face.

"We'll all go," brother-in-law Frank decided. "Actually, it's only courtesy to pay Chief Looking Glass a visit. Don't be frightened, Sis. Trust me. I'll take care of everything. Break camp and harness up, men. We're moving out."

"Some day," Cowan said to nobody in particular, "I am going to bust that loudmouth on the nose." The statement passed unheard or unnoticed.

When they had got the outfit under way, yelling Indians convoyed them. The warriors popped lariats at the horses, made graphic, boastfully anatomical sign-language propositions to Emma and Ida, aimed rifles at the men as if about to open fire, and kept yelling. Then the trail, which had been bad enough, became impossible. For as far as they could see ahead, it was blocked by tangles of wind-blown trees.

"Is there another trail?" Cowan asked Yellow Wolf.

Yellow Wolf looked embarrassed. Then he said he didn't know. The fantastic truth seemed to be that the Indians themselves were lost. Later, Cowan learned that the Nez Percé were completely unfamiliar with this part of the country. Their route to the buffalo ranges lay south of here. They were as mixed up geographically as he was.

"We have got to leave the wagons," brother-in-law Frank bawled. "Unhook the draft animals. Get out saddles and bridles for them." To Emma he called, "It can't be helped, Sis. But don't worry. Once I talk with Chief Looking Glass, he will protect our baggage."

With all members mounted, the party struck out again. Presently, coming to a prairielike opening, they beheld a dramatic sight. Passing before them was an immense column of Indian cavalry. The column looked miles long. The Indians were riding five and six abreast. Wranglers drove bands of loose horses on the flanks of the column. Spaced at intervals among the warriors were packhorses and mounted women and children.

This was the vanguard of Chief Joseph's classic retreat, a military accomplishment without parallel on the continent. General George Howard had ordered Joseph to be ready to abandon his ancient tribal homeland in Idaho and depart for a reservation, with all his people, within 30 days. Joseph had protested that they needed more time to round up their stock. Hostilities opened, and now Joseph was driving for Canada, where he hoped to open negotiations with the U.S. government for the return of Nez Percé lands and property.

(Ironically, the retreat foundered a few weeks later on a point of simple geography. Joseph believed that he had reached Canada, and was camped with no outposts, no security guards, when U.S. cavalry surrounded his bivouac and officers informed him that actually he was not in Canada at all—but was still 40 miles south of the border.)

The Cowan party found Chief Looking Glass camped near a hot spring in a circular basin walled by timber, where he was resting men and horses. There were no lodges. At a hundred or more fires Indians were eating or sleeping. Yellow Wolf took the party to a lone fire at the center of the camp, and told them to dismount. One man sat brooding alone beside this fire.

"That is Chief Looking Glass," Yellow Wolf said, pointing.

Cowan stared at the war chief. The man had the biggest mouth he had ever seen. His whole face was large and formidably square, with jutting Asiatic cheekbones, but the mouth dominated it. Froglike, it reached almost from ear to ear, and was thin lipped and grim. The ends of the chief's hair braids were secured with lashings of copper wire. Around his neck, suspended on a sinew cord, he wore a tin trade mirror. Chief Looking Glass gazed impassively at the party, and spoke one sentence.

"He says to take you to Poker Joe," Yellow Wolf interpreted. "Poker Joe," he added, "is the man who bosses our march."

They followed Yellow Wolf to Poker Joe's fire. The latter was a middle-aged, wolf-faced warrior with eagle feathers in his hair, who wore a pair of green Mackinaw pants with the seat cut out for more comfortable riding. He spoke English.

"Chief Looking Glass wants you to go home," Poker Joe said. "But here nothing is easy." He pointed at Arnold and Dingee, a matter that puzzled the rest of the party and said, "You two go first. Stay out of sight in the timber. Keep riding day and night."

Arnold and Dingee mounted up, spoke self-conscious farewells and rode off.

"George," Emma said suddenly. "Where is Frank? He is not with us."

"I don't know," Cowan said. "That jackass helped get us into this. What I really want to know is, where is my dog Dido? I haven't see her for half an hour."

Six Indians arrived, each leading a gaunt, worn-out horse. They handed the lead ropes to Cowan and Oldham. Then they took the reins of the Cowan party's horses and, without a word, led the mounts away.

"I got to make this trade with you," Poker Joe explained simply. "We have too many tired horses."

"But our saddles and bridles," Cowan said. "Dammit, you can't. . . ."

"And I need your guns too," Poker Joe said. "Always in a war there is a shortage of guns and ammunition."

One by one the men handed over their firearms. Oldham got a break, of sorts. Poker Joe returned his revolver. It was a new .45 Colt, the Frontier model, and Poker Joe explained sadly that the Indians had no ammunition for it. Oldham himself had only three cartridges left. He had been shooting at coyotes and gophers along the way.

"Get on your horses and travel," Poker Joe said. "Keep out of sight and don't stop. Good-by."

As they were leaving, Cowan spotted a familiar face among the watching Indians. It was Shively, the mountain man. That he was a prisoner was evident, since there was a lariat around his neck with an Indian holding onto the other end.

"You wouldn't take my advice and go home," Shively said. "Now you're in a heap of trouble."

"How about yourself?" Cowan said. "You come back up here for another look at the geysers?"

"I got taken by surprise," Shively said. "It was an accident. It wouldn't happen to me again in a thousand years."

The party was 10 minutes out of camp when whoops sounded behind them. Here came a party of some 20 Indians, crowding their horses. Although Cowan had no way of knowing it then, the leader of this group was one Um-til-ilp-cown, Tulip for short. Back in Idaho there was a bounty on Tulip, dead or alive. He had killed a white man in a brawl.

"I wish I had my rifle," Cowan said. "Right now I feel naked without it."

Tulip's gang yanked their horses back on their haunches in a show-off stop a couple of yards from the Cowan party. Letting out a wild screech, one of the Indians brought up his Winchester and fired point-blank at Cowan. The heavy .44 bullet hit Cowan in the upper thigh and went on through. Cowan's horse, wounded by the same bullet, went wild and bucked off the trail.

Dazed, Cowan pitched over the horse's head into a patch of brush. As he struggled to get up, he saw an Indian shoot Oldham in the face. The impact of the bullet knocked Oldham off his horse. Oldham got up, blood pouring out of

COMING. . .

He tried to blow up the U.S. Senate and assassinate J. P. Morgan

THE KAISER'S ONE-MAN UNDERGROUND

Read history's weird story of "Murder for the Fatherland"

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

his mouth, drew his .45 Colt and levelled it at the Indian who had shot him. The gun misfired, and Oldham ducked or fell out of view into the undergrowth.

Then Emma came running. "Oh, George, have they killed you?" she cried. "Where are you wounded?"

"In the ass, dammit," Cowan said. "What I've been trying to tell you all morning is . . . this haywire vacation is finished." He collapsed, unconscious.

When Cowan came to, a bizarre scuffle was taking place over him. A man subsequently identified as Henry, a half-breed interpreter, was arguing that Cowan should be put out of his misery. Henry was endeavoring to carry out this allegedly humane idea, but was handicapped by Emma. She held his arms and was kicking his shins.

Another Indian stepped forward. Drawing an outsize cap-and-ball revolver, he leaned over and, at a distance of one foot, shot Cowan in the forehead.

Nobody has ever explained why Cowan wasn't killed. Perhaps the charge was defective. Or perhaps Cowan moved at the critical instant. At any rate, half an hour later, Cowan again regained consciousness. He had a severe headache and his eyes were full of blood, but his skull seemed to be intact. He was now all alone beside the trail. For once today, he couldn't even hear any Indians. Taking stock of his condition, he concluded that it was fairly bad. But he was still mobile after a fashion. He could crawl.

Dragging his shattered leg, he began crawling through the timber toward where he thought the wagons were. That was where the party had been headed, and that was where it would logically rendezvous if others besides himself survived and were at liberty. He estimated that he was covering a quarter of a mile an hour. The distance to the wagons was about 10 miles.

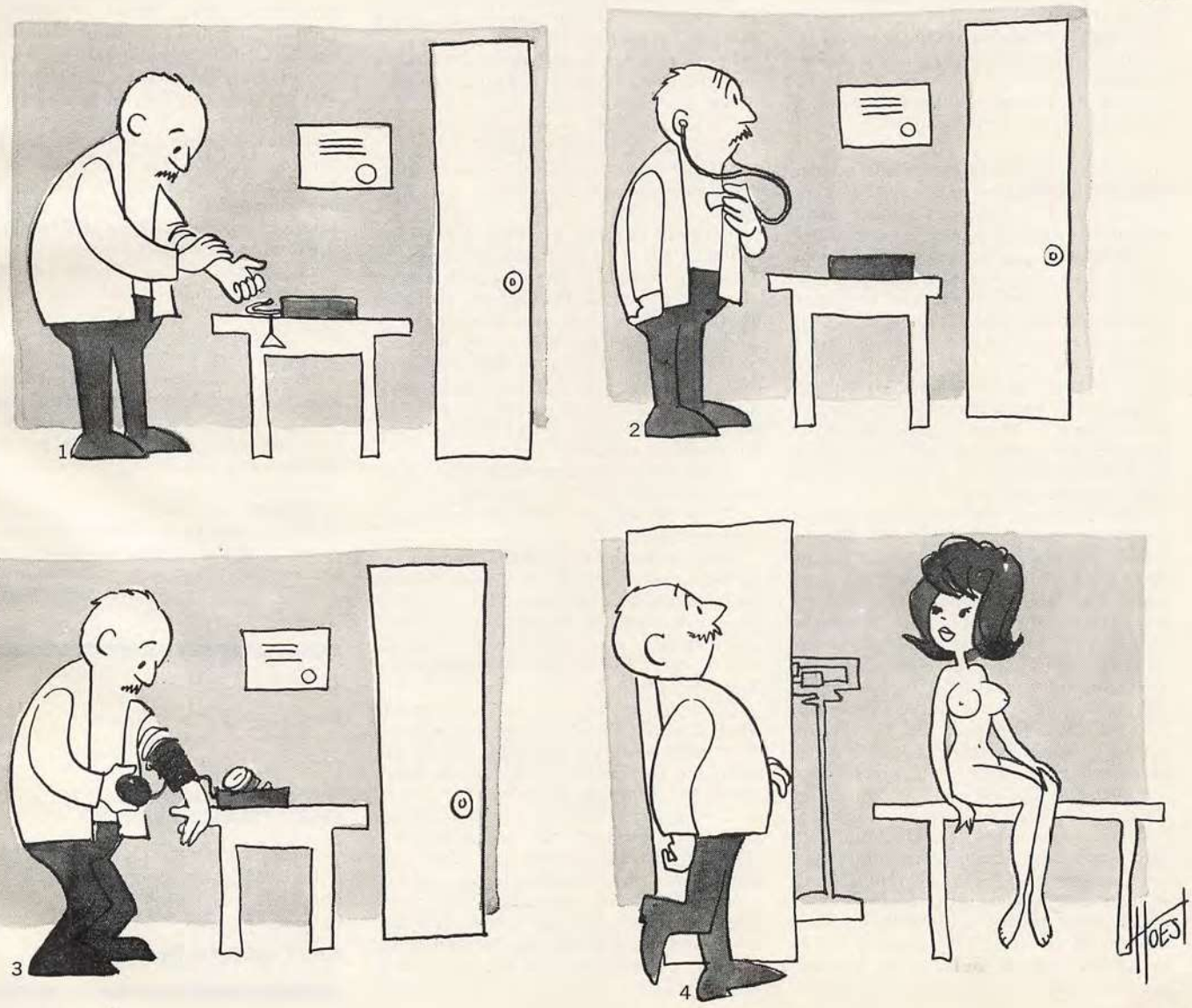
After a while, he heard the roar of a geyser and saw the plume of steam and water above the treetops. He thought it was a geyser they had passed earlier. Propping himself up to check his course against the spot, he was horrified to see a mounted Indian watching him from a rock-strewn rise 100 feet distant.

The Indian was a runty, flat-nosed man with a white shell necklace. Cowan raised a hand in what he assumed was the universal sign of peace. The Indian, by way of reply, put his rifle to his shoulder, took deliberate aim, and fired.

This bullet hit Cowan low in his left side and came out through his stomach. The runty Indian, after reloading, reined his pony around and rode away. His lack of further interest probably was due to the fact that he had been watching Cowan and knew that he didn't have a rifle or anything else worth looting. Also, the Nez Percé did not take scalps.

Cowan reappraised his condition, and found that he could still crawl. Why he had not bled to death, he thought, would be a prime mystery to the medics if his case ever became known. He crawled on. Several Indian wranglers driving loose horses passed in the timber so close that he could have thrown a rock among them. The horses saw him, but the Indians didn't. Cowan wondered if they were lost too.

He came to a tiny spring and drank. He plastered mud on his wounds because he had heard that this was approved frontier therapy. He crawled and crawled. At nightfall he slept hidden in a thicket. Later, he said he wouldn't have halted, but he was afraid he would fall into a canyon in the darkness. When the sun came up he resumed his journey. He found more water. The sun went down and rose again. He kept crawling.



"I picked up a great singing act in the Himalayas. Meet the Abominables."

He had been dragging himself over rough country for about 55 hours when, close ahead, a dog barked. It was Cowan's pointer Dido, guarding the wagons. But she was upwind and did not recognize her master. Without taking time to investigate, she pounced upon him and set her teeth in his one good leg.

"Dido, I know you didn't mean it," Cowan said. "I forgive you."

Indians had not only looted the wagons and the buggy, but had wrecked them. Cowan found no sign that other members of his party had been here. Not one mouthful of food remained. He remembered that, ahead at the camp where Yellow Wolf had interrupted breakfast, part of a can of coffee had been spilled. The coffee was a goal. He crawled on.

Cowan located the spilled coffee, found a tin can, built a fire—inexpressibly grateful that he had matches—fetched water from a stream, made himself a quart of barbarously strong coffee, drank it, and then slept for a while, holding Dido in his arms.

When Cowan woke up there were a couple of hours of daylight left. He decided he had better find a good hiding place from which he could spot his party when and if it passed. With Dido reconnoitering ahead, he crawled down the Yellowstone Trail to the Firehole River. The riverbank on this side was open grassland and gravel bars, but the opposite bank was heavily timbered. Cowan decided to take a chance and try to cross.

The Firehole River was low, a series of skinny riffles connecting quiet holes. Even so, the likeliest riffle he found was dangerously fast and deep for a man on his hands and one knee. He blundered into a pothole half way across and would have drowned if the current hadn't washed him down into shallow water again. After resting a bit with his head on a rock, he and Dido made it across and found a good hiding place in some willows. Cowan's clothes dried. He slept.

Toward sundown, Dido growled. Presently Cowan heard the clink of shod hoofs on rocks. Peering through the brush, he saw two white riders approaching. One wore civilian clothes, the other was in the uniform of the U.S. Cavalry. They were scouts from General Howard's headquarters—Capt. S. J. Fisher and Mr. J. W. Redington.

"What in hell were you doing up here?" asked Captain Fisher.

"Well, it was this way," Cowan said. "My wife thought I needed a vacation, and. . . ."

Lacking medical training, the scouts couldn't do anything important about Cowan's wounds. Cowan said afterward that he gathered, from their attitude, that they thought he was dying anyway and time spent on him could be construed as lapse from duty. But they gave him a blanket and built a nice fire. Cowan did not approve of the fire. He was afraid it would attract Indians. But he made no comment.

Then the scouts got back onto their horses and prepared to ride off.

"You mean you are leaving me?" Cowan asked.

Captain Fisher replied that they were. If the other members of Cowan's party had been killed, he said, and probably they had been, it was his duty to find their bodies, give them proper burial, and make a full report of the affair to General Howard.

"Just rest as easy as you can," he advised Cowan. "No doubt soldiers will be sent to pick you up tomorrow." Over his shoulder, the captain added as an afterthought, "Don't go anywhere."

Cowan slept, Dido in his arms. Some time after sundown, the dog woke him. To his dismay, Cowan saw that the thicket was afire. Also his blanket and his clothes. While he was asleep, the campfire had spread, and was now roaring up the forested hillside. It occurred to Cowan, as he headed for the river, that the scouts had done him no favor when they built the fire. But then, he told himself, that was an ungrateful thought. They had meant well.

Shirt and pants smoldering, hands blistered, Cowan plunged into the Firehole River and headed for the far bank. This time darkness made it totally impossible to judge depth, and he wandered off the riffle into a hole. He floundered, dragged himself on the bottom, and tried to swim. Eventually the current swept him onto a barely submerged gravel bar. Finally, he and Dido completed the crossing. They spent the chilly mountain night shivering in the lee of a boulder.

Next morning, when the sun was treetop high, he again heard horses' hoofs. A group of white riders came into view. They were, he soon learned, General Howard himself, with his staff. It appeared that the general was making a survey of the tactical situation. Nobody, he complained, had informed him that Cowan and his party were in the park.

"For God's sake, why did you come up here at such a time?" he asked.

"Well," Cowan replied wearily, "it was like this. My wife. . . ."

Twelve days later, after sundry adventures with medics and with an army transport wagon that had to be lowered over cliffs with ropes, Cowan was deposited at Bottler's Ranch on the Yellowstone River. Here he was joined by the complete original cast of his vacation expedition, all in a reasonably sound state. Brother-in-law Frank explained proudly that he had been pressed into service by the Nez Percé as a guide, and declared that he was going to write a book. Oldham, as a result of the bullet that hit him in the face, had a broken jaw and had lost some teeth, but was recovering. Chief Joseph had taken them all under his personal protection.

"Now we can go home, darling," Emma told Cowan. "And I am going to make you well again in just no time at all." She kissed him on the ear.

Cowan lived to the age of 84. When he used to tell his story in the Last Chance Saloon, elbow hooked on the mahogany, Curly replenishing his glass with moose milk at appropriate intervals, he would invariably conclude on a note of sage admonition.

"Be warned, gentlemen. Make your own vacation plans. The ladies fail to understand that in their hands a vacation can become a damnably perilous thing."

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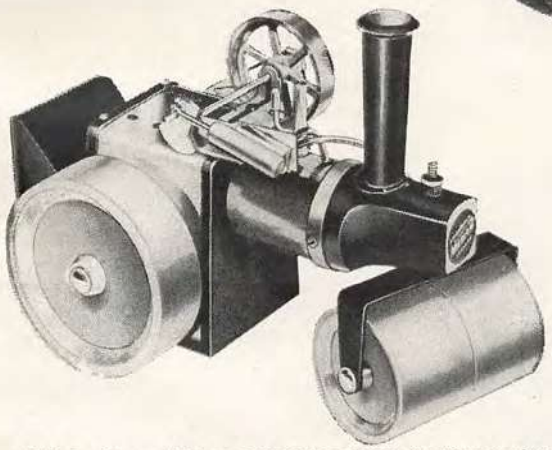

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WAITING FOR LOONEY

[*Continued from page* 58]

of shoving and hollering because I couldn't get at him."

"I told the cashier I wasn't going to pay six dollars for six cheeseburgers," he said. "I told her I left the money on the counter but someone must have picked it up."

In the end, it cost Joe Don more than six dollars. The Lions fined him $250 for "embarrassing the team." And it cost him the admiration of many teammates who marvel at Looney's ability to run with a football, but wonder why it is that things like this are always happening to him.

They wonder, for instance, about a night last fall when Joe Don was with Baltimore. He and an old high-school pal from Fort Worth, Preston Ray Smith, were having a few beers in Joe Don's apartment. They decided to find some girls to share their beer. Somebody had said there were nurses living in the building. Looney and Smith went looking for them. They didn't find the nurses, but they did find trouble. The next morning six witnesses in a courtroom testified that Looney had smashed down the door of a neighbor, spit in his face, dragged him onto the front lawn, and punched him several times.

In municipal court, Judge I. Sewell Lambdin told Looney, "Had you broken down my door, I would have shot you." The judge fined him $150. The Colts fined him another $100.

After this episode, of course, Looney's days with the Colts were numbered. The Lions, desperate for a runner, were willing to take him off the Colts' hands in exchange for a brilliant young linebacker named Dennis Gaubatz, whom the Lions had been carefully grooming eventually to replace their star linebacker, Joe Schmidt.

One man out of 40 can make a surprising difference in a football team. Blessed with a superb defense, a splendid corps of pass catchers, and a fine, veteran quarterback in Milt Plum, the Lions need only a big, fast back. They have sought and gone without one for many years. So when camp opened they were eager to get a look at their big hope. Looney strolled into the mess hall wearing a sweatshirt with the lettering *Denver Broncos.*

"Well, he's got a sense of humor," said a Lions coach. "And if he can run the way we think he can, he can wear a tent and I'll hold it so it won't drag."

A couple of days later the coaches got a good, hard look at Looney in a scrimmage session and what they saw made them snap, crackle and pop with excitement. Looney ripped off a dozen sizeable runs and blocked savagely. In 50-yard time trials before the scrimmage, wearing full uniform, he was clocked in 5.7 seconds—fastest of anybody there.

Afterward, Gilmer was in his office talking about Joe Don. "What you have here is a guy who impresses you with his looks alone," he was saying. "Take anybody who doesn't know football, and ask him to identify 'a football player' just from actions and moves out there, and the guy would point straight at Looney and say, 'Him. He's a football player.' "

Aldo Forte, a longtime Lions coach, nodded agreement. "If Looney doesn't have it, I don't know who does. This boy was made to play football."

In truth, Joe Don was not made for football although he certainly was born to it. He is the only child of Don Looney, himself a fine football player. Don Looney was the great Davey O'Brien's favorite pass receiver at Texas Christian University in the 1930's. He later played with the Philadelphia Eagles and also served as an NFL official for several years, before concentrating on his position with a Texas oil company. Don and Joe Don Looney are extremely close, closer than many father-son relationships because Joe Don is an only child, and because from the beginning Joe Don wanted to be a football player like his father.

Last winter, for instance, after the Colts lost to the Cleveland Browns in the NFL championship game, Joe Don came home to Fort Worth. He was sitting in the living room with his father, telling him how disappointed he was that he had not played in the championship game, and how things had not worked out for him in his rookie year.

"There are two things you can do," Don Looney told his son. "You can quit football and stay home and I'll help you get a job at the company. Or you can go back to the Colts with the idea of showing them you're a better runner than anybody they've got."

The next morning Joe Don was out in the backyard working with his weights. It was something he was going to do every day, until it was time to go back to the Colts in the fall. He was going to go back in the best shape he had ever been in and he was going to become a regular on the team.

Joe Don could afford not to take an off-season job, and to concentrate only on getting ready for his second year as a pro. His pockets were full from a share of the championship game money and from the whopping $30,000 he had received for his one season's work. Also, he is single and his tastes are modest. He drives a Ford, does not drink much beyond a few beers, and does not have a steady girl friend.

So all winter and spring Joe Don worked with his weights. Then, last June, came another jolt. The Colts had traded him to the Lions. Reporters started calling to ask how he felt about the trade. "I'm sorry," Joe Don said politely, "I have no comments."

He did, of course, have comments but only a few people heard them. One was Ray Renfro. Renfro is an assistant coach with the Lions and he, too, lives in the Fort Worth area. Renfro drove over to the Looney house and he and Joe Don sat down to talk.

"The boy was hurt at first," Renfro told me. "Who wouldn't be, getting traded around like that? But when he realized that the Lions really wanted him, and had a job for him, he was tickled. Know what he told me? He said he thought he could lead the league in rushing. I don't mean for that to sound like he was bragging. He's no braggart. But this shows you how much he wants to succeed."

Looney always has wanted badly to succeed. Though he grew up on football, Joe Don did not grow big enough. When he was 13 years old he was a scrawny, gawky kid. He stood five-nine and weighed 130. He could always run like an antelope but obviously was not going to grow into a fullback without some help. So he began work with weights. By his

TRUE

"Just tell me one thing—how did you know I didn't have a full house?"

senior year at Paschal High School in Fort Worth he was six feet and 190. He could run the 100-yard dash in 9.6

Having worked to make himself into a football player, and having steamrollered most of the high-school opposition around Fort Worth, Joe Don had his pick of colleges.

He chose Texas Christian, to follow in his father's footsteps. He did not follow very far. In freshman football practice he argued with a coach and decided he did not care for TCU. He transferred to the University of Texas after one semester. He did not like Texas either. He enrolled at Cameron Junior College in Lawton, Oklahoma, for his sophomore year. This would prepare him for the University of Oklahoma and coach Bud Wilkinson, for whom he now wanted to play.

Looney gained well over 1,000 yards rushing for Cameron JC. He led the team to an undefeated season, capped by a victory in the Little Rose Bowl game in Compton, California. Looney was named fullback on the Little All-America team.

Despite his record at Cameron, Wilkinson rated Looney only No. 5 fullback when Joe Don arrived at the campus in Norman in the fall of 1962. Joe Don worked his way up to No. 3 for the season opener with Syracuse but sat on the bench moping for three quarters.

Syracuse led, 3-0, when Looney finally got into the game. The ball was on the Oklahoma 40. There were two minutes left to play. Joe Don took a handoff and slanted off tackle. He bowled over a linebacker and, straightening up, headed for daylight near the sidelines. A Syracuse halfback had a shot at him but couldn't hold him. Joe Don turned on the speed and sprinted into the end zone. It was a magnificent 60-yard touchdown run on his first try as a Sooner.

For the rest of the season—the only full season he played at Oklahoma—Looney passed, ran back kicks, blocked, and led the nation with a 43.4 punting average. He gained 852 yards (fifth in the country) and scored 10 touchdowns. He made several All-America teams. But he wasn't satisfied. He told Wilkinson, "When I come back in the fall, I'll be bigger and stronger."

He was. He got his weight up to 222, his chest expanded by four inches, his biceps by two and a half. He could lift 290 pounds, military press, and 450 from a squat position.

Except for the bulging muscles, Looney's hard work did him little good at Oklahoma that season because he lasted only two games.

Nick Seitz is the sports editor of the *Oklahoma City Journal*. Seitz was standing near Looney on the practice field the day Joe Don squared off with John Tatum, a graduate assistant coach, and brought his college football career to an untidy end.

"Tatum was holding a blocking pad and Looney was working against him," Seitz told me. "Suddenly they were pushing each other around."

Wilkinson sent Looney into the locker room. Later, he announced that Joe Don no longer was on the team.

"That shoving match wasn't the reason Looney was dismissed," Seitz said. "It was just a contributing factor. This was something Wilkinson had been contemplating for several days."

Several Oklahoma players had gone to Wilkinson as a committee for the team the previous week to protest Looney's attitude. Hobbled by a bruised foot, Joe Don had not made practice for three days. To his teammates this was inexcusable. Injured team members, unless hospitalized, traditionally show up for practices, even if only to watch. It is part of the discipline toward team spirit. "I've seen players on crutches standing on the sidelines," one player reportedly told Wilkinson. "Where's Looney? Is he so special he doesn't have to show up?"

Seitz, who covers Oklahoma practices daily, noted Looney's absence, too. And he heard the players grumble. "I asked Wilkinson about it," Seitz said, "and he blew up. He said I was looking for dissension that wasn't there." Then Looney was bounced and it was evident to anyone close to Oklahoma football there had, indeed, been dissension.

That night Seitz was sitting in Looney's room. "No, I don't hold any grudges," Joe Don was saying. He was very calm. "I just hope this doesn't affect my chances of playing pro ball."

It did not affect his chances, although the Giants knew they were gambling when they drafted him. Looney withdrew from college and flew to New York. In a full-fledged press conference he signed a contract calling for a salary of $20,000 a year and a bonus of $10,000.

One of the reporters asked Looney about his problems at Oklahoma. "All that is over and done with," Looney said. "What I do as a Giant is the important thing. I'm sorry, sir, but I prefer not to answer questions about my past. I would rather talk about my future as a Giant."

It was such an appropriate little speech that most of the writers figured the Giants had written it for him.

One day in training camp Don Smith, the Giants' publicity director, asked Looney to report to his office for an interview with a writer. Looney balked. Smith sent a messenger to Looney's room, reminding him that his contract called for him to cooperate in public relations activities. Looney sent the messenger back with a colorful suggestion as to what Smith could do with his public relations activities.

Mostly, when he wasn't on the practice

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field, Looney stayed in his room. He did not associate with other players. "He'll be a problem," one of the Giants said. "He's always up in his room, flexing his muscles or listening to his records."

"If I didn't have my record player," Looney told Don Chandler, then the Giants' kicking specialist, "I couldn't stand it here."

Allie Sherman, the Giants' head coach, kept telling the reporters, "Looney has all the physical equipment. He'll make a fine player." Privately, though, Sherman was saying, "He doesn't seem to be adjusting to our organizational demands. He's fighting everything. Somewhere in his personality is a key you can turn to open him up. Our job is to find the key."

Sherman, his coaching staff and other Giants went looking for the key. It was a frustrating search.

All pro teams have a rule that every player have his ankles taped before a workout. Looney refused. "I know my ankles better than anybody," he said. "They don't need to be taped. If you want to fine me, fine me."

The Giants did. It cost Looney $50. Then Looney missed a squad meeting. Another $50. He was 10 minutes late for curfew one night. Another $50.

Next, the Giants tried sending veterans around to talk to Joe Don. Y. A. Tittle, Chandler and Frank Gifford—the old, hard corps of Giants took turns going up to Looney's room. "He seemed happy whenever I talked to him," Gifford reported, "but he wouldn't say what was bothering him."

Sherman never did find the key to Looney's personality, and finally despaired of the hunt. Fortunately, his despair came at a time when Baltimore was trying hard to get Looney in a trade.

The Colts needed a punter. Also, they weren't certain if Tony Lorick, their fine rookie runner from Arizona State, was going to be as good as he had looked in practice. So Don Kellett, Baltimore's general manager, called Wellington Mara, co-owner of the Giants.

"Matter of fact," Mara told Kellett, "Looney hasn't gotten on too well. He's not adjusting at all."

"Don't worry," Kellett said, "we can handle him if he steps out of line," and 10 days before the opening game of the season Looney was sent to the Colts along with Lou Kirouac, a reserve tackle, in exchange for R. C. (Alley Oop) Owens, a talented offensive end, and Andy Nelson, a hard-nosed defensive back.

Having thus volunteered to assume somebody else's headache, the Colts now had to decide on what kind of aspirin tablets they were going to use. They rejected the firm-hand approach, figuring that it was like trying to pound a round peg into a square hole. Don Shula, the head coach, told Kellett he thought they should leave Looney alone and see what happened.

Looney drew a uniform and complained loudly. His thighs, which may be the biggest since Godzilla's, were being badly pinched by too-small pants. The Colts had pants made special for him. Looney was delighted. "They run a first-class show here," he said.

Meanwhile, Shula was walking about the practice field like a blind man, pretending not to notice Looney's untaped ankles. Then one day Looney walked into the training room and said he wanted his ankles taped like Lenny Moore, the halfback. Moore puts tape on his ankles, but over the outside of his socks. Looney said he thought it looked sharp that way.

"Looney came to practice on time and he worked hard," Shula said. "His attitude was excellent." For three games Joe Don did not play, though, and he went to Shula's office.

"Put me on the Kamikaze squads (kickoff and kickoff-return teams)," Looney said. "I want to play."

When a player asks for Kamikaze duty you know he wants to play. This is the dirtiest, most dangerous job in pro football. Most serious injuries are sustained in these violent, head-on collisions.

"All right," Shula said. "Kamikaze squads."

That Sunday the Colts played the defending world champion Chicago Bears. For three quarters Looney was a Kamikaze. Then Shula put him in at halfback. The Colts had a three-touchdown lead and Shula wanted to see Looney run with the ball.

Looney carried eight times and gained 82 yards. The big play was the 58-yarder. Exploding at the line, Looney knocked an end spinning. A corner back hit Looney low and bounced off those huge, churning legs. Picking up speed, Looney roared downfield. Richie Petitbon, a swift safety man, finally caught up with Looney at the 10. He grabbed Looney's jersey and the jersey came flying out of Joe Don's pants. Petitbon, hanging on, was dragged into the end zone.

When he got back to the bench Looney's teammates pounded him on the back and congratulated him. Looney began to cry.

"So help me," said Fred Schubach, the equipment manager, "the kid cried because he was so happy."

Happiness, however, was not a thing called Joe Don for very long.

One night Looney was at the Baltimore Civic Center, watching a pro wrestling match between two grunt-and-groaners named Waldo von Erich and Bruno Sammartino. Red Berry, manager of Von Erich, sneaked into the ring and seemed to fetch Bruno a clout with a wooden cane when poor Bruno wasn't looking. Bruno swooned. Von Erich dropped on him for a pin, and the crowd rioted. They charged Von Erich and the treacherous Berry. Looney jumped into the ring and stood over the fallen Sammartino, guarding him from further injury and attempting to restore order.

The story made the newspapers, of course, and most of the Colts felt it was a bush thing for Looney to do. Neither Looney nor the promoter would say if Looney was a paid part of the act or if he really was a spectator trying to be helpful. But it was another nail in Looney's coffin. By the end of the season the word was out around the league that the Colts would part with Looney for a good linebacker. The Lions had the linebacker.

Joe Don ran with the ball only 23

times for Baltimore, but he averaged 5.5 yards for each carry. He caught only one pass but it was good for a touchdown. He punted 32 times and averaged 42.4 yards.

This is all Joe Don Looney has to show for his one year in the National Football League. It's hardly enough to make the fans in Detroit forget about Bobby Layne, Earl "Dutch" Clark, Bobby Hoernschmeyer and the other great players who have worn Lions uniforms. Nor was Joe Don's debut as a Lion halfback enough to make them forget. Against the Philadelphia Eagles, in the opening exhibition game this season, he gained a mere 27 yards in seven carries, and he missed a few blocking assignments.

Afterward Gilmer said, "He was terribly nervous. I didn't know if he even was going to get his shoulder pads on in the dressing room, he was so nervous. He really wants to play. You'll see later this year that this boy can run with anybody. He's going to be all right. You'll see."

Always it is like this for Joe Don. Wherever he has gone, wherever he has tried to play, people take one look at him and see magical, raw talent that seems too good to be true. For Wilkinson, Sherman and Shula it was indeed too good to be true.

Wilkinson, who wants his sports writers, like his halfbacks, to be obedient, flatly will not discuss Looney's troubles at Oklahoma. Sherman and Shula, both with reputations as masterful amateur analysts, are unable to explain why Joe Don has not blended into the woodwork.

"No coach likes to admit he couldn't make a gifted boy into a football player," Sherman says. "Looney is not afraid of hard work. I know that. But there is a certain amount of conformity in a pro player's way of life and Joe Don did not show us that he was ready to accept this conformity. I don't mean a man has to sell his soul to be a pro. But he must become a part of the organization because that's what football teams are—organizations of players and coaches all working toward a common goal."

Shula, looking back, says, "You must remember that last year was Joe Don's rookie season. This is a trying time for any player. There are adjustments to be made. Some players adjust quickly, others not so quickly. Joe's problems were compounded by the fact that he came into the league already a controversial figure. This is a pretty severe handicap. I think he's had to face an excessive amount of pressure, and I can't help feeling that all he needs is a chance to play a lot of football and you'll see these personal troubles disappear."

Someday, perhaps this year, Joe Don Looney may finally play a lot of football and run for many touchdowns. He may stay in Detroit until he is too old to run. Or he may wander from city to city, from team to team, searching for a place to play, a place to find himself.

Coaches, teammates and front-office personnel are trying hard. They are filling Joe Don's ears with thousands of words of wisdom. But only Joe Don Looney knows if he is listening.

—Ron Smith

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RIFLES GO RITZY

[*Continued from page 65*]

year and a half for every inch of the thickness of the rough blank.

The people who ordered such custom guns, tailored to their own cranky specifications, were of necessity in upper tax brackets and included board chairmen, rich playboys, American millionaires and British, European and Asian royalty. Traditionally, these rifles were luxurious in a quietly elegant fashion with a cheekpiece of unassuming simplicity, a discreet bit of oak-leaf engraving on floor plate and barrel top and perhaps the owner's crest, quite small, in three colors of gold on the trigger guard.

Today Joe Doakes is just as likely to own a deluxe rifle as any Indian maharaja and maybe more so, because the polo-playing potentates aren't so well-heeled anymore. And today Joe Doakes can order his fancy weapon the easy way—just by going to a store. Mouth-watering magazine ads and catalog illustrations have made the average fellow in the middle-income group acutely covetous of glamor rifles, which mostly *look* better than standard models; they usually don't shoot any better.

One man who had a lot to do with scratching the match that started the blaze of this craze is Roy Weatherby. He has had a phenomenal success in the field of luxury rifles, due mostly to vision, hard work, ceaseless experimentation and guts.

At South Gate, California, in 1945, he started modestly turning out a few custom-built rifles for high-velocity loads. By 1949 he was bringing out standard rifles of quality using the famous Belgian FN action, and in 1957—working closely with his head engineer, Fred Jennie—he produced the revolutionary Mark V action involving nine locking lugs and completely enclosed cartridge case capable of handling extraordinary pressures.

But it was Weatherby's *stocking* of his rifles that really started a vogue. With Circassian walnut almost extinct after World War II, Roy turned bravely to such flamboyant American woods as Oregon myrtle, California mesquite and bird's-eye maple.

He had the courage to buck the purists and his gamble was a big one. Besides the blond stock, he slanted the fore-end cap rakishly, worked out unusual patterns for the checkering, inlaid boldly designed diamond shapes and ivory gazelles into the stock, and even gold-plated the floor plates and trigger guards.

In the custom gun-making field this was sheer heresy, a far cry from the sedately elegant rifles of prewar vintage. His very vocal critics overlooked one thing: it was an era when every American auto manufacturer was turning out cars with enough chrome on them to sink a submarine and tail fins high enough to shame a shark. And they were fighting off customers.

The way it turned out, nobody liked these fancy Weatherby rifles except a vast army of VIP's from all over the globe, including Arthur Godfrey, Richard Nixon, Joe Foss, Gen. Curtis Le May, movie stars like Robert Taylor, John Wayne, Bob Stack, Roy Rogers and Cornel Wilde, sundry maharajas, Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, the Shah of Iran (who came to South Gate personally to place his order), King Feisal II of Iraq and H.I.M. The King of Nepal. It is a matter of record that the late President Kennedy presented one of Roy Weatherby's fanciest custom rifles to President Adolpho Mateos of Mexico.

It is quite possible that the .300 Weatherby magnum stocked in mesquite—a tough, streaky wood of the Southwest—is the most talked-about rifle of our times and one of the most universally popular.

Actually there was nothing new in the idea of making fancy guns. Way back in the 16th-century German gunmakers in the Black Forest vied with each other in producing matchlock and wheel lock rifles inlaid from toe to tip with intricate designs ranging from animals, birds and mythical monsters to depictions of the erotic. In London's Wallace collection, for instance, there's a wheel lock rifle with a silver inlay depicting a man and woman, barefoot from the neck down, *in flagrante delicto*—a conversation piece, so to speak.

You can't find anything much fancier than the "Kentucky"-Pennsylvania flintlock long rifle with its ornate brass patch box and silver inlays. 1873 Winchesters engraved at the factory by Ulrich and usually silver-plated were much in demand, as were the brass-framed Henry rifles which preceded them, with a running deer and heavy scrollwork on the receiver. Everybody knows that when a plains Indian got his hands on a white man's thunderstick, the first thing he did was to decorate the stock with store-bought brass upholstery tacks.

What does the Weatherby rifle cost? The ornate one for the Shah of Iran came to $1,875, but the basic standard rifle, less scope and mount, lists at $295. Weatherby's entire staff is less than 75, yet Roy Weatherby can boast of hordes of dealers in odd corners of the globe.

His remarkable success with ultra-velocity rifles stimulated spirited competition among custom gunmakers, of whom 118 were listed last year in the authoritative *Gun Digest*. Today you can choose between the work of such experts as E. C. Bishop of Warsaw, Missouri; Reinhart Fajen, of the same town (high priest of the currently popular thumbhole grip); Anthony Guymon of Bremerton, Washington; and Winslow of Venice, Florida. Currently Winslow's star is in the ascendancy due in good part to the individual stock carving and ivory inlays done for him by Nils O. Hultgren.

There are many others. With orders swamping all these makers of custom-grade luxury rifles, it is small wonder that the great arms factories of the U.S.A. decided to climb onto the bandwagon.

They have answered the challenge in spectacular fashion.

Remington's entry into the new great society of glamor guns began last year with test marketing in the West of an all-new Model 700 Custom. The original samples had stocks with hand-rubbed oil finishes, an elegant touch still in favor with many custom gunmakers here and abroad. But the customers wanted a glittering finish, so Remington switched to its tough RKW coating and business has been booming ever since.

The rifles are being made in the Remington custom shop in their Ilion, New York plant. Mike Walker, a shooter's shooter, was assigned to produce the Model 700 Custom, a lavishly hand-worked beauty with various options. Stocks are of French walnut, hand checkered and fitted. Barrels are offered in 20, 22 or 24-inch lengths, have hand-lapped bores, are hand bedded into the stock wood and are specially polished and blued. There is an optional fore-end tip, quick-release sling swivels and so on. Available calibers are: .222 Rem. and .222 Rem. Magnum; 6mm. Rem.; .243 Win.;

TRUE

"Well, since his face is yellow-green, why don't we call it yellow-green fever and let it go at that."

.270 Win.; .280 Rem.; .30-06 and .308 Win.—all costing $295. Also available, with stainless-steel barrels and recoil pads ($25 more) are: 7 mm. Rem. Magnum; .264 Win. Magnum and .300 Win. Magnum.

The Model 700 can also be had with some engraving in Peerless grade at $600 and with engraving and gold inlays in Premier grade at $1,200.

This summer Winchester entered the lists with a sparkling new Model 70 Deluxe, available in a wide range of calibers. This exciting rifle features a Monte Carlo stock of semifancy walnut with cheekpiece slightly raised and sculptured, positive checkering in clean, sharp diamonds with carved trim of oak leaf and acorn, ebony fore-end tip and pistol grip cap with white spacers and a rubber recoil pad.

The barrel of the standard model is free-floating, the bolt knob is knurled and the bolt body highly polished and engine turned. Virtually all these regular features used to be extras for which you paid the custom gunmaker through the nose. The stock is finished in a scratch-resistant high gloss, front and rear iron sights are

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quickly detachable, and the rifle has an easy-to-see red cocking indicator. With the long established dependability of the Model 70 behind it, there is bound to be great interest in this new 70 Deluxe whose price tag is $274.95.

Savage is another company to acknowledge the trend toward the superlative in modern arms, and they've come into the fray with some strong contenders. Their new 110 PE Premier Grade rifle is in the $300 class with a fine French walnut stock, roll-over cheekpiece and Monte Carlo comb. It has fore-end tip and pistol grip cap of rosewood with white-line spacers, a hand-rubbed finish and top-grade skip-line checkering. The receiver, floor plate and trigger guard are richly engraved by hand and the white metal finish is retained. This eye-catching rifle is available in .243 Win. and .30-06 at $295 and in 7mm. Rem. Magnum at $305.

Even their old faithful Model 99 lever action, a streamlined design which was some 30 years ahead of its time, has been dressed up into deluxe form. The 99 PE has very select richly figured American walnut stock, Monte Carlo comb, distinctive checkering on pistol grip and fore-end. The sides of the white-metal receiver are elaborately engraved with mountain lion and elk and every other surface is

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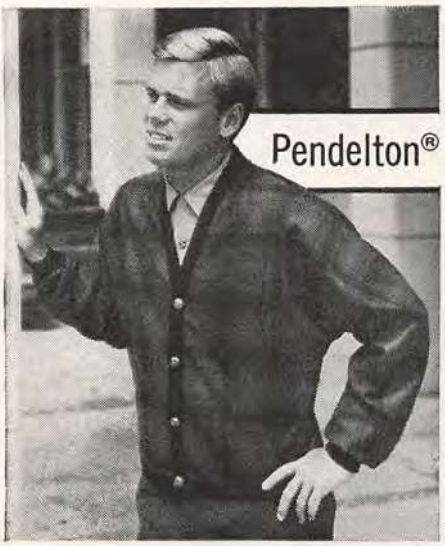

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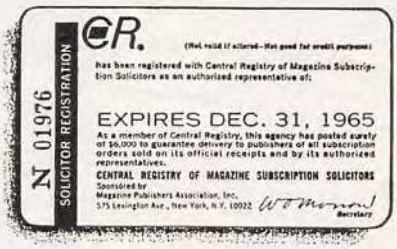

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engraved including the lever. This super deluxe version costs $225 in the 99DE Citation grade and $310 in the 99PE Presentation grade—both available in .243 Win., .284 and 7mm. Rem. Magnum calibers.

For small-bore fans Savage has also brought out a superb rifle—the Model 1413 Anschütz Super Match 54 Target Rifle, a .22 model which consistently copped trophies in the 1964 Olympics and the national matches at Camp Perry, Ohio. Made in the Anschutz plant at Ulm, West Germany, this elaborate rifle costs $275 in the right-hand model, $287 if you're a southpaw.

Harrington & Richardson—gunmakers for 95 years—have joined the parade, too. They are wooing the sportsman with their new Ultrarifle, a quality piece somewhat less expensive than other deluxe rifles but with such classic features as Monte Carlo comb with rollover cheekpiece, hand checkering, a sliding 3-position safety and a 22-inch barrel by the well-known G. R. Douglas. This same Ultrarifle is also produced in a 4-shot automatic in .243 and .308 calibers at a price about $10 less than the bolt-action model.

It is no news to shooters that the venerable Browning Arms Company has been a leader in the deluxe rifle field since 1961, when the company began marketing bolt-action rifles in three grades, of which the top two—the Medallion at $298 and the Olympian at $525—are superb examples of old-world craftsmanship.

Both grades offer fancy wood beautifully fitted, checkered and finished. The Medallion has some engraving on the barrel and striking gold inlays on floor plate and trigger guard. The stock work on the Olympian is probably the finest obtainable today from a U.S. company and the silver-colored action, floorplate and trigger guard are completely covered with engraving in strong relief that should suit the most critical taste.

Finally, there is the old Swedish firm of Husqvarna, established in 1689, with several rifle models widely available in the U.S. Two of these rank as glamor guns—the Series 6,000 Imperial Custom at $198.50 which bears a certain resemblance to the Weatherby line and has such interesting features as a fully adjustable trigger and a three-leaf folding rear sight calibrated for 100, 200 and 300 yards; and the Husqvarna Presentation rifle at $380. Liberally engraved, beautifully stocked, the latter is a work of elegance. The balance is excellent and the weight moderate at 7½ pounds.

That's the pitch the big boys are making and it's going to be a battle royal. So far, these new offerings are fairly conservative, tending toward the old prewar criterion of quiet elegance, but don't be surprised if by next year they are offering such optional woods as curly maple, myrtle or mesquite—and maybe an inlay or two.

I remember a conversation I once had in London with the gunmakers who made Prince Philip's tiger guns for his recent Indian shikar. We were talking about high-power rifles and Weatherby's name came up.

"Oh, yes," the boss-man said. "That California chap who makes those cowboy guns. Dreadful, really—all those inlays, all that gold."

That was a couple of years ago. A recent mail from overseas brought a catalog from that same British gunmaker. Proudly listed in it was the following:

"De Luxe Model .300 Super Rifle, 24-inch barrel. Mauser action with side safety. Fine walnut stock with Monte Carlo cheekpiece with ivory inserts, gold lion's head engraved on grip cap and a gold gazelle on floor plate."

You know what they always say—if you can't beat 'em, join 'em.

—Russell Barnett Aitken

[*Continued from page* 55]

study the meaning of heavenly bodies and their movements in relation to man and his world. To cast a horoscope, the astrologer must know the exact time and place of the subject's birth, reconstructing from these facts the positions of the sun and moon and various constellations. He then broods about his calculations for a time, computing, he would say, "the interrelationships of celestial forces." He ends up with a horoscope that "is as individual as a fingerprint," in the words of Paul R. Grell, executive secretary of the American Federation of Astrologers. Grell is a brisk, straightforward man who hates astrological fakery and theatrics. He believes that astrology is a reputable vocation.

About a year ago the American Federation of Astrologers held a meeting in Boston. Its members gazed at the stars and into the future. They viewed this year of 1965 as beginning fairly quietly. They perceived some rumblings around midyear—Viet Nam, civil rights problems. Then they looked ahead to the final quarter of the year and the beginning of 1966. They saw rough times ahead in this period. They saw some kind of worldwide climax. Between October, 1965 and mid-1966 astrologers fear we will be living through what may be the most critical period in the entire history of man. This is because the planets are scheduled to swing into positions that spell trouble. "The mid-1960's," says one astrologer, "are dominated by the most stressful planetary arrangement in centuries. Anyone born under the zodiacal signs of Pisces, Virgo, Gemini or Sagittarius or with many planets in these signs will be most powerfully affected."

Astrologers point out that the majority of world leaders fall in this troubled group: President Johnson and Vice-President Humphrey; Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai; Russia's Kosygin and Brezhnev; Britain's Wilson; Spain's Franco; France's de Gaulle. All can expect problems in the next six months if the astrologers are right.

Adding to these predictions, a respected, white-haired lady stargazer named Olive A. Pryor stood up at the Boston convention and read what sounded like the Doomsday Scroll: "On or about October 10, 1965, the continuing difficulties this nation faces are intensified and compounded. . . . The President is under fantastic strain. . . . The beginnings of a real world upheaval. . . . October 24, 1965: people and Congress fighting mad; the President tries to soften the truth. . . ."

Studying President Johnson's personal horoscope, most astrologers conclude that the Vice-President will have to take over before the end of the President's first elected term. They also say General de Gaulle will not be steering France by the end of 1965 and Britain's Prime Minister Harold Wilson will be unseated in November, 1966.

Superstitious nonsense?

It has been "smart" to call astrology nonsense ever since the Industrial Rev-

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olution. "The stars and planets," snorts the noted astronomer, Harlow Shapley, "are too far away to have any effect upon living organisms, and that includes man."

But now, with the new look science is turning toward astrology, experts are starting to consider some extensions of facts that have been known for ages. For example, among our celestial neighbors, the sun influences us in ways we can see every day. The moon's gravitational effects show up in the ocean's tides. Planets in their orbits pull us off course in our own journey around the sun. Light reaching us from stars is a form of radiation—and not all of it visible. (Several billion particles of energy from the cosmos have shot through your body since you started this article.) All these influences can be detected with the eye or with simple instruments.

Astrologers believe that these and other celestial influences must affect individual human lives; they just can't say how. But it isn't necessary to know a full cause and effect relationship in order to make an accurate forecast. It can be predicted that the weather will turn cold next winter, for instance, without knowing anything about the causes of seasonal temperature changes. This is a prediction based on observed facts. Thus it is with astrologers. "I can't tell you *why* a thousand people with a certain element in their horoscopes are different from a thousand people without that element," says New York astrologer Al Morrison. "But when I see a horoscope with this element in it, my experience tells me what it is going to mean about the individual concerned."

Morrison is a tall, saturnine man with bushy black eyebrows. He holds degrees in biology and botany. He first became interested in astrology when he decided to debunk it. But he had trouble. Predictions that he expected would be wrong turned out, in fact, to be startlingly accurate. In the end, Morrison left his government job and became an astrologer in Manhattan, where he serves business and professional people.

Not all scientists have done as complete a turnabout as Morrison. But even those who are otherwise skeptical about astrology concede that celestial forces influence our weather. RCA Communications, Inc., which operates the biggest long-distance radio communications network in the world, employs John H. Nelson, a radio-weather forecaster, to predict atmospheric disturbances. He bases his predictions on the way the planets line up in the sky: certain lineups mean certain kinds of weather. Forecasting months in advance, Nelson is right 93 percent of the time. Nelson doesn't know what forces from the planets affect the Earth's weather. All he can do is point to his record of accuracy in warning of magnetic storms and disturbed radio communications.

George J. McCormack of Fair Lawn, New Jersey, who has predicted overwhelming storms for the next few months, can be called plainly a "weather astrologer." A white-haired, lean, peppery old gentleman, he worked for Bell System Laboratories until his retirement, when he began to devote full time to astrometeorology. In this field he sprang to prominence back in 1947. A full three months in advance, he forecast the very hour of a howling blizzard that buried the New York metropolitan area on December 26. His feat so impressed the nation that industries, farm groups, railroads, and cities in 36 states arranged to buy his forecasting services on a contract basis. "Astro-weather will be taught in universities within 10 years," McCormack states confidently.

Perhaps so. Scientific support of the idea is growing. In 1961, the late Dr. Andrew Douglass of the Lowell Observatory in Flagstaff, Arizona, reported on a long-range study of tree rings as an indication of the weather back through history. In the course of his research he had found definite relationships between weather and events in outer space. "Combining what we know of tree-ring growth, sunspot cycles and planetary movements," he said, "holds the key to forecasting weather conditions decades in advance."

Thus, at least in terms of weather, there is real evidence that goings-on in the cosmos broadly affect our lives here on earth. But what of individual lives, specific fates? How can the positions of stars and planets have anything to do with the likelihood of a man's rise to fame and fortune, or time of death?

One explanation may lie in the fact that the nervous systems of all creatures on earth, including man, work by means of electronics. Tiny electronic pulses operate the brain, move muscles. These pulses are so small that they can't be detected singly by the most delicate instruments yet devised; they can only be identified in groups. If they are this delicate, they might conceivably be affected by electromagnetic radiation from distant stars in the heavens.

We live in an environment that hums with forces. Stars emit radiation that ranges up and down the electromagnetic spectrum: low-frequency radio waves; higher-frequency radiation that we call visible light; on past ultraviolet to X-rays and still higher frequencies. Within the solar system, the sun and its planets have complicated interplay of magnetic fields. Gravity itself is thought to be a type of electromagnetic force. All these forces bounce off and shoot through a human being in ever-shifting patterns from the day of his birth.

Do they affect him? Probably. One current theory is that they cause the gradual body deterioration we call "old age." "Nobody really knows why living things age," says biologist Dr. Clement Markert, of Johns Hopkins University. "Since the body continually replaces many of its cells with new ones throughout its life, you can't properly think of the body as 'wearing out' the way a car does. Yet for some reason the body goes into a decline after it reaches adulthood, and eventually the individual dies."

Why? Apparently something goes wrong with the information code by which new cells are built as duplicates of the old. In childhood and young adulthood this duplication process works almost perfectly. But with advancing age, new cells begin to appear which don't work right. Eventually there are so many of these poorly built cells in the body that

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it can't carry on its complex functions any more, and it stops. The cause of this bad copying? Many biochemists think radiation, blasting through an individual throughout his lifetime, may damage the patternmaking machinery of his cells.

There is a great deal of other evidence that celestial forces directly influence life and death. For example, at an MIT conference on magnetism in 1961, Dr. Robert O. Becker, of the State University of New York, reported the discovery of an electromagnetic field within the human body. This in itself wasn't surprising, since a human being is in effect a kind of electronic device. What was interesting, from the astrological viewpoint, was Doctor Becker's further statement that this human electromagnetic field evidently fluctuates in tune with changes in the Earth's field. "At present," wrote Doctor Becker, "we can only suspect a general relationship of some kind between the whole of the human species and the whole of the electro-magnetic phenomenon that engages the sun, other stars and the galaxies."

Science has now begun to demonstrate direct linkages between celestial goings-on and the behavior of animals and men. Biologist Dr. Frank Brown of Northwestern University showed that oysters sense the position of the moon and regulate their activities by it. Ordinarily, oysters open and close their shells in phase with ocean tides. Doctor Brown wanted to see what oysters would do if there were no tides. He hauled some out of the sea off New Haven, Connecticut, shipped them to Evanston, Illinois, and put them indoors in a tank of seawater at even temperature under a steady, dim light. For two weeks they continued to open and close their shells in phase with the tides at their old ocean home. Then abruptly they changed their rhythm. Their shell-opening cycle slipped into phase with the tides that would have existed if there had been an ocean covering Illinois. The hypothesis: it is not the ebb and flow of tidal water, but the position of the moon itself, that governs oysters' behavior. The mystery: what is the force from the moon that does this?

Men aren't oysters, but celestial forces have definitely been shown to affect human behavior. The American Institute of Medical Climatology in Philadelphia, working with the police and fire departments, major hospitals and the University of Pennsylvania Medical School, conducted a three-year study (1959 to 1961) of human reactions to the phases of the moon. Conclusions: cases of murder, rape, aggravated assault and arson are most common during fullmoon periods.

Much of human life, if not most of it, seems to be governed by chance. But perhaps existence is not all chance. Perhaps a good part of it is influenced by the forces science is now beginning to detect, the forces upon which astrologers base their predictions.

I began to take an interest in these predictions in 1957. I didn't believe in astrology. In fact I expected to debunk the idea that stars and planets affect human destiny.

I remember my first introduction to astrology. It was a dark, stormy September night in New York in 1957. Hunched against the driving rain, I hunted out a building I'd been directed to and rang the bell. Al Morrison opened the door.

He led me into his book-lined study. Soon our conversation turned to the 1960 Presidential election, then three years in the future. Astrologer Morrison said, "The evidence indicates that Senator Kennedy will be nominated and elected."

This wasn't an easy prediction to believe in 1957. Kennedy was only one of several possible candidates being mentioned for the Democratic nomination. It was hard to visualize him as the next President. In fact, the majority of political pundits in that year seemed to feel the Republican nominee, most likely Richard Nixon, would win in 1960.

Morrison said no. "The possibility of Nixon as President is so remote that it's almost nonexistent." Then he added, "You see, Nixon's horoscope indicates he will live for a long time. Whoever is elected President in 1960 will not live out his term."

Over the next few months I talked to other astrologers. Many came up with the same prediction—that the President elected in 1960 would not survive his term. They based the prediction partly on Kennedy's personal horoscope, partly on an odd astrological fact involving the largest planets, Jupiter and Saturn.

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Once every 20 years, the orbits of these two giants bring them into what astrologers call "conjunction"—that is, they move into the same segment of sky as seen from Earth. Every time this has happened since 1840, the American President in office or elected that year has died while still in office [1840—William H. Harrison; 1860—Abraham Lincoln; 1880—James A. Garfield; 1900—William McKinley; 1920—Warren G. Harding; 1940—Franklin D. Roosevelt]. The next Jupiter-Saturn conjunction was scheduled for 1960.

As the election approached, astrologers became more specific in their forecasts. In early 1960 the president of the Astrologers Guild of America, Olive Pryor (who was to foretell dire events for the end of 1965), warned that the Vice-Presidential candidate "should be chosen with great care, since he will probably ascend to the Presidency late in 1963." Then after Kennedy was elected, Olive Pryor talked about a Presidential horoscope "filled with afflictions, most of which begin in October, 1963. Anything can happen to the President in this year."

On November 22, 1963, in Dallas, Texas, an obscure young malcontent with a rifle made all the astrologers look good.

Since 1957 I have continued my search for fakery amongst the stargazers, but all the evidence I have found has made me wonder whether astrology is not, in fact, a science rather than a fraud.

I have engineered experiments to test things astrologers have told me. In one, I bought a package of flower seeds and planted half of them on a day judged by astrologers to be inauspicious, the other half on a "fertile" day. Both halves were in the same soil, both got the same care, the same water, the same sunlight.

The seeds in the first half failed miserably. Those that germinated at all produced stunted, yellowish stalks. Right alongside, the second half developed lush green plants that survived a long hot summer and bloomed profusely.

Many successful men share the view that astrology is no fraud. Burton Browne is a once-obscure businessman who rose to fortune as the founder of the Gaslight key club chain. Browne synchronizes his affairs with the movements of the planets. His astrologer is an attractive Chicago redhead, Katherine de Jersey. "She has never been wrong in the 16 years I've known her," says Browne flatly.

Another famous devotee of astrology was the psychiatrist, Carl Jung. He used astrology in his studies of personality. Astrologers are fond of saying, "He's a Scorpio type," or "A typical Aquarian." They believe that people born under the same zodiacal sign have discrete personality traits in common. Doctor Jung found this to be true. Human personalities, he once said, "coincide in the most remarkable way with traditional astrological expectations."

One way in which the accuracy of astrological forecasts is tested is by comparing people with like horoscopes. If there is anything to what astrologers say, such people ought to lead markedly similar lives.

A few years ago, two unrelated women met for the first time in a hospital room in Hackensack, New Jersey. It turned out they had been born on the same date of the same year, in towns not far distant. The women's last names were Hanna and Osborne, but both had the first name Edna. Each had come to the hospital to give birth to a first child. The babies had been born at the same hour, had weighed the same and had been

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given the same name—Patricia Edna.

The women's husbands also had the same first name—Harold. Each Harold was in the same business and owned the same make, model and color car. The Hannas and the Osbornes had been married three and a half years and had the same anniversary. Both husbands had been born in the same year, month and day. Both women were blue-eyed brunettes—same height, same weight—and wore the same size clothes. They had the same number of brothers and sisters. Their husbands were of the same religion—a different one from that of the wives, which was the same.

Each family owned a dog named Spot of same mixed breed, same size and same age. Both dogs were acquired under almost identical circumstances at the same time. The parallels went on and on.

Another strange case came to light when two poultry trucks of the same model collided in Miami in June, 1961. The drivers, presenting identification, learned they were identical twins separated from birth. Same business, wives of the same first name. Same number of children—same ages, same sex.

Or consider this case: on July 19, 1958, a 21-year-old laborer from New Rochelle, New York, was arraigned in the death of a 36-year-old drifter. At the same time in Mount Vernon, New York, his twin brother was arrested for killing a 36-year-old junkyard operator.

Astrologers do not believe coincidence alone explains such cases. They argue that people paired like these are pushed along life's trail by some external force acting equally on each.

What force? Where does it come from? How does it work? Astrologers don't know. They only say the force is directly concerned with earth and everything on it, and that what we know of the force can be interpreted accurately to show what lies ahead. —**Joe Goodavage**

PLAYGIRL CITY UNDER SIEGE

[*Continued from page* 39]

course, gets bloodier. During three months of this summer's Viet Cong "monsoon offensive," an estimated 10,000 Vietnamese and more than a hundred Americans were killed in battle. That rate is likely to increase.

Saigon's huge Cong Hoa Hospital—the Walter Reed Hospital of Viet Nam—gets fuller by the week as casualties pour in. More and more men in the streets of Saigon are in uniform. And as the Viet Cong clamp their barriers across roads and waterways, fresh vegetables and other foods get scarce and expensive in the capital. Lettuce, for instance, is actually airlifted to Saigon.

But the air raid shelter trenches across the mall in front of Saigon's city hall are gone now. The ugly trenches were built a year ago when reprisal raids were feared in the South after the first American attack on North Viet Nam. During coups against the government, troops occupying the capital used those trenches as convenient places to take newfound girl friends, but the shelters saw no other use. So eventually they were filled in and flowers and grass were planted over them. Despite the presence of IL28 jet bombers in the North Vietnamese air force, no one in Saigon takes the danger of air raids very seriously anymore.

Instead of looking fearfully upward at the sky, the wealthy still spend Saturday afternoons making the circuit of Saigon's well-kept golf course, a scant two miles from the nearest known Viet Cong strongpoints.

Some of the most beautifully filled bikinis in the eastern hemisphere still frolic at the big swimming pool in Saigon's Cercle Sportif (sporting club) and an enterprising traveler (especially one who can speak French or Vietnamese or both) may find a real collector's item there. She is quite likely to have a late model sports car, in addition to her other assets.

Up until a couple of months ago, you might have persuaded her to take you in that sports car to the beach 40 miles away at Cap St. Jacques, but the Viet Cong has pretty much ended that. Indifference to the Viet Cong will get you only just so far and no farther in Viet Nam.

On one of the last days that the road to Cap St. Jacques was fully open, the usual crowd of wealthy Vietnamese, French and other beach lovers had set out from Saigon, and motored safely through the sometimes risky rubber plantations. But a government armored convoy about 25 miles out of Saigon ran into a huge Viet Cong ambush, which left five vehicles, including a couple of tanks, strewn across the road and burning. Some 50 cars full of would-be vacationers were forced to pull up a few hundred feet from where the ambush was unfolding. Drivers stopped to observe the slaughter, and many sent back to the nearby town of Phu My for beer and a snack so they could watch the war in greater comfort. No one thought of returning to Saigon.

A few hours later a relief column roared down the road, pulled the stricken tanks off the road and collected the dead and wounded government troops. The road open once more, the vacationers started up their cars again and completed the trip for a day of indolence on the snowy white beach and a huge lobster or two at excellent resort restaurants.

Since then, the Viet Cong has begun blowing out bridges along the road nearly every night, and there is nearly no place to take a sports car anymore, with or without girl.

For the wealthy, this does make some difference. There are fewer water skiers along the Saigon River since Viet Cong snipers began taking potshots. And there is a kind of claustrophobic feeling about the whole city for those who know they would be tortured to death if they happened to fall into the hands of the enemy who lurk just outside.

Death stalks the capital itself, even around the fashionable smoke-filled clubs. There are huge neighborhoods in the sprawling city—Khanh Hoi, the "Salt Bridge Precinct," and the riverfront

slums, among others—that the foreigner does well to avoid at night. These are the teeming places where the terrorists dwell, hatch their plans and bolt together their bombs. The bombs sometimes go off, too, despite all the precautions of the crisply uniformed Saigon police, who nowadays are bringing in a good many more Vietnamese girls caught with U.S. servicemen than Viet Cong.

The new Viet Cong bombs are awful. Made on the same principle as the American "Claymore" mine, they are loaded with a shaped charge of high explosive that projects a deadly beam of shrapnel far more dangerous than the blast of a conventional bomb. On June 25 the Viet Cong set up one of these bombs next to the romantic waterfront My Canh Restaurant. The restaurant itself was scarcely damaged. But 43 people died in that blast. There were so many wounded that two days later mongrel dogs were lapping on the sidewalk at rain puddles mixed with human blood.

There is a permanent sandbag parapet in front of the National Railway Building in Saigon's central market traffic circle now, and every once in a while the authorities stand some youth convicted of terrorism against it and shoot him. Most of these boys have died yelling, "Down with the American Imperialists" and "Long Live Ho Chi Minh!" But the Saigonese public has never shown more than passing curiosity in the firing squads. After each shooting, fire trucks hose the blood off the pavement so swiftly that in 10 minutes there is no sign that anything happened. Saigon always cleans itself up quickly. And the bombings go on, regardless of the firing squad.

There is nothing really new in this blend of beauty and bloodshed. For the last quarter century Saigon has been known as the city of graceful boulevards, lovely women and sudden death. The French troops used to carry out public executions too. And the Japanese troops during the occupation of World War II made a specialty of chopping off the hands of miscreants caught red-handed.

What is new is that large numbers of Americans—in uniform and out—are tasting the unique flavor of Saigon for the first time. Very few have been around long enough to know that three years ago there were many sidewalk cafes here, all of which are now closed because of the danger of bombing. The newly-arrived American is not surprised to find barbed wire barricades and concrete obstacles surrounding all official U.S. installations. He is surprised that more of Saigon does not have a besieged air. To him this is a sinister seeming city; a dangerous and closed city.

But I have a feeling this first impression of Saigon will wear off eventually, as the American presence settles in. The howitzers may go on booming every night for the next 20 years, but the piano lessons also will continue. It is possible to get used even to terrorist bombing.

Nobody in Saigon seriously expects the war will ever strike the capital itself, except for terrorist bombings. The Viet Cong is never likely to push the government and the Americans out of Saigon, and it is doubtful they would ever try. The guerrillas hope to bleed the government forces and Americans to death in the jungles, and then pick off the whole country politically, like a rotten apple. They did just that against the French in North Viet Nam during the Indochina War, and entered Hanoi in triumph in 1954 without ever firing a shot.

However it turns out, a long war lies ahead, which sometimes seems as changeless and boring as it does bloody.

And Saigon—"pearl of the Orient"—will continue to have beautiful girls, terrorist bombs and rooftop cocktails. If you have to fight a war for a quarter century it's better to pace yourself, and Saigon keeps going by doing just that.

—Malcolm W. Browne

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RISE AND FALL OF THE HOUSE OF OTTO

[*Continued from page* 74]

played over his lips as he descended the steps, nodding and waving an open-palmed hand in the traditional gesture of friendship. The crowd cheered.

Soon the prince spoke in ringing tones that carried beyond a little group of officials to the crowds behind the barriers. "I, Helim Eddine, greet the people of Albania, whom I have sworn to protect. And I thank them for this splendid greeting. I wish my people to know also that I come not merely as a Protector, but as a leader against those who are Albania's enemies."

He drew his glittering sword with a flourish and held it aloft. "As my first official decree, in the presence of my people, I hereby declare myself to be a citizen of Albania." The crowd began to cheer again, but he silenced them by lifting a regal hand. "Also, I declare a week of holiday and celebration, and amnesty for all those in prison." The crowd roared. Here was the hero they had dreamed about. Not since the legendary Scanderbeg had led them against the Turkish oppressor in the 15th century had Albanians had a true national leader.

It was a glorious day. The prince, flanked by his two awesome companions, marched through the streets of Durazzo to the town hall, greeting his people. Waving, smiling, he won all hearts.

Once there, the fever of excitement continued. After wine was served to all, the prince rose to address the assembled town councilors.

"You might be wondering," he said with a smile, "about my two traveling companions. The military gentleman on my left is Ahmed Nasir, the captain of my household troops—100 men, all over two meters in height. They will arrive on the next ship from Constantinople. And the muscular fellow on my right is Omar, my personal bodyguard."

The councilors smiled nervously at the two giants, who glared back at them.

"And now before the celebration begins," the prince went on, "I wish to tell you that what I have seen here has impressed me well. Your streets are clean, your people healthy. Since this is my capital, I see no reason why you, the councilors of Durazzo, should not be my cabinet." Hurrahs filled the room.

The feasting continued with even more gusto. Then suddenly curtains at the head of the hall were parted and in minced 25 veiled ladies. They were the pick of the mountain tribes, clear-eyed

"First, the good news—your glove compartment and sun visor are in excellent condition!

and high-breasted, sent as a harem for the new Moslem ruler of Albania.

The prince acknowledged the gift graciously, and as he sent the girls to his chambers, one of the new cabinet members murmured wistfully, "A harem fit for a king."

The remark was overheard by an Albanian general, who immediately sprang to his feet. "Members of the cabinet!" he shouted, and all fell silent. "I have a proclamation that requires your approval. I hereby move we declare Prince Helim Eddine to be King of Albania!"

From every throat came an instant roar of approval. The new king accepted and thanked his people. Cheers shook the rafters and cabinet members rushed outside, shouting, "Long live the king!"

When asked how he would be known, the brand new king selected the name Otto the First. While this puzzled a few cabinet members, since no Moslem of their acquaintance had ever borne the name Otto, there was no objection.

They danced and feted until King Otto, his captain and his bodyguard retired to the royal chambers—with the 25 beautiful wives.

Then, on the fifth day of the glorious reign of Otto the First, the prime minister received that startling telegram. It read, "Puzzled by reports that I am in Durazzo. Have never left Constantinople. Kindly explain. (Signed) Helim Eddine, Prince of Turkey."

When the panicky prime minister arrived at the royal chambers, King Otto the First had vanished—nor was he ever seen again in Albania.

After a long, embarrassed investigation the prime minister learned that the bogus "Prince Eddine" had been Otto Witte, a circus performer. As a "retinue," he had brought along the circus giant who masqueraded as the "Captain of the Guard," and the circus strong man, who posed as the "Personal Bodyguard" without whom no royal prince would travel.

Attempting to cover the scandal, local officials quashed all records of the affair, so it is not known whether Otto the First came to Albania to steal from the national treasury, carry off the harem—or just as an adventurer bent on a roaring good time.

The real Prince Eddine remained in Constantinople and may never actually have set foot in Albania. And so we might well wonder—would the bogus Otto have been such a poor leader for Albania? In his masquerade, Otto Witte did exhibit qualities of boldness, intelligence and leadership—as king for five days.

After Witte's royal role, he continued his acting career with other far out parts. Height and all, he managed to become chief of a pigmy tribe . . . attempted to elope with the daughter of the Emperor of Ethiopia . . . formed a fiery political party called "The Party of Artisans, Cafe Keepers and Circus Performers" . . . was a candidate for the presidency of the German Republic.

But Otto's proudest memory, which he would have gladly carved in the annals of time, was recorded on an identity card when he died in 1958 in a small German village. It reads: "Otto Witte, One-time King of Albania." —**Douglas F. Storer**

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TREASURE TROVE OF BACKYARD PEARLS

[*Continued from page* 49]

a really fine pearl, although not one mussel in a thousand has any pearl material and not one in a thousand of these is of gem quality."

The various species of pearl mussels like different environments: the "niggerhead" lives in deep, slow-running water while the maple-leaf, pancake and buckhorn varieties are usually found in clear mountain streams. For their treks, the Hanauers would first pore over maps and geological charts selecting promising spots, then load their car with camping equipment and start out.

A big part of pearl buying is getting to know the local people. Diggers are suspicious of "foreigners" and often the Hanauers camped for a week or more in one locality until the fishermen accepted them. Then someone might drop a hint that "ole Slim Jones 'way up Coon Creek found a fair-sized 'slug' (an irregular pearl) last week"—and the Hanauers would go up Coon Creek to see ole Slim.

Slim could have anything from a shapeless hunk of ungainly mother-of-pearl matter called a "baroque," which is generally almost worthless, to a dull piece of calcium concretion about as valuable as a piece of oyster shell. But he also might have a real pearl. In Arkansas, the Hanauers heard of a man living far up in the Ozarks who had found a perfectly round pearl the size of a large pea. The Hanauers nearly wrecked their car getting to him.

"The family was living in a pathetic shack and almost starving," Mrs. Hanauer remembers. "The husband proudly showed us his pearl. He carried it everywhere with him in a matchbox. It was large and perfectly formed but had no luster; completely dead and worthless. He wanted $300 for it. It wasn't worth a dime, but that pearl was the family's most prized possession. It gave them hope. We pretended to admire it and left them $10 for groceries. I suppose they still have that pearl, dreaming of the day when it will bring them a fortune."

On another trip, though, the Hanauers heard of a man who'd found a "button" in a mussel. The button turned out to be an $800 pearl, only slightly flattened on one side. Another man had a piece of baroque which he was willing to sell cheap as dealers had told him it was too crooked to be of any value. But the Hanauers are jewelers as well as pearl merchants and they realized that in a good setting the shapeless baroque could be made into a fine pendant. The pendant later wholesaled for $500. The retail value would be at least double and probably triple that amount.

Occasionally two pieces of baroque can be matched. A pair of earrings was once made from two baroques shaped like birds' wings. They had been found many miles apart, but they matched almost perfectly. Individually, the two pieces were worth only a few dollars but as earrings they sold for $14,000.

Although the Hanauers have curtailed their personal pearling trips, they still see their share of duds and lustrous beauties. "Today you really have to go to wild places to find any untapped streams," Mrs. Hanauer says, "but as we've established our connections over the years, fishermen send the slugs to us in New York and we agree on a price."

Centuries ago, in the days of the Spanish *conquistadores*, agreement was more one-sided. Few people realize that pearls were the first treasures found in this hemisphere. Columbus couldn't believe it when he saw naked Indians wearing strings of pearls around their necks. He was able to buy the strings for a few pieces of cloth, bits of broken pottery and hawk's bells. That started the new world's first pearl rush.

The Spaniards didn't bother to rob the mussels: they found it easier to rob the Indians. When De Soto and his men arrived at the Indian village of Cofaciqui on the Savannah River in Georgia, the queen came out to greet the strangers wearing a pearl necklace that went three times around her neck and reached to her waist. The Spaniards promptly grabbed the necklace and then looted the town. In the local temple they found strings of pearls hanging from the beams. One private soldier named Juan Terron received six pounds of pearls as his share of the loot. He got so tired carrying them he threw the whole lot away, giving birth to a popular Spanish saying. To this day, "there are no pearls for Juan Terron," means a fool and his money are quickly parted.

The Indians soon learned that to admit any knowledge of pearl beds to white men was like walking into a pack of hungry wolves ringing a dinner bell. By the time the English arrived, they couldn't find an Indian who'd ever heard of pearls. The English never thought of looking in freshwater clams for pearls so for a couple of hundred years there were gold strikes, silver strikes and even a diamond strike, but the only people who found pearls were fishermen who'd opened a few mussels for bait and found an occasional "lucky stone." If the stones were large and round enough, the fisherman generally gave them to his kids to use as marbles.

All that changed in 1857. A shoemaker named David Howell collected a mess of mussels in Notch Brook, New Jersey, and made them into a stew. He bit on something hard that turned out to be 400-grain pearl. If it hadn't been ruined in the cooking, that pearl would have been worth around $20,000—making Mr. Howell's stew the most expensive meal since Cleopatra gulped down a prize pearl to prove to Mark Antony she could give a more expensive banquet than he could.

Within a few weeks after Howell's find, half the population of New Jersey and points north and south were hiking to Notch Brook. The stream became so packed with diggers that if a man slipped and fell, there wasn't room for him to get back up and he drowned. School closed as all the kids were out digging clams. Farmers left the crops to rot in the fields and so many stores closed there was a business panic.

Jacob Quackenbush, a carpenter from Paterson, came up with the prize—a magnificent 93-grain pink pearl—which he sold to Tiffany and Company for $1,500. It was later purchased for a reputed $25,000 by the Empress Eugenie of France and became known forevermore as the "Queen Pearl." Meantime other diggers found $15,000 worth of pearls in Notch Brook within six months. They also completely destroyed the mussel beds and changed the course of the stream. It eventually became a swamp.

For the next 50 years there were a series of "pearl panics" as new beds were discovered in other parts of the country. In 1891, fishermen found $300,000 worth of pearls in Wisconsin near Prairie du Chien, and four years later Arkansas pearlers took $500,000 worth of pearls from the White River. There were other strikes in Ohio, Vermont, Maine, Texas and Illinois. But perhaps the biggest was in Indiana. One scrambling observer reported with awe that "the Wabash River from St. Francis to the mouth is one solid line of pearlers' camps."

Pearls also turned up in the darndest places. A farmer digging postholes in Lonoke County, Arkansas, found pearls "the size of a .44 caliber bullet." When a pearl gets this big the shellfish will sometimes expel it. These pearls apparently had been chucked out by mussels living in a stream several miles away and carried into the field by a spring freshet. Another man in Marley, Illinois, who had been feeding his hogs on mussels, hired a laborer to clean out the pig pen. The workman found $2,000 worth of pearls in the muck. From then on, the farmer did his own mucking out.

All sorts of tales were told of sharp individuals who picked up priceless pearls from simple clam diggers for a set of fishhooks or a new jackknife. A fisherman on the Schuylkill River in Pennsylvania boasted to his friends that he had sold a worthless lucky stone to a sucker for a cool 50 cents. The "sucker" promptly sold the stone to a Philadelphia jeweler for $125 and chuckled over what he had done to the dumb fisherman. The jeweler sold the pearl in New York for $1,600, and chuckled himself. Peddlers discovered that many farm women collected pearls as they did colored stones or pressed flowers, and often could be persuaded to exchange their pearl collections for a new bonnet or a genuine, store-boughten corset.

But the local folk weren't so dumb. Before long they had a thriving business going selling fake pearls to the city slickers—finding buyers for everything from carved pieces of the nacre mussel lining to fish eyes, and even palming off polished chunks of anthracite coal as "black pearls."

One of the few men alive today who can remember the great days of pearling is N. S. Plank, a sprightly 98-year-old resident of Bettendorf, Iowa. Mr. Plank can recall when there were 17 pearl buyers between Dubuque and Burlington. Now he's the only one left.

One reason why Mr. Plank is still in business is that he's an expert "pearl doctor." This almost forgotten art consists of skinning off the outer layers of a pearl that is lacking luster or has slight imperfections to reveal the brilliant inner surface. Pearls are onionlike in construction; they are made of layer after layer of nacre with which the mollusk coats some small irritating object that has gotten into the shell. But by no means can all imperfect or dull pearls be peeled. The imperfections often prove to be inherent in the gem.

"Once I paid a man $250 for a pearl that was badly spotted but which I thought could be cured by peeling," Mr. Plank recalls. "I was wrong—the spots went right through. On the other hand, I remember getting a poor 67-grain pearl that by one peeling was transformed into a gem worth $2,000."

Mr. Plank remembers vividly the great pearl strikes in the Midwest that made a gold rush look like a Sunday School picnic. Everybody and his brother got into the wading act, using anything from garden rakes to expensive dredging equipment to gather up large quantities of mussels. If the fishermen had boats, they'd row upstream and then float down with the current while trailing tree branches in the water. As mussels feed with partly open shells, the leaves would scrape the soft flesh inside and the mollusks would snap shut on them. Then they could be pulled to the surface. Big companies in the pearling business used power-driven scows trailing a device called a "crowfoot drag." The drag was a framework of wood with dangling chains, each chain

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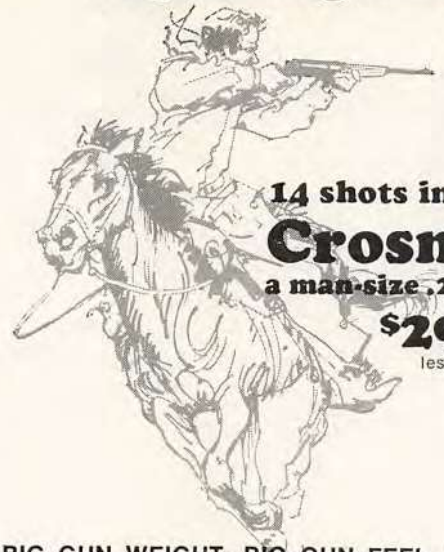

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"Here comes a fish and game guy. You are 21, aren't you?"

equipped with a grapple containing four wires. The mussels would fasten on the wires as they did on the leaves.

But pearling was and still is mainly a family affair. The men harvest the mussels and bring them to "cookout" camps where the women keep great cauldrons going full of boiling water. Here the mussels are steamed open, taking care they aren't cooked so thoroughly that the pearls will be injured. Even when there is pearl material in the shells, finding it is a tricky and highly specialized job. The pearl slugs may be so covered with bits of flesh from the mussel that they escape notice, or they may be hidden away in crevices of the shell.

A good system is to spread the mussels on burlap. Then each mollusk is washed in a bucket of water and carefully examined. Small slugs are often found in the little hollow at the hinge of the shell. A surprising number of slugs are also found in the bottom of the water bucket or lying loose on the burlap. Pearlers who don't know this trick lose a lot of their catch. One man has made a good living buying earth where the mussels have been cleaned and sifting it for pearls.

Even experienced pearlers often don't know that the blisters which occasionally occur on the inside of some shells may contain a perfectly round and valuable pearl. Opening these blisters without damaging the pearl is a delicate operation, done with the tip of a sharp knife that carefully peels back the mother-of-pearl covering. Several years ago a group of fishermen had so much trouble trying to open a blister that one of them finally got mad and hit it with a hammer. Out rolled a $1,500 pearl, uninjured.

Like the Hanauers, Mr. Plank still gets packages of slugs from pearlers. "Though I seldom find anything really valuable today," he says, "it's still a thrill to open the packages. There's always the hope of coming across a fine piece. This is a business of trust. Packages of pearls and pearl material are sent back and forth across the United States and to Europe, the prices depending on negotiations. There are no cases of dishonesty."

Even so, there are exceptions and anyone going into the pearl business had better know his pearls. Recently two boys went to a jeweler in a famous seashore resort with some mussels they'd dug, one of which contained a pearl. The jeweler was properly astonished and gave the boys some money. The next day the boys found a couple more pearls and a week later came in with half a dozen. By now the jeweler figured that either the kids had found the darndest pearl-bearing bed of mussels in history or they had a key to Tiffany's, so he decided to have the pearls checked by the Gemological Institute of America. The Institute X-rayed the gems and found they were all cultured pearls from Japan. A little research revealed that a shop on one of the local piers was selling loose cultured pearls as novelties for a few cents each. "And they seemed like such nice, innocent kids too," mourned the jeweler.

On rare occasions, a dishonest freelance dealer will succeed in cheating a jeweler but usually only because the jeweler thinks he's taking the dealer. One famous case involved a dealer who went to a prominent jeweler and offered him a black pearl, remarking casually that the pearl weighed 29 grains. He then excused himself to go to the men's room. While the dealer was absent the jeweler put the pearl on his scales and found to his delight that it actually weighed over 30 grains. When the dealer returned to the room, the jeweler offered to close the deal, accepting the weight as 29 grains. The dealer consented and the weight was recorded in the bill of sale.

Later the jeweler found the pearl had been dyed and was almost worthless. He went to the dealer shouting that he'd been swindled. "This pearl has undoubtedly been dyed," admitted the dealer examining it. "But it's not the pearl I sold you. That one weighed 29 grains as the bill of sale shows. This one weighs over 30 grains so it's a different pearl." There was nothing the jeweler could do.

The value of a natural pearl depends on more than its weight, of course. Quality, which takes into account such factors as shape, luster and color, determines a pearl's base value. This base, ranging from a few cents to $15 and more for a truly fine specimen, generally is multiplied by the square of the pearl's weight to calculate the value of the gem.

The technique of fooling an oyster into producing a perfectly formed, round "cultured" pearl was discovered by a Japanese named Kokichi Mikimoto, who went on to become many times a millionaire. Simply sticking a bead into an oyster shell won't do the trick. The oyster will cover it with nacre all right but the resulting pearl will be attached to the oyster shell and turn out to be nothing but an irregularly shaped piece of baroque with little value. Mikimoto found that the object has to be inserted under the mantle or tissue of the oyster in order to create a gem stone.

The introduction of cultured pearls in 1920 so frightened the jewelry trade that a German dealer opened his safe, took out dozens of natural pearl necklaces and threw them over his daughter's neck, sobbing: "Use them as toys; they're worthless now." But the demand for natural pearls continued as the new popularity of cultured pearls made women desire the rarer natural ones. And strangely enough, it was the very popularity of cultured pearls that brought the American pearl business back to life after most of the best known mussel beds had been destroyed by pearl seekers.

In the course of developing cultured pearls, Mikimoto also had found—to the everlasting gratitude of U.S. dredging firms—that a bead cut from the shell of the American pig-toe mussel made the perfect seed core for a cultured pearl. Since the nacre coating on most cultured pearls is quite thin, the core often will show through.

But a bead made from the lining of a pig-toe is itself nacre, so it blends in perfectly with the coating and is invisible. Also, the shell of the pig-toe is extremely heavy and gives the cultured pearl the same weight as a natural pearl. Now, even if no pearls were found, the mussel shells themselves could be sold. Today, collecting pig-toe mussels is a $4 million-a-year industry. The shells are sent to Japan where they are cut up into beads, planted in reluctant oysters, and the resulting pearls sold back to Americans—whose cultured pearl purchases presently run over $50 million a year.

There also has been increasing international interest in American freshwater pearls. Most of the world's once famous saltwater oyster fisheries have been abandoned, either because the beds are exhausted or because it's getting tougher to find divers who are willing to fight off sharks, sting rays and moray eels, so that the owner of the boat can make a fortune. As a result, many of our freshwater pearls are now shipped abroad to regions where pearl wearing is a tradition.

One dealer who has taken advantage of

the new export trend is John Le Tendresse of Camden, Tennessee. "A considerable number of American pearls go to Beverly Hills, Miami, New York and Boston, where they are regarded as collector's items," says Le Tendresse, "but most of the pearls I pick up from 'cookout camps' or individual fishermen are sent to India, Lebanon, Kuwait and Saudi Arabia—the same places that used to be the centers of the pearling business. American pearls are more popular over there than saltwater pearls because ours tend to be a brilliant white, while saltwater pearls are usually pinkish. We even get good prices for our baroque slugs. Orientals eat them. Pearls are supposed to be a cure for tuberculosis. Actually, it isn't quite as crazy an idea as it sounds for pearls are almost pure calcium and a calcium diet does benefit TB patients."

Le Tendresse's last memorable find was two years ago when he picked up a perfect pearl from a fisherman near Scottsboro, Alabama, for $250. The pearl wholesaled abroad for $625. "But it's hard finding good mussel beds," Le Tendresse concludes, echoing a familiar refrain. "If I were to set up as a mussel digger today, I'd probably try the Wabash River. It hasn't been ruined by commercial mussel gathering with modern equipment and there are still good mussel beds there if you know where to go."

As for finding saltwater pearls in nearby waters, you can try right off the coast of California, or travel to the Caribbean or to Mexico.

Abalones off the California coast occasionally produce very fine green pearls which are extremely valuable. The famous prima donna, Madame Lillian Nordica, had a magnificent abalone pearl that weighed 175 grains. What it was worth nobody knows because a rare pearl of this nature is beyond price. The problem is to find a buyer with enough money to purchase it.

Giant conches in the West Indies sometimes produce pink pearls which rank as gem stones. A really fine conch pearl has sold for $5,000. Native fishermen sometimes sell pretty but valueless "conch pearls." These have been made from carved bits of coral or from the pink lining of the conch itself.

Headquarters for the saltwater pearl business is the great Gulf of California. These Mexican pearl fisheries were first found in 1744 by Juan Ossio who was traveling through Sonora and saw Indians sitting in a desert munching mollusks of some kind and throwing the pearls away. The mollusks had been carried inland by a waterspout.

Ossio promptly started hiking for the coast where he found a naked youngster playing with a heap of pearls. The boy offered to swap the pearls for some of the big grubs found in dead wood. Indians consider these great delicacies. Juan promised to get him all the grubs he could eat if the boy would show him where the pearl beds were. They struck a deal and the Mexican pearl business was born. Anyone finding a pearl had to pay the kid off in grubs according to its size, so pearls were referred to as a "one-grub pearl" or a "ten-grub pearl" for many years.

Some of the world's most famous pearls came from these fisheries. One, the size of a hen's egg, was found by a slave diver who received his freedom as a reward. This pearl was sent to Philip II of Spain and became one of the Spanish crown jewels. The church of Notre Dame de Loreto near Santa Cruz had walls studded with pearls. When the Jesuits were expelled from Mexico in 1767, the church was looted. One woman got 500 pearls which she later sold for $275,000. As late as 1883, the Mexican pearling fleet consisted of 70 ships and 800 divers. Many of the pearls were black and considered especially valuable. One sold for $14,000 in 1890.

Today these Baja California beds are almost exhausted but pearling still continues there on a greatly diminished scale. The best known pearler is a Japanese named Nisha Kawa who has a fleet of boats operating along the coast. Most of the pearls found now are baroques and sold for novelty jewelry. Visitors see these advertised along the waterfront together with straw shoes, serapes and pottery, but occasionally a really good pearl still turns up.

There are probably more erroneous yarns connected with pearls than with any other precious stone. Accounts of persons who have found pearls while eating oysters are common, but these pearls will never make anyone rich. The edible oyster can produce pearls all right but it can't produce a precious pearl because the oyster doesn't secrete nacre. Pearls from the edible oyster look like hunks of chalk and are worth about as much.

Another good but not quite valid old story is that pearls become dull and lifeless if they're not worn. Legend has it that jewelers hire girls to sit naked while swathed in pearl necklaces so the gems will be preserved by body oils. Although this sounds like a ceremony worth looking into, there's not a word of truth to it. Pearls do tend to crack if left in a dry place indefinitely and body oils might help to maintain their luster, but a simpler way of achieving the same result is to rub them with a little olive oil.

Whether they use olive oil or naked girls to solve this problem, there are still plenty of people who pick up a nice piece of change from untapped mussel beds in America's heartland and have a good time doing it. Of course, it's hard work so I'm thinking of starting my own pearling project. In our living room is a tank full of stupid looking goldfish which consume enough food to support a team of horses and do nothing but blow bubbles. I'm tossing the whole lot out and raising pig-toe mussels. If they can nurture cultured pearls in Japan, I can do it here. These are going to be the first pearls raised in a living room and they'll be collector's items. Anyone interested had better get his order in now. They'll be ready in just five years and if they don't produce, you'll be invited to enjoy a bowl of delicious freshwater clam chowder.

—Daniel P. Mannix

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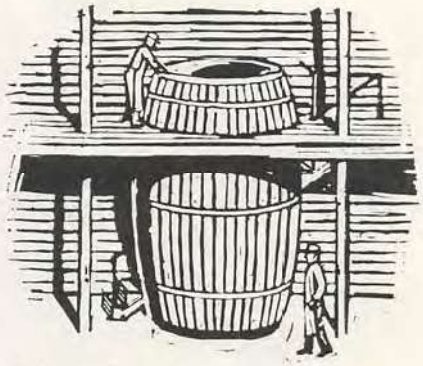

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THE SCRAMBLED CADILLACS

[*Continued from page 62*]

rapidly in London automotive circles and around Europe. Newspapers and motoring journals sent correspondents to Brooklands to observe every act in the dramatic American gamble. Almost all agreed that it would be a remarkable thing if Cadillac had really achieved such a standardization of parts as Bennett hoped to prove. *Horseless Age* magazine called it "one of the boldest schemes it is possible to imagine." *Autocar* spoke of Fred Bennett's "novelty, courage and enterprise."

The morning after their arrival at the track, the dismantling of the cars began. Bennett supplied two ordinary mechanics from his shop for the work. The R.A.C. observers insisted that no two pieces of any car be left together. This meant that even cotter pins were pulled, rings were removed from pistons, all screws, nuts and washers were separated, gearboxes were completely taken apart, even the steering wheel was removed from each steering column. The R.A.C. would not allow the use of any workbenches, axle stands or special containers for this explosion of parts, so when each car was done, a bare chassis sat in the middle of the floor, surrounded by 721 bits and pieces. The two mechanics worked for two days to completely cannibalize the three cars. On the evening of March 2 they were finished. The observers then moved the more than 2,000 parts into a fourth garage where they were thoroughly scrambled.

At this point the R.A.C. men decided to further test Fred Bennett's claims. Without notice, they picked up 89 parts at random from the giant heap, dumped them into a tin box and removed them from the area. Bennett was told that he could replace these from his stock of spares at the Heddon Street garage. Bennett was stunned. This was something he had not counted on. He had faith that Leland's spare parts were as accurately made as the cars themselves—indeed, that was what interchangeability was really all about—yet the R.A.C.'s surprise move did enlarge the possibilities of a slipup.

Bennett grumbled but agreed. "But it's a waste of everyone's time," he said. "Go ahead. Fetch 89 new parts from Heddon Street. You will see: 89 or 189 makes no difference. They're all identical—and that's more than the R.A.C. can say for a bloody, handmade Rolls-Royce!"

On the morning of March 5 the technical committee gathered to watch the beginning of the reassembly process. The same two mechanics were allowed only three types of tools to do the work: wrenches, screwdrivers and pliers. No tool that might be used to file, cut or polish a part was permitted. With Bennett hovering about like an anxious parent, the two men started work at 11:45 a.m. and stopped at 5 p.m. when everything was locked up again for the night.

The next morning, when the wooden garage doors were swung open, Bennett and his men found disaster staring at them from flooded floors. Rain and snow had penetrated the garages during the night, turning each into a swamp of ice, ankle-deep oily water and floating debris. The three chassis and the 2,000 parts were almost submerged. Some pieces were already turning orange with soft rust. Some were frozen to the floor. All were coated with enough dirt to spoil the precision fitting on which the entire success of the test depended. Bennett was angry and stunned. His men looked at the mess and shrugged. It looked like the end of a brave try—but if they packed it up now, would the R.A.C. ever give Cadillac another chance? Bennett couldn't be sure. He decided there was nothing to be done but to start baling

TRUE

". . . well, what exactly *did* you say to the Queen's favorite nephew?"

out the water and cleaning each part by hand as it went back in place on the cars.

The work was painfully slow, but piece by piece, the three automobiles went together. After a total of 25 hours and 30 minutes of labor, the job was finished on March 10. Now it was time to see whether the cars would start—and, more important, if they would run for 500 miles.

Gasoline was poured into the tanks, battery cables were connected and the starting irons slipped into place. While newspapermen, R.A.C. officials and Brooklands track personnel looked on in a quiet, curious circle, Bennett's men cranked each engine to life with a single brawny pull. Oily, blue smoke billowed briefly from the freshly-assembled single-cylinder engines, then each settled down to a healthy popping sound as the cars moved off to the test on the track itself.

With Bennett supervising every move, the cars covered 160 miles on March 11, then 240 miles on March 12. The final 100 miles was scheduled to be run on March 13. They traveled at a steady 34 mph. (a good rate of speed for a one-cylinder car in those days) running almost wheel to wheel most of the time, stopping only for fuel. Bennett followed their progress with stop watches and binoculars. He was on the verge of his greatest promotional triumph and he knew it. "If those cars can finish this 500 miles without failure, I'll have so many people trying to get into my showrooms tomorrow morning we'll have to form lines around the block!" he crowed to a friend.

Bennett, his mind on sales and the front pages, didn't realize how much more had been achieved when the three cars finished without a hitch.

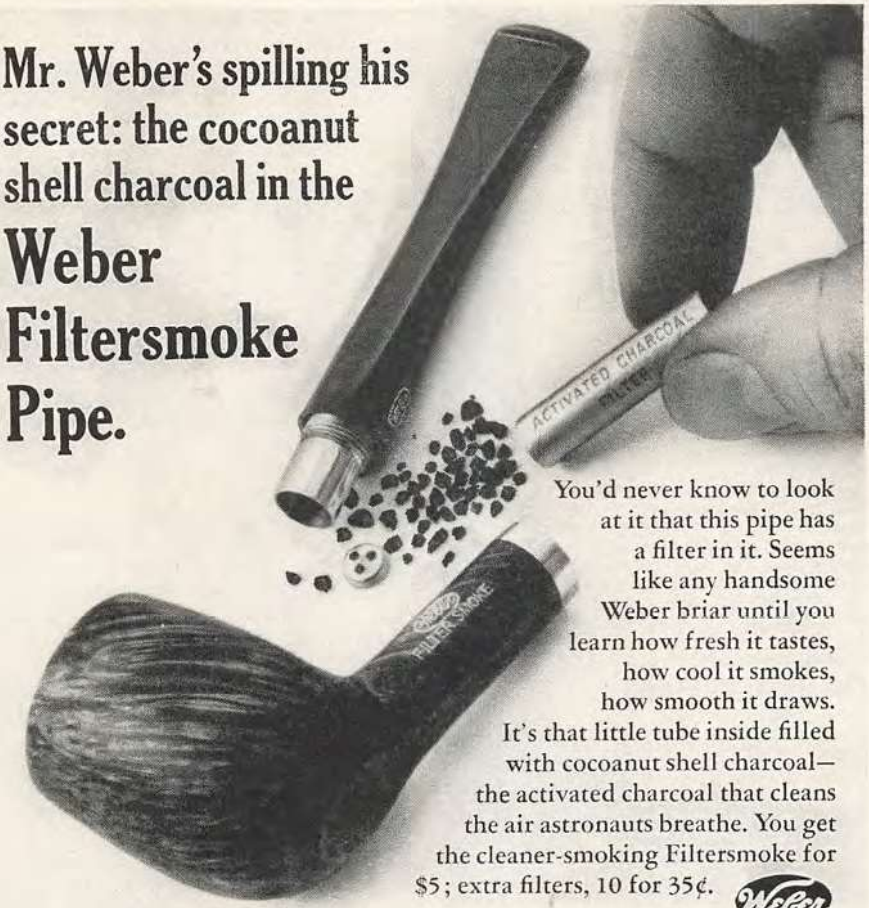
Motor Age magazine wrote, "This test startled all Europe and did more to attract favorable attention to American cars than anything ever attempted on this side of the Atlantic by the Yankees." Every London daily paper carried the news on its front page and several also devoted editorials to what was called "the epochal event." One European trade journal called the Cadillac achievement "an unprecedented demonstration of the superiority of American manufacturing methods." The throngs that Bennett had predicted came to his showrooms just to look at the remarkable Cadillacs. Sales spurted and little more was heard of the old argument that a $1,000 American car just had to be lacking in quality.

A year later, the R.A.C. decided the Cadillac test had been 1908's "most meritorious performance furthering the interests or advancement of the automotive industry" and awarded Leland's firm the coveted Dewar Trophy. It was the first time that an American company had won the cup. (Three years later, Cadillac won the award again when the self-starter earned the honor.)

But more than simply winning a cup for Cadillac, Bennett had won respect for American manufacturing methods and had laid the foundation for mass production. The automobile, which was born in the Old World as a handmade personal conveyance, had, in the New World, taken its first long steps toward reliable transport for the millions.

—Charles N. Barnard

Mr. Weber's spilling his secret: the cocoanut shell charcoal in the Weber Filtersmoke Pipe.



You'd never know to look at it that this pipe has a filter in it. Seems like any handsome Weber briar until you learn how fresh it tastes, how cool it smokes, how smooth it draws. It's that little tube inside filled with cocoanut shell charcoal—the activated charcoal that cleans the air astronauts breathe. You get the cleaner-smoking Filtersmoke for $5; extra filters, 10 for 35¢. Weber

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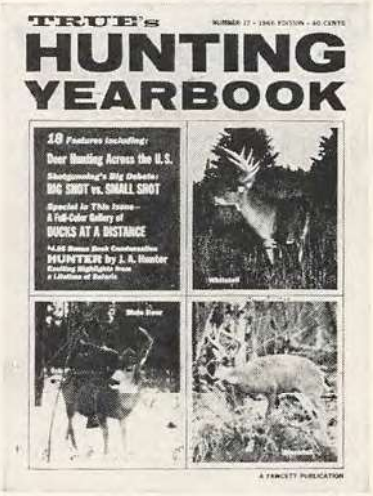

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SHOOT SWANS? WHY NOT!

[*Continued from page* 53]

hide when the first rolling thunder of guns came through the fog from farther up the dike.

Immediately the calling on the lake raised in pitch and intensity, accompanied by rapid "plop-plop-plops" as scores of huge webbed feet beat the water. Swans were beginning their long running takeoffs.

More gunfire cut the chill air, this time closer, and I stood looking into the fog, straining to see the targets. The clamor of calling birds and the scattered roar of shotguns seemed unreal, for nothing was yet visible.

"Get down!" a nearby hunter hissed urgently at me.

Within seconds a flock of seven great forms emerged from the depths of the fog and passed over to our left. They seemed only about 20 yards away, huge and breathtaking. The hunter beside me started to swing on them, then stopped with a whisper, "Too high."

Too high? I thought, but didn't say a word. I was the newcomer here, though they had looked plenty close to me.

"They'll fool you," the hunter said as if reading my mind. "The first year I shot at lots that were way out of range like that bunch."

"You've hunted them before then?"

He turned and smiled. "Oh, yes, this is my third year. Luckily drew a permit every year. They're a great bird."

The conversation was interrupted by another group of swans that came rapidly out of the fog and directly over us. The hunter raised up, swung with the birds and cut loose.

"Damn! Thought I had that one."

"Did you get a swan the last two years?" I asked.

"Nope, missed the first year. Took me several trips to find out how to do it. By then the season was over. Nailed one last year though."

Numerous flocks of 50 to 100 were flying now—mostly too high or off to one side. I've never seen so many swans in all my life!

We chatted a bit, then I moved on down the dike, amazed by this spectacle. It was light now and the birds were flying in great abundance. The fog was still holding over the valley, but was getting thinner all the time. All the way along the dike I noticed few birds taken by hunters. For all the shooting I thought everyone must have bagged a swan.

After passing several more hunters I found a fellow with a swan. He was just sitting and enjoying the sight of the flying birds.

"Got a young one, huh?" I commented, noting the gray coloration of the bird.

"Yep, they're much better eating. I always leave the white adults alone. Last year I got a white one and it was all right, but not as tender as the one a friend got. His was a gray one."

I moved on down the dike as the fog quickly disappeared from the lake. Now I could see clearly and there were hundreds of birds still out on the lake. Every few seconds another group would get up, running along the water with that "plop, plop, plopping" for maybe 20 yards until their great wings could lift them.

Like huge bombers, I thought, *needing a long runway.*

The flights of swans continued for maybe two hours, then quite abruptly ended; they'd all flown westward to daytime resting grounds out in the marshes. Hunters began working their way back toward the parking lot, some lugging heavy birds, most empty-handed.

I talked with quite a few of the hunters and soon began to get the idea that the whistling swan has been so common in Utah for so long, that nobody thinks of it as being a rare bird. In fact, the whistler isn't—a total of over 85,000 being found in the U.S. When everyone sees tens of thousands of swans every fall—often many more than other waterfowl—it doesn't seem so strange that local men should hunt them with the same casualness as South Dakota hunters go out for pheasants. Even among non-hunters, I found no objection to swan hunting in Utah.

After spending an entire day at Ogden Bay, watching the two-hour morning hunt and the evening shoot when the birds return, I was pretty hopped up about this bird, and anxious to have a go myself. I still couldn't understand why so many hunters had so much trouble with them though. As a target, a swan looks as big as an outhouse and just about as fast. I figured I'd be done hunting with the first flock that passed over in range.

The following morning I was ready to prove I was a better waterfowl shot than most of Utah's hunters and was at the parking lot quite early. I checked over my 12 gauge, and filled my hunting vest pockets with 2¾-inch magnum 2's. Then I hurried off down the dike in the chill darkness, full of optimism. Out on the darkened lake the calling duplicated that of the previous morning. I went about a mile or so along the dike and settled down to wait. The swans were still calling as they'd done before—feeding talk, not urgent as the calls of flight are.

It was cold, but I was dressed warmly. Other hunters in hip boots shuffled by, talking in low tones and joking among themselves. The outline of the Wasatch Mountains got sharper. I loaded the gun, double-checked everything, and sat fingering the safety as I waited for shooting time. A full 10 minutes early some eager soul far to the north cut loose with two shots, then silence again. The swans picked up their calling a bit at the shots, and the sound of feet running on the water indicated they were on the move.

Only a very thin strip of fog hid them that second morning, and it soon melted away with the night, revealing thousands of huge white birds resting peacefully on the water half a mile away. A chill of excitement swept over me as I realized these were my targets.

Sporadic firing began now as the swans became airborne.

I hesitated too long on the first low flight over me, but was ready for the second. I watched them come from far out on the lake, set to pass just to my right.

A little hesitant about range, I raised up, swung and touched off a shot. The birds flew on unharmed.

Several large bunches passed over too high, then five came over quite low. I thought to myself that here was meat in the pot for sure.

I got off one shot, missed, jacked another shell into the gun but was too slow. They were gone. On the next chance, I did lead further but the results were the same. The pile of empties beside me was growing slowly with each flock of birds, and my permit was still unfilled.

A couple of times I wished I was in a different spot. But though the main bulk of birds passed further north, I still had plenty of chances. I fancy myself a pretty good wing shot, but no swan came down and I was getting a bit embarrassed.

As more and more swans moved across, I know I took some sky-busting shots, but was beginning to get a bit frantic about not connecting. I concentrated on swinging carefully, leading them plenty and following through. And then the morning flight ended.

I joined various groups on the way in. I had to find out what the score was, for all I knew so far about this game was that the swans were way ahead. Maybe shooting a swan *was* a bit harder than shooting frogs in a dish pan.

I inquired about shot size. I was using 2's. Others seemed to be using mainly 2's or BB's, though some used 4's, and one successful fellow got his with 6's. So on that point I was all right.

By far the majority of guns were 12 gauge (like mine), with a smattering of 10's, 16's and a few 20's. One kid had connected with his 20 gauge.

I did know that if I'd been farther down I'd have had more chances, and inquired about this of a friendly fellow.

"Most seem to cross the dike about the same place as the first few bunches in the morning. The last couple days that spot has been about the curve in the dike, two miles down, just past the spillway."

That's where most of the shooting had come from that morning, so I decided that's where I'd try that evening. Maybe if I got enough chances I'd connect.

Most of us think of swans as big, graceful and slow. This, I found out, was my biggest mistake, and the mistake most swan hunters make. They are big, there's no mistake there—whistlers go up to about 21 pounds, though averaging about 16. But slow a swan is not. Several hunters had told me this, yet the birds still *seemed* slow, especially with those easy, measured wingbeats.

That afternoon, as I waited around for the evening flight, I watched a few small flocks flying over the lake and noted something. Time and time again a few swans, moving down the lake seemingly lazily, would handily pass a flock of ducks zipping along with blurred wings.

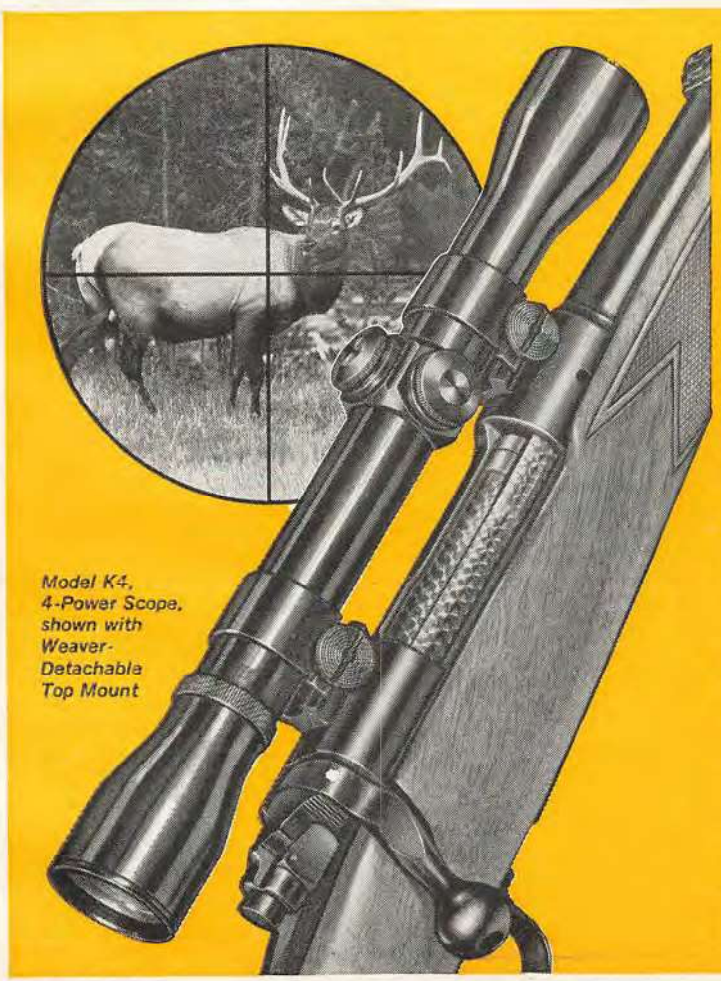
Not as many hunters appeared for the evening shoot and I wondered about this. I was soon to find out why. The evening flight is a little shorter than the morning one and I happened to pick an area over which hundreds of birds passed. They came in high over the marsh, set those huge wings, and glided down across the dike and out onto the lake. That gliding dive is something to see, and after several futile attempts to hit them, I just sat and watched. I'd get mine tomorrow.

I wished I'd had some way to clock those swans. The few that were low enough came whistling past like jets on a strafing run. My attempts to knock one down were simply wasted shots. One hunter near me, shooting an automatic, easily shot a full box of 25 that evening, and I'm sure he went home with the same frustrated feeling that was becoming so familiar to me.

The realization that swans are damn hard to hunt was fully upon me, and I began to wonder why they didn't just open the season to everyone. Nobody was going to overshoot these birds! Now I understand why only 320 out of 1,000 the first year and 392 the second year had connected. I began to feel that anyone who downed a swan had done something worth bragging about.

By the third morning I had built back some of my old optimism and was on the dike early. This time I headed for the area which had seemed so successful the morning before. Maybe I'd have more chances, and just maybe get lucky.

From talking with the other hunters, I was convinced I was going to have to really lead these birds. Just throw the muzzle out there some ridiculous distance and fire! I was now prepared to do this.



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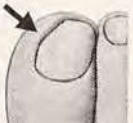

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It was colder that morning and I wondered when the whistlers would be moving south. I had learned that one of the important reasons for holding these swan hunts was to harass the swans into moving. Some winters they stay around too long, get caught by severe weather and suffer large losses from disease, cold and starvation. It's too early to tell for sure how much hunting will help, but since hunting started in 1962, the swans have suffered no winter losses. Maybe I was really helping the swans by shooting at them. I was certainly exercising plenty.

The morning dawned clear, to the now-familiar sounds of calling swans. I got behind the dike in what I hoped would be the perfect spot. Flock after flock came over—some just to my right, some to the left and many right over. My first shots were misses as I fought to try increasing that lead. It's hard to lead a bird a distance you can't feel is right when years of practice and experience tell you not to.

A flock of nine headed my way, looking as if they'd be plenty low. I got ready, deciding that on this bunch I was going to try to take all three shots, increasing the lead on each successive shot. With considerable excitement I picked out a big adult and fired once as it approached, once straight overhead and once as it passed. My lead increased each time and I was amazed to see the big bird crumple on the third shot. I'd led it about six or seven swan lengths!

I hurried out onto the dry mud flats to retrieve my trophy, and was happy to find it dead. It was a big bird, a full adult.

Big, did I say? A person really has no idea how large these swans are until he has one in his hand—a real big game trophy of the bird world.

After examining my prize I filled out the permit with the required information and put some feathers in an envelope provided for the purpose. For an age-determination study, each successful hunter is requested to place a few feathers from the head of the bird in the preaddressed envelope and mail it. White feathers would show I had shot an adult. Then I sat around for another hour or so until the morning flight was over, not wanting to disturb others who still had hopes.

Finally I began the long two-mile walk back to the car. Carrying that huge bird was an effort, but somehow the distance didn't seem nearly as long as it had on previous trips. Other hunters along the way congratulated me, and I felt pretty good about finally getting my swan. At the parking lot we successful hunters were checked by a game warden. He weighed my bird and examined it for sex. It was a male that tipped the scales at 19 pounds, four ounces.

A few days later my wife and I had that swan for Thanksgiving dinner. Other hunters had told me this swan is very fine eating and I can attest to that; a young one might have been a bit more tender, but the flavor is superb.

Both in the field and on the table, the whistling swan is a worthy bird. With the careful management that is being done, there is no reason why it cannot become one of this country's great sporting birds, and provide recreation for thousands of persons. —Ed Park

A DEADLY SPORT GETS AN UNLIKELY HERO

[*Continued from page* 47]

ance and sometimes $16,000 or more. And he fought often, sometimes twice a day, more than 100 times a year counting fights in Mexico, Latin America, Portugal and France. When he was good, which was most of the time, the police had to protect him afterward from his hysterical admirers. And when he was occasionally bad, he had to be protected too from fans who had paid inflated prices to see him and now were so disappointed they could have killed him.

The critics could not decide if he had invented a new style and was the greatest bullfighter of all time, or whether he was a clown and swindler who had duped the mob and them too with cheap tricks. Sometimes critics, arguing about this, threw punches at one another. All agreed that El Cordobes fought bulls his own way, that he was as brave a man as anyone had ever seen and that his magnetism was extraordinary.

Most incredible of all was the bravery. In bullfighting there is said to be the bull's terrain—the orbit within range of the horns—and the matador's terrain, that is, the orbit within which the matador is relatively safe. El Cordobes entered the bull's terrain more deeply than anyone ever had before and he stayed there longer; and if the bull threw him, he came back and got thrown again. This type of bravery was quite unearthly, and in the case of El Cordobes it could not be explained by stupidity, or lack of imagination, the usual explanations of most forms of valor. No, El Cordobes plainly knew what he was doing, and his bravery had in it a quality of desperation, and a quality of just plain fearlessness. He knew where he had come from, and was not going back there ever. In any case, nothing the bull could do to him was as bad as what he had come through to get where he was.

And so the mob now, after this first Madrid appearance, stood outside his darkened window and waited for the surgeon to come out to say if El Cordobes would live or die.

He was born Manuel Benitez at Palma del Rio, apparently on May 4, 1936. He was the youngest of five. His father was a waiter, when he worked at all. Palma del Rio is a village of mud streets near Cordoba. The family was hungry even before the parents died, leaving five destitute children in a civil-war ravaged, destitute country. This was when Manuel was about four. His oldest sister Angeles, barely 12, went out into the fields to work. Manuel, before he was 10, had learned to scrounge for food. A dirty, ragged urchin, he stole what he could, eggs, chicken sometimes. The easiest thing to steal was oranges off trees. He lived on

oranges alone for most of those years and suffered an almost permanent diarrhea which this diet brought on.

When he was about 15 he went out one day to a nearby village wearing a freshly laundered, secondhand white shirt which his sister had given him. There was a *capea,* an amateur free-for-all bullfight going on in the village square, and Manuel suddenly leaped over the barrier and stood there, a foot from the horns. He had no cape, no cloth of any kind, not even a jacket to pass the bull with.

For a moment, nothing happened. The small bull was as surprised as everyone else. In this moment Manuel learned something which he never forgot, which many years later would be the touchstone of his career and life. To cause surprise gave him a delightful feeling of power, he felt ecstatic; for as long as the surprise lasts a man is absolutely safe.

The moment ended and the bull charged. Manuel yanked the new white shirt off his back and attempted to divert the horns with it. The bull tore the shirt to shreds. It was the only shirt he had and his sister had worked hard for it. To make this up to her, he came home that night with a sack full of stolen oranges and the promise that he would become a bullfighter and save her from the desperate life they all led.

Off he went on the road, his few belongings in a sack on his back, together with a pal called El Horrillo as his cheering section. They got as far as nearby Cordoba, where Manuel (who now called himself El Renco) jumped into the ring during a corrida and gave the bull four passes before he was caught and hustled out of the ring and into the arms of the angry police.

When he got out of jail, he and Horrillo hopped aboard a freight moving toward Madrid. There was a terrible stench in the car where they hid. Investigating, they found the body of a bum who had died some time before and forthwith both boys leaped off the train. They found themselves in Andujar during harvesttime. They worked until they had earned enough to buy straw sandals for their bare feet and two cheap tickets to the bullfight. At this fight Manuel El Renco again jumped out of the stands into the ring, gave a few passes, was grabbed by the police, mauled and thrown in jail. El Horrillo went from door to door begging food for the "poor brave kid now in the hands of the cops." People gave him food and a little money, and when the police finally let El Renco go, the boys had enough to buy third-class tickets to Madrid and ride up in the train "like gentlemen." But soon their few coins were gone, then their food, then they were starving. With a tin plate they begged at the gates of the city.

They were so hungry they were trying now only to get back to Palma del Rio. They caught another freight part way, then found themselves walking down the highway trying to hitchhike. But they were so ragged no one would stop. At last they forced a car to stop. This turned out to be the expensive machine of the matador Chicuelo II, with the matador himself asleep on the reclining seat beside the driver. El Renco begged him to take them as far as Cordoba, but Chicuelo (who had once been almost as poor as this) was tired and irritated at having been awakened. He ordered his driver to give the boys a few coins and to drive on.

Back home El Renco was in continual trouble with the police. Much of Andalucia is bull-raising country and each grown bull which reaches the bullring is worth $900 to its owner. None of the bulls on the range has ever faced a man on foot before, because this would spoil it for the bullring. It is against the law for an owner ever to send a bull into the ring that has already been fought.

Down through the years several famous toreros in their youth had sneaked onto the range at night and caped bulls by moonlight. Now Manuel El Renco tried this whenever he could, and then one day a bull was found dead, sworded to death as it would have been in the bullring, the sword hole high up between the shoulder blades. The police went looking for El Renco. Warned in time, he went to wake up El Horrillo and the two hurried out of town in the night, walking down the dirt road toward Seville.

In Seville, capital of the bull-raising country, the boy who was to become El Cordobes tried to cape bulls belonging to Juan Belmonte, greatest of the old-time bullfighters, and El Renco was caught, beaten and thrown off the ranch. Another time a civil guard became suspicious and stopped him along the road.

"What are you doing here?"

El Renco looked him straight in the eye. "I have come to fight any bull I see."

The police hounded him constantly. Sometimes on the range in the night he got a few passes in. Sometimes men rode him down, beat him and turned him over to the police. Sometimes he heard the horses coming and managed to escape.

In 1957, when he was 20, he rode a freight up to Madrid. He bought a cheap ticket to the bullfight. He had a muleta under his shirt, and as the fifth bull of the day exploded into the ring, El Renco suddenly bolted down the aisle and leaped over the fence onto the sand.

Unfortunately, he landed almost on top of the horns. The bull heaved him into the air, mauled him on the ground, heaved him again. In the crowd women screamed, and nearly everyone thought they were watching a man killed.

At last the toreros drew the bull away.

El Renco found himself in jail again, but this time in the prison infirmary. "It was like being in a hotel, and so I did my utmost that the wounds wouldn't heal. When the doctors weren't looking, I would stick my fingers under the bandages and pick at the stitches and scabs. That kept the wounds festering. Of course it hurt, but it guaranteed that I would eat every day."

When he got out of jail this time, he went to work in Madrid on a construction site as a hod carrier. He was paid the going wage at the time, 230 pesetas a week, $5.75 for 48 hours work, enough to buy food.

The contractor, Basilio Ibañez (called Don Celes), was an aficionado with cer-

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tain connections in the world of the bulls, and now Don Celes offered to put him on in Talavera de la Reina in a *novillada economica*, a novice fight without picadors, on August 15, 1959. Forthwith, El Renco decided to change his name for luck, calling himself Palmeño from then on, and in a rented costume he strode out to meet the first bulls of his professional life. Unfortunately, he spent most of his time in the air that afternoon. He was, as would be the case often in years to come, embarrassingly brave. He would just stand there and let the bulls knock him about.

Don Celes arranged a second fight at Loeches, for September 13, where Palmeño was to share the billing with a carpenter named Manolo Gomez. The bulls this time were very big, and at least seven years old—the older a bull gets, the more dangerous it becomes—and the first bull at Loeches gored both boys quickly and gravely. In an ambulance the boys were rushed back to Madrid to the bullfighters' clinic—which refused to accept them because they were not, after all, bullfighters: one was a hod carrier and the other a carpenter. The ambulance raced about from one door to another and at last a public hospital took the boys in. By this time Gomez was dying. They were put in adjoining beds, and the man who was to become El Cordobes lay all night listening to the tortured, faltering breath of Gomez, and at last heard his friend die.

When the dawn came up, Manuel Benitez said to himself: "no more illusions. I'll go into France where at least a laborer gets paid enough not to starve."

But before he would act on this decision, somebody said to him: "Before you give up, why not go see El Pipo, the famous manager of bullfighters. He's from Cordoba like you, and at 4 o'clock every day he is to be found in the cafe Arguelles in Madrid."

Madrid. A bright cold day in March, 1960, six months since the carpenter Gomez died from a horn wound.

El Pipo, whose real name is Rafael Sanchez, sits at his usual table sipping coffee and Spanish cognac, a heavy middle-aged man in a dark suit with wide pinstripes and a homburg on his head. In bullfighting circles he is sometimes known as "the man with the hat," because he never takes it off. He wears a strong scent, and wipes his face from time to time with a perfumed handkerchief.

Manuel Benitez enters the cafe. He has come a long way, and is covered with dust. His ragged trousers are held up by a rope. As usual, he has not eaten in a long time and is so hungry that he is afraid, in this crucial moment of his life, that he might faint. He sniffs the warm air of the cafe, which brings him the odor of coffee and of the seafood hors d'oeuvres in dishes on the bar.

He is so dirty that the waiters think he intends to beg and they move to throw him out.

He has approached Rafael Sanchez, El Pipo.

"Are you El Pipo?"

El Pipo looks him over. "What do you want?"

"I want you to manage me. If you'll manage me, next year I'll buy you a Mercedes."

They stare at each other. Then El Pipo is forced to smile. He pushes the Homburg a bit further back on his head. He says: "What's your name?"

"Manuel Benitez. But in the bullring they call me El Renco."

"The bullring?"

"I've had some fights."

"How old are you?"

"Almost 25."

"That's pretty old for starting out."

"It isn't age that counts. It's valor."

"Have you ever faced a bull?"

"Plenty of times."

"Where?"

"In the country. On the range."

"Do you have a job?"

"I was a laborer. I just quit. But that's not important, because if you don't take me, tomorrow I'm going to France."

El Pipo, by this stage in his life, had already been approached a hundred or more times by penniless urchins like the one now standing before him. All thought they could be bullfighters.

El Pipo stares at this one, considering, then says: "Do you know the color of your blood, boy?"

In the eyes of El Renco there is the glow of a fanatic or a saint or a man starving. He unbuttons his soiled shirt, then dramatically thrusts forward his bare, bony chest. Laced across it is the high red ridge of scar tissue, left by his most recent goring.

"Will you manage me or not?"

"Calm down, boy. Let me see the length of your arms. Good. Now turn around."

El Renco turns slowly in front of the portly, scented manager, who is the boy's last and only hope, and he is filled with despair.

"Show me how you would do a natural pass."

"No. I'm no barroom bullfighter. If you want to see me fight, take me out to the range and give me a bull to fight."

El Pipo considers again. It happens that he is between bullfighters at this time. He needs a new star. Nonetheless, he knows of plenty of others who seem more promising than this starved, defiant scarecrow in front of him—better to find a boy 16 years old. That is the best age. Not a 25-year-old laborer.

"No, I'm sorry boy. I can't manage you."

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Manuel Benitez slowly buttons his shirt, thrusts it into his tattered pants, all the time staring defiantly at El Pipo. "You don't understand anything, do you, Don Rafael Sanchez," he snarls. "Not bulls and not men."

And the man who would become El Cordobes, strides toward the door, toward France, toward oblivion, away from the bulls forever, his final card played and trumped.

His hand reaches for the door. Behind him he hears the voice of El Pipo.

"Boy, come back here," and afterward El Pipo never knew what hunch or instinct had made him speak.

"Okay, boy. Tomorrow we'll go out on the range, see what you can do."

"Will you manage me? Yes or no."

For the briefest moment longer El Pipo hesitates, then says: "Yes, boy. I'll manage you."

El Cordobes feels the ceiling reel. He leans forward, both hands on the table for support. "In that case, Don Rafael," he murmurs, "lend me enough money for a sandwich. It's been three days since I've eaten."

El Pipo took him to a tienta (a testing of calves) in the country, and the boy absorbed his usual pasting from the animals. He was in the air most of the time, but after each crash landing got up and came back for more. El Pipo took him back to Cordoba, and the villages around it where both were known, and told him that from now on his name was El Cordobes. The Cordoban. His first fight was organized by El Pipo in Cordoba.

In that first fight, the bulls caught El Cordobes many times, and shredded his suit of lights, but the mob, tingling with nervousness every moment El Cordobes was in the ring, loved him and demanded he be granted an ear from each bull.

El Pipo was as astonished as anyone, but he had seen the bravery, seen the love pouring out of the crowd for El Cordobes, and now El Pipo hocked everything he owned, had a portable bullring thrown up and El Cordobes fought in it three straight days to sellout crowds which awarded him more ears and tails than he could carry home.

The shrewdness of El Pipo during these months cannot be overdescribed. He knew where to fight and when and how much could be charged, and he slowly extended the orbit of Cordobes' fights, always knowing how far the legend had spread, always staying within it so that there were always more people wanting to see the boy than had already seen him. El Pipo was a master organizer, master publicist and he soon had all of Andalucia drooling to pay money to see El Cordobes fight. El Cordobes fought dangerously, did hair-raising tricks, was caught and thrown often, but this alone does not explain his colossal, instantaneous appeal. Since the boy knew nothing about classic passes, he invented his own versions and they worked, even though they broke nearly every rule that had been worked out down through the years. But more than this there was El Cordobes' unruly mop of hair flopping down to his eyes like a Beatle haircut, there was his smile, his shambling, inelegant stride. Other bullfighters had started poor, but once in costume had looked so gorgeous that the bootblacks and peasants who fill the bulk of the seats could no longer identify with them. El Cordobes, shaggy, unkempt looking, shambling toward a bull (instead of moving forward with prissy, balletlike steps) still looked like a laborer or bum. The mob felt he was one of them still. They roared with delight at everything he did —and the money began to pour in. El Pipo spent it on publicity, brought journalists in for interviews, advertised every horn wound, every triumph, every ear cut, every new, hair-raising stunt, such as placing banderillas which were three inches long instead of the regulation 28, the shortest and most dangerous banderillas ever planted in a bull's back.

El Cordobes did learn, and he learned fast. He never had to be told anything twice, and he was shrewd enough right from the start to know that he had fallen upon a spectacular, original style and that this above all he must never change. The critics began to come to his fights. Half of them wrote that he was the worst bullfighter they had ever seen. The other half thought him brilliantly original.

El Cordobes fought 33 times in 1960, and 66 in 1961 when he also received six bad gorings. In 1962 he fought 109 times in Spain and France alone and the ballyhoo surrounding his name was extraordinary. He was getting more money per fight as a novillero than Antonio Ordoñez, the best of the matadors, had ever earned.

In the spring of 1963 El Cordobes was promoted to matador. In the fall and winter he fought in South America and Mexico, 48 fights in six countries. In Mexico he fought 11 straight days, then took a week off, then fought 21 straight days, moving about the country in the personal helicopter of the comedian Cantinflas. He fought six times in Mexico City, filling the place to the rafters the last four times, despite prices four times as high as had ever been charged before.

But he still had never appeared in Madrid, and now on May 20, 1964, he was at last to make his debut and the morning of the fight he said: "I mean to be carried out on the shoulders of the mob, or on a stretcher."

The fight was delayed by rain, and then the first bull came out. El Cordobes shambled over to it, still not knowing how to cape a bull, and waved the big cape back and forth in front of it to lead it in to the picador. He made no cape pass at all and the mob, which had been breathless, gave vent to its displeasure. But El Cordobes made a gesture with his hand. Wait, the gesture said, I know what I'm doing, there will be more excitement for you this way: watch. The displeasure turned itself off instantaneously.

His peons set the banderillas because El Cordobes no longer does this. Then, dragging the red cloth carelessly behind him, the Cordoban led the bull out to the center of the ring. The oles! came like thunder.

Soon it was time to kill the bull, but El Cordobes persisted. It was raining now, the bull had already bumped him

[*Continued on page* 130]

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by Whitey Ford

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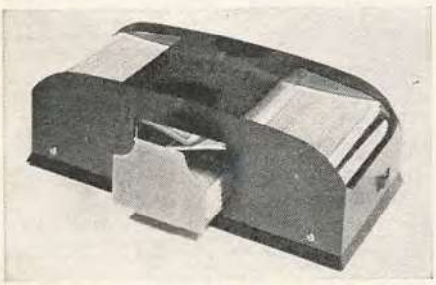

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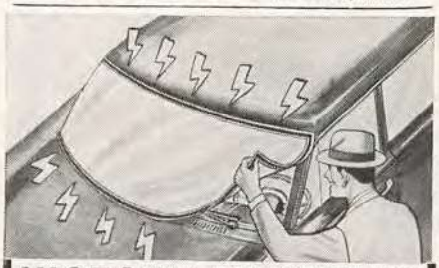

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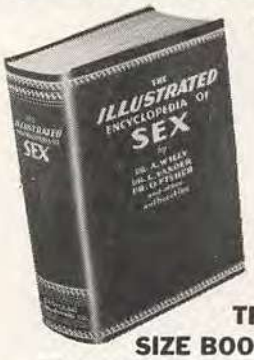

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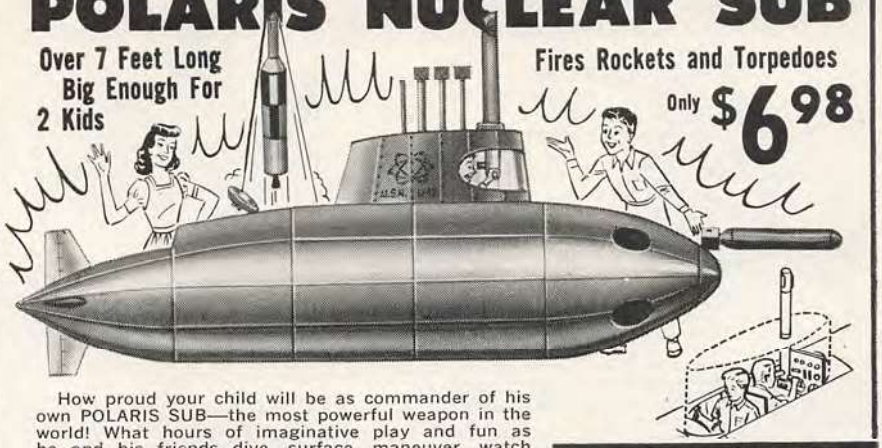

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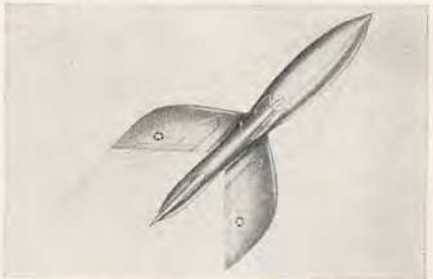

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[*Continued from page* 123]

twice, the footing had gone bad, or soon would, and the horns had begun to search to right and left for something solid. There were some more right hand passes finished by a long, smooth, slow breast pass. Then came some left handers again, the horns still searching for him. He had gone on much too long, the beauty had gone out of the fight, it was simply scary now because he was planted well inside the bull's terrain, defending a position which was getting more and more dangerous, the bull was slipping more and more out of his control, and still he wouldn't step back one inch.

At last the horn went into him and then it plunged in twice more as he clung to the horns on the sand.

That night the medical bulletin at last was published: two trajectories in the left thigh, one of six inches toward the back of the thigh, another of six inches down towards the knee, the mouth of the wound there was as big around as a baseball. The third wound was in the region of the scrotum. Certain thigh muscles had been destroyed, also certain branches of the femoral artery. The patient was in shock and had had transfusions. "Prognosis, very grave." However, he would live.

Thirty-four days later El Cordobes fought again in Madrid in much the same way as before. But this time the horns did not touch him and, in the general delirium, he cut both ears of his second bull and was carried out in triumph.

What kind of man is this millionaire "torero of the poor"? In some ways he is childish. He likes to go into banks and ask to see his balance. His first movie came about because he wanted to play a swaggering gangster with a butt on his lips and a tommy gun in his hand. He suggested himself for such a role, and the producers conned him into playing himself in *Learning To Die* instead. Nowadays, if you ask him who his favorite movie actor is, he will giggle and shout: "El Cordobes." The principal decoration of his Madrid apartment is a tremendous poster—larger than life-size—of himself in a suit of lights, and he has two telephones, one with a listed number and one unlisted. He loves to be photographed and will pose at any time, usually grinning straight into the lens. He likes to be ostentatiously generous and gives tremendous tips if people are watching. If the doorman salutes him as he climbs into his Mercedes, he may remark: "Did you see that, did you see him salute me? It really pays off to tip big." Once when he went back to Palma del Rio, he stood around distributing money. As he drove away, even the civil guardsman on duty saluted him: "did you see that?" he exclaimed to his companion, "did you see the way he saluted me." Another time, after a triumph in Valencia, he stood on a balcony and amused himself by wafting 1,000-peseta notes (worth nearly $17) down on his hysterical fans.

At this time he controls bullfighting more than any one man ever has. With a word, he can effectively blacklist any torero, breeder or manager, and he has done so. His fellow bullfighters seem a little afraid of him, afraid that he might be gripped by some childish whim some day and blacklist them. He fired El Pipo one day for "financial reasons." There was never any other explanation, but El Pipo sued for breach of contract and won the case. One day El Horrillo, the companion of his youth, knocked at his door. El Cordobes ordered his valet to give Horrillo 1,000 pesetas, a ticket to the fight and to get rid of him.

In foreign countries he is as wide-eyed as any tourist. Despite all the traveling he must do, on days off he does more: he washes in holy water at Lourdes, plays guitar in a nightclub band at Acapulco, is photographed standing proudly on a corner of Hollywood Boulevard.

He pays his subalterns more than anyone else, gives bigger bribes to the critics, and his tips to hotel personnel are more like presents from an Arabian monarch than from a tightfisted bullfighter. He demands the biggest fees, and he waits in his hotel room half dressed until the sweating promoter arrives with the money wrapped in newspaper. He then counts it and locks it up. If the promoter doesn't arrive, El Cordobes doesn't dress—let the mob tear the arena down, kill the promoter if it cares to. However, on occasion El Cordobes has bled the promoter dry, then noted that the arena never did fill up entirely. El Cordobes will then give some of the money back, leaving the promoter tearfully grateful.

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Call this business sense or charm. The business sense of this man is shrewd, both in signing contracts and in investing his money after. His charm is overpowering too. Girls, journalists, critics, all come away starry-eyed, or at least impressed.

Most of all, El Cordobes has perfect pitch as far as the mob is concerned. Once a ragged urchin jumped into the ring. The police grabbed him. El Cordobes walked over and gave the boy his own cloth, and allowed him to pass the bull several times. When the boy handed the cloth back to Cordobes, the boy was weeping, El Cordobes was grinning and the mob was cheering itself hoarse over the gesture.

He has lasted four years now. He is no fad or passing breeze. The excitement goes up and up and each time he appears it seems he can never be as good as the mob's expectations—and yet he is as good, he is better.

In May in Madrid, exactly a year after his near-fatal goring there, his fans were more hysterical than ever, and he was allowed to drive his car into the corrals past the mob waiting for him outside, and then a phalanx of cops escorted him through the grinning, back-slapping mob which swarmed upon him inside—such police protection for a bullfighter is virtually unprecedented.

His first bull gored him three inches deep under the arm. He got up, and played and killed it so skillfully that, in the general delirium, he was awarded both its ears. With the crowd still screaming his name, he ducked into the infirmary to be sewed up. The crowd was certain he would not be back that day—he has already had a fantastic triumph and he was badly wounded.

But when his second bull erupted out of the tunnel, El Cordobes was there to meet it with his usual clumsy but electrifying cape passes.

Then, as soon as he started with the red cloth, this bull too caught and threw him. He sprang up and ran back to it—and it speared him again, wheeled and was on top of him. Its horn ripped part of his uniform off and he lay there with his back bloody and exposed while the horn dug at him. He was thrown a third time, his men drew the bull away and some of them tried to carry him off, but he broke loose, scooped his bloody cloth off the sand, ran back to the bull. His hair, longer this year than ever, was disheveled, part of his jacket was gone, he was covered with blood, his own and the bull's, and there was a wild look in his eyes—he was staring the other way as he passed the bull behind him again and again, inches from his body. In the crowd people were screaming: "No, no, no." He was being paid over $16,000 that day to provide thrills, but not such thrills as these.

The interminable, fearful series ended, he flawlessly sworded the bull, and now the mob switched the other way, cheered him hysterically and demanded both ears. The *presidente*, rightly, accorded only one ear—the fight had been an unparalleled exhibition of how not to fight bulls, after all—and now men jumped down to parade El Cordobes out the main gate on their shoulders.

The next day El Cordobes was to fight in Cordoba, and the bets were that he would not go: he had a freshly sewn goring, plus cuts and gouges, he had been thrown four times, his body must be one solid aching bruise and Cordoba was an all night car ride away—he wouldn't even get any sleep. He wouldn't go, nobody would.

But he did go and he cut both ears and the tail there in still another fantastic triumph.

"Each bull I fight," he says, "it is like already in another world someone had taught me to fight it. For me the bull is pure joy, like a wine that fills my heart and makes me drunk. You don't know what it's like to have a triumph in the bullring. It is delirium." —**Robert Daley**

THE $200 MILLION OIL SWINDLER WHO SHOOK WALL STREET

[*Continued from page* 41]

salad oil stock as collateral. He didn't ship the salad oil to the financiers, but merely gave them papers stating that the oil was their property until he repaid the loan. It was a very tidy arrangement, assuming there was oil in the Bayonne tanks.

The financiers were sure they had no worries on that score. De Angelis had hired a subsidiary of the eminent American Express Company, as well as another respected firm, to operate his storage tanks and certify that the oil was in place. The American Express subsidiary and the other storage firm regularly sent the financiers impressive documents certifying that De Angelis's tanks were brimful of oil. These documents so impressed the financiers that they didn't bother checking the oil themselves.

The men who managed the storage companies also were quite impressed by their good fortune in having De Angelis as a customer. Officials of the American Express subsidiary received repeated warnings of huge oil shortages at Bayonne, but they dismissed the charges as being preposterous. De Angelis was their highest-paying client. The manager of the second storage company also was unconcerned about charges of oil shortages. He was on De Angelis's payroll.

The salad oil papers were dispatched from Bayonne for years at a rapidly rising rate and money poured into De Angelis's hands like water from an open faucet. Somehow, the financiers didn't notice that for their money they were accepting papers for a truly astounding quantity of salad oil—more, in fact, than the government counted in its monthly reports of all the salad oil stocks in the country. Yet even the government agency that supposedly acted as a watchdog over the commodity market failed to sound an alarm.

Then one blustery day in November, 1963, De Angelis's salad oil company suddenly collapsed—and the appalled authorities discovered that the Bayonne salad oil tanks were all but empty. De Angelis had sold his financiers $175 million of phantom oil—and the money was gone.

The immediate repercussions in the financial world were awesome. On Wall Street stock prices hurtled downward as one of the most respected old-line brokerage houses, Ira Haupt & Company, was wrecked by losses on its loans to De Angelis' company. Moreover, Haupt's 20,700 securities customers suddenly were threatened with the loss of millions of dollars of stocks and funds held in trust for them by the ruined brokerage firm. Futures prices on commodity markets in New York and Chicago plummeted as the speculative bubble created by De Angelis burst.

Bankers in staid institutions ranging from the Bank of America to Bank Leumi Le-Israel discovered in horror that they had given De Angelis tens of millions of dollars for worthless papers. And in the Manhattan offices of the American Express Company, a sickening fear gripped the top officers of that world-famed concern. American Express' guarantee was stamped on most of the fraudulent papers De Angelis had floated and suddenly that Gibraltar of the financial world was threatened with disaster.

Anthony De Angelis stood in the midst of the ruins with a wondrous air of innocence, his enormous ego undamaged by catastrophe. He had no idea what had happened to all the money and the salad oil must be around somewhere, he said. De Angelis insisted to the end that he had been sabotaged by mysterious forces who envied his success. If he had been left to his own devices, he said, everyone would have continued to prosper. "No one in the world ever did more for the economy of this country than I did," he declared grandly.

The horde of bankers, brokers and businessmen who had dealt with De Angelis was left in a state of shock. When they regained their wits, they grimly set about the task of salvaging as much of their losses as they could. The scramble for money centered on claims against American Express.

But, curiously, the financiers displayed very little interest in unraveling the mystery of how Anthony De Angelis had managed to swindle them so successfully for so long. Recovering their money was all the financiers cared about; the authorities would take care of De Angelis. The sensational swindle was just one of those things that occasionally strikes a terrible blow against honest businessmen, the financiers maintained, and there was little point in dwelling on the sorry details. The scandalous story of how the swindle happened was best left untold, most of the financiers believed, because it would only interfere with restoring their shaken business to a sound and profitable basis. The important thing was that business must go on.

But the salad oil swindle could not be written off so glibly. Business did have to go on, of course, but what kind of business was it? For the success of the salad oil swindle had depended on much more than the ingenuity of a brazen crook. The financiers who had backed De Angelis were accountable for answers to a host of questions: Why had they ignored De Angelis' sordid background? Why had they ignored his suspicious salad oil deals and blatant speculation in the futures market? Why were warnings of salad oil shortages ignored? In sum, how had a man like Anthony De Angelis become a respected member of the business community?

The full story of the swindle will make it apparent why a large number of bankers, brokers and businessmen who were involved with De Angelis were anxious to brush aside these questions.

Anthony De Angelis was a Bronx boy, the son of Italian immigrants who had come to the United States only 15 years before his birth in 1915. His father was a railroad worker whose salary was so spare that the family had to live in a cold water flat on the top floor of a five-story tenement. But for the five

children, Anthony, his brother and three sisters, it was a happy life, as De Angelis recalled his boyhood.

Little Anthony's best times came from the simple joys of bicycle riding, a sport he loved so much that after his rise to affluence he sponsored races for the gold De Angelis trophy for bicycle clubs in his old neighborhood. The fat little man portrayed himself as a lean, hard-muscled youth who peddled at a furious pace with the boys in the Acme Wheel Men Club. "Bicycle racing developed me physically," the middle-aged De Angelis declared enthusiastically. "I possess exceptional strength in my hands and legs," and he would grasp your hand in a crunching grip to prove it.

The image of Anthony the athlete was rounded out by the personality of a boy who might have aspired to the priesthood. "My mother taught me to love and understand and to try to spread happiness, friendship, loyalty and brotherhood," De Angelis recalled after he was indicted as the mastermind of the salad oil swindle. His family must have thought he showed evidence of having those laudable traits when they bestowed on him the nickname "Tino." For Tino De Angelis' name translates roughly as "the endearing little fellow of the angels."

Tino was endowed with a superabundance of one trait: ambition. He was consumed by a desire to lift himself out of the mean poverty of the tenement. "I wanted to do one thing in life—make a success," he said. "Even as a kid, I partook very little of the gay life."

He left high school at 16, went to work in a meat market and was managing the place by the time he was 20. Marriage to Virginia Bracconeri and the birth of a son spurred him to open his own business in 1938. In the first year, Tino claimed, he parlayed a $2,000 investment into a profit of $100,000, and in three years his annual profit was $300,000. His business was such a huge success during World War II (he wasn't drafted) that he boasted about putting aside $1 million for his family "in case anything ever happened." He also opened a new plant in North Bergen, New Jersey, near New York City, and decided to go into exporting.

According to Tino he made lifelong friends in Yugoslavia in 1947 by shipping them a million dollars worth of lard. The record showed that the Yugoslav government sued him, charging that Tino had delivered a substandard product. The De Angelis Packing Company paid $100,000 to settle the complaint.

In 1949 the undaunted Tino, not yet 35 years old, bought control of the Adolph Gobel Company, a respected North Bergen meat-packing firm. In the years that followed the company got into trouble with the government and was bankrupted. Tino, however, had other fish to fry, and was planning the greatest venture of his career. On November 14, 1955, De Angelis organized Allied Crude Vegetable Oil Refining Corporation.

As his headquarters he chose a dilapidated two-story building in a jungle of petroleum storage tanks in the grimy port section of Bayonne, New Jersey. His ambition was to become nothing less than the nation's salad oil king.

Tino could hope to make a fortune in salad oil because of the government's Food for Peace program.

This is how Food for Peace works: Each year American farmers produce vast quantities of surplus food. In order to keep farm prices up, the government buys up these surpluses. Rather than store them, the government, under the Food for Peace program, ships surplus crops to hungry peoples around the world. The exporting is done by private companies, and, in complex transactions, the government underwrites the cost of the food so that the governments of underdeveloped countries can buy it.

In 1955, Tino saw that soybeans and cotton were being grown in an overabundance and that the gooey oils made from the seeds of these plants would be a big new item on the list of surplus crops. Normally, these oils would be shipped from the Midwest to New Orleans, but DeAngelis knew that New York based exporters would want to get in on this new source of profit.

Despite a background that would make most businessmen blush, Tino got millions of dollars in loans to set up tanks and a refinery for processing crude vegetable oil into salad oil. He paid the highest prices in the market for crude vegetable oil, paid for costly rail shipment east, refined the oil and sold it to exporters at such low prices that no one could figure out how he was making money from his operation. But the businessmen in the export companies didn't ask questions because the fat little man from New Jersey brought them big new profits, and he paid good interest on the money they lent him.

Two of his biggest customer-backers were Continental Grain Company and Bunge Corporation, both of New York. These old, worldwide trading companies trace their origins to Europe and they are still owned by the descendants of the original founders. Together, Continental and Bunge export $2 billion of commodities a year.

"The reason that I could do the volume of business I did was because I built confidence in people all over the world," Tino once said. "I could never have done the business unless I had people who had faith in me."

Still, it is difficult to understand how sophisticated executives could come to trust a man like De Angelis. He certainly did not dazzle other businessmen with smooth talk. His voice was soft and turned squeaky when he was excited. He would emit high-pitched giggles when amused. The wealth he amassed didn't raise his cultural sights. "I been to the opera once," he offered when asked about music. His reading tastes were limited to commodity market newsletters and a bedside volume of *Lose Weight the Doctor's Way*. His small talk was confined to his accomplishments in butchering and salad oil, and how he had risen to his high station in the business world "irregardless" of the obstacles in his path.

Yet Tino was an incessant talker and his favorite conversational topic was himself. His ego was enormous. He was so impressed with himself that he would frequently shift into the majestic third person: "Here we have a man born and raised in the *poor* section of New York who rises to the point where he runs 10 or 15 businesses around the country," he declared.

De Angelis made it clear to anyone who would listen that the salad oil empire he had built was a one-man show. With himself at the top, he boasted, success was foreordained. "I have a brilliant and productive mind and I could do more for our fats and oils business than anyone else in the world," he declared. "I knew, as president of Allied, that I could go out and sell all the vegetable oil that this country could ever produce."

And, to be sure, De Angelis was no idle talker when it came to work. He was up at 7:30 a.m. and, after a quick cup of coffee, he was on the telephone to his agents in Europe and the Middle East, getting reports on deals. By 9 a.m. he was in his uncarpeted office in Bayonne at his gray metal desk, studying market reports and cables from his overseas agents. All day long he was on the telephone, talking deals to salad oil buyers around the country and abroad. He rarely left the office before 6:30 p.m., except for conferences in the Wall Street offices of his financiers.

This was the De Angelis who was a familiar figure to his financial backers. A fat little man who was silly-looking but serious-minded, boastful but businesslike. A man who was obsessed with making money, and who cared for nothing else. Most of the executives didn't really know Tino and that was a mistake; for even the most complacent executives would have been interested in Tino's operating style.

At his Bayonne headquarters Tino was the *padrone* of a fiercely loyal clique of 22 men who occupied favored positions in Allied and its affiliated companies. Some of the 22 held jobs of crucial importance in the business; some were merely faithful retainers who performed odd jobs because Tino liked to have them around. All of them obeyed Tino without question; they had every reason to do so. They all were paid $400 a week; most drove Cadillacs, often paid for by Allied. And there were liberal fringe benefits in the form of cash gifts ranging up to $10,000 that were dispensed by Tino.

Tino's top lieutenant was Ben Rotello, a slim, bespectacled man who was controller of Allied. It was Ben who told Tino when more money was needed, and how much. Leo Bracconeri, Allied's plant manager, was Tino's brother-in-law. A handsome, powerfully-built man with dark, wavy hair, Leo took care of things at the Bayonne headquarters. Gerald Gittleman, tall, slender and suave, placed the orders for many of Allied's contracts for future delivery of vegetable oils. There was Thomas

Clarkin, who earned $400 a week in the performance of a job identified on the payroll as "messenger."

Alfredo Suarez, a deeply tanned, silver-haired man, was nominally Allied's bookkeeper and chief financial officer. His signature appeared on all of Allied's checks, which over the years mounted to over $1 billion. The signature was a proud one with curlicues and an underlining that would have done John Hancock justice. But Suarez ultimately testified in court that he never saw the checks that were issued by Tino and Ben Rotello. His signature was imprinted by a machine. "I didn't run the machine," he explained.

Tino reveled in his role as the absolute boss of his outfit. But he was not the sort who issued orders in a cold executive manner. Rather, he acted like a benevolent patriarch of a large family who was assured that all the members of the household accepted his authority. In fact, the family atmosphere in large measure was real. Besides brother-in-law Leo Bracconeri, Michael, Louis, Thomas, another Anthony and two Dominic De Angelises were on the payroll of companies run by Tino.

One of the major lubricants that kept Allied's business rolling without nasty incidents was the prudent disbursement of cash in the right places. An inkling of the amount of money consumed by such necessities of business may be seen by one accounting firm's report to a bankruptcy court. In the four months preceding Allied's collapse $458,000 was withdrawn from Allied's bank account in sums ranging from $300 to $10,000 on checks marked "petty cash." There were no records found to show how Tino and his cohorts had spent almost a half-million dollars on petty items.

During his court appearances, however, Tino shed some light on the uses he found for "petty cash." There was a steady stream of visitors to Bayonne, he said, and it often was "expedient" to hand them envelopes stuffed with bills. Tino said he usually tended to this chore in the privacy of his office.

For example, he said, in September, 1963, he was visited at Bayonne by a Pakistani businessman who threatened to raise a rhubarb over some drums of salad oil that had been shipped by Allied to his country; it seemed that some of the drums contained seawater instead of oil. In the indignant tone of an honest businessman besieged by grafters, Tino explained how he solved the problem of the Pakistani: "The easiest way to expedite the claim was to pay him $2,000 in cash and that was the end of it. And not only the end of it, but in Pakistan they would say, 'Well, we will buy from you again.' You know. It was a petty larceny way of having to do business in the world today in some places."

Tino was as freehanded with his personal funds as he was with Allied's. Much money was spent on Lillian Pascarelli, a fortyish divorcee with dyed red hair piled high in bouffant style dipping to bangs over her forehead. Lillian was at an age where she was striving mightily to maintain her once trim figure; a trace of a double chin was beginning to show. But next to tubby little Tino, she looked great.

Lillian was on Tino's payroll as a $25,000-a-year "social hostess." She also received $100 a week from Louant Trading Company, an Allied affiliate which was run by Louis De Angelis, Tino's cousin. In fact, Lillian admitted to a bankruptcy court, she received a good deal more than $30,000 a year for her services. But she never kept track of how much Tino gave her. "I knew he would take care of me," she testified.

Tino really took care of her. Lillian had a $9,000 diamond ring, a $10,500 platinum necklace, a $6,000 "breath of spring" mink coat and numerous other valuables. In all, she insured her furs and jewelry for $70,000. But she maintained modestly that her trinkets weren't really worth that much. She was a determined bargain hunter, she explained. One $7,700 mink coat cost a lot less because "I bought it during the summertime." And a $6,500 sable was picked up cheaply because "it happened to be hanging on the rack and the lady who ordered it originally didn't want it."

Lillian was housed in fine style. Tino gave her $40,000 as the down payment on a $65,000 house in a hilly, wooded section of Tenafly, New Jersey. Lillian told a court she sometimes kept as much as $15,000 in cash around the place to meet household expenses. A Cadillac and a Chevrolet convertible fit nicely in the garage. There were plenty of nice neighbors. The Ben Rotellos lived a few blocks away. The Leo Bracconeris also lived in Tenafly; the grounds of Leo's home featured a Madonna statue. When suburban partying paled, everybody could climb into their Cadillacs and speed out to Islip, Long Island, where two company-owned yachts were berthed.

Lillian accompanied Tino abroad when he made sales swings through foreign capitals. Madrid, where De Angelis had excellent contacts at the Comisaria, or supply ministry, was a frequent calling point for the couple. Lillian said they sometimes stayed at the Castellana Hilton for as long as three months. In the course of negotiations with Spanish vegetable oil buyers, she said, it was necessary to meet socially with Spanish couples "every day."

Lillian was rather vague when she tried to recall the details of her duties on the foreign trips. She couldn't remember the names of the Spanish couples whom she and Tino met in Madrid and she had trouble recalling what other European cities were on the itinerary. Once, she recalled, business took the couple to the "main town" of Italy. "I don't know the name of the city," she told a court, but when prompted she agreed it was Rome.

Lillian was offended by any suggestion that her liaison with Tino went beyond a business relationship as his personal social hostess. She earned her pay strictly from her contributions to Tino's sales success, she maintained. For example, explaining the $40,000 Tino gave her to buy the Tenafly house, she said, "He owed it to me. That was the time he sold 30,000 tons of oil to Spain."

As Lillian told it, her relations with Tino began when she was a girl and were founded on an old family friendship. "I've known Mr. De Angelis for 23 years," she primly told a court. "When he wanted to go into business, he asked my mother for $2,500. She lent it to him with the stipulation that he was to take care of me for the rest of my life."

This investment by Lillian's mother surely ranks as one of the most successful speculations of all time. Lillian went through two marriages and had four children before going on Tino's full-time payroll in 1958. But even in the early days, she said, Tino gladly lent a helping hand by paying some of her bills while she was married.

Her job as a social hostess began almost a year before her second divorce was granted in 1959. Lawyers examining Lillian's bank accounts figured Tino had given her at least $180,000 in the four years that she admitted devoting to hostessing. It was tax-free money, too, because Lillian told a court that Tino had promised to take care of details like income tax.

Lillian's relationship with Tino wasn't brought into the open for more than four months after the swindle was uncovered. In public Tino was imperturbable at the spectacle of his social hostess being forced to testify about the large sums he had paid her. Lillian arrived in court, wearing smartly tailored blue or brown suits, escorted by Tino. As she testified, usually limiting herself to "yes" and "no" answers, Tino's face registered no emotion, even as she was forced to state the cost of the jewelry she was wearing (pearl earrings, $450; gold watch, $550). When Lillian stepped down from the witness stand, Tino stepped forward to open the gate leading to the spectator's seats for her. He took her elbow and guided her to a seat before calmly taking the stand himself.

But privately Tino was seething. As he saw it, his relationship with Lillian had nothing to do with business. He was ready to concede that the bankruptcy court had a right to look into his business affairs but his private life was sacrosanct. When Lillian was hauled into court, it smeared the image he had sought to create of a big-time businessman who was devoted to his family.

Tino had his life nicely compartmentalized. Business was one thing and he saw nothing wrong in doing anything to make money. Lillian occupied the private compartment where he could indulge his ego in lavish, playboy style. His family was the façade for the image of "respectability" that he cherished.

It infuriated Tino that the investigation of the swindle broke down the walls of the compartments and tossed together the disparate elements of his life in a common mess. One day he confronted a newspaper reporter outside a courtroom and, with face flushed and lips quivering, he said: "I don't care what you write about me but you are writing a lie when you

say I am separated from my wife. We are married, period. It makes no difference whether I live at home or not."

The reporter laughed at him, mockingly. Tino sputtered something, shook his head and turned away. The proud padrone could take anything but ridicule.

American Express Company is famed around the world for its traveler's check, credit card and tourist services. People everywhere believe traveler's checks are as good as money, and American Express has nurtured the faith in its integrity into a fabulously successful business. In 1963, in its 122nd year in business, the company sold more than $5 billion worth of traveler's checks, money orders, airline tickets and package tours. More than one million persons carried American Express credit cards and some 84,000 hotels, restaurants, gas stations and a multitude of other service enterprises paid American Express a commission of four percent or more every time the company collected a bill from a credit-card customer. Moreover, the far-flung American Express empire included 50 commercial banking offices overseas with deposits of $366 million.

American Express also issued warehouse receipts, a business which in 1963 turned its fame into infamy. American Express Field Warehousing Corporation, a subsidiary firm of American Express, was founded in 1944.

A field warehousing company serves companies which borrow money and pledge the goods they have in storage as collateral. The field warehousing company takes charge of the storage facilities of the company seeking the loan. The bank, before it makes the loan, gets warehouse receipts from the field warehousing company. These receipts guarantee that the goods put up as collateral are actually on hand. Because American Express enjoys high respect in the banking community, warehouse receipts issued by its subsidiary, American Express Field Warehousing, were taken on faith by bankers.

Despite this advantage, American Express Field Warehousing was not making a profit and Donald K. Miller, the handsome gray-haired lawyer who managed the subsidiary, was under pressure. Then, in 1957, Tino's cousin Michael De Angelis proposed to Miller that American Express open a field warehouse at the Bayonne headquarters of Allied Crude Vegetable Oil.

After an impressive tour of the Bayonne plant, Miller checked on Allied with Dun and Bradstreet. He learned about the bankruptcy of Tino's Gobel Company and about income tax troubles Tino was having with the government. Tino's history indicated that banks wouldn't lend money directly to Allied. But the big New York-based exporters were willing to take Allied's warehouse receipts, put their own credit reputations on the line to get bank loans, and pass the money along to Allied.

Miller may have figured that if such an arrangement was all right with the big export companies, why should American Express Field Warehousing worry? The exporters figured that if American Express Field Warehousing would act as Allied's custodian, why should they worry? After some more study, American Express Field Warehousing accepted Tino's company as a customer.

The great salad oil swindle was on.

As custodians and assistant custodians, American Express Field Warehousing hired men from Tino's staff. This was routine procedure for a field warehousing operation. Every few months the custodians' work would be checked by an inspector from the field warehousing company, who was supposed to take a physical inventory of the oil stored in the tanks.

As time passed, Miller heard complaints about irregularities in Allied's vegetable oil storage operation. But business with De Angelis was good from a profit standpoint. By the end of 1958 the value of warehouse receipts issued and outstanding at Allied had increased to over $3.7 million. Allied was about seven times bigger than the warehousing company's next largest account. Allied was paying the warehousing firm more than $150,000 a year in storage charges, and these payments enabled Miller to report to his American Express superiors that the subsidiary was at last operating profitably.

But in June of 1960 Miller got an alarming warning that Tino was using phantom oil to fuel his lust for money. The warehousing executive later related the story to a court:

"I had been getting mysterious telephone calls . . . I think my secretary first spoke with the voice and then I had several conversations with him. The voice said his name was Taylor and I think he said he worked on the night shift at Allied. And he said that the biggest hoax that was ever pulled was being pulled on American Express Company because there was in fact water in the tanks, and we were counting it as oil."

Taylor demanded $5,000 for details on the swindle. Miller told him he couldn't promise any money but, if Taylor had proof, he assured him American Express probably would be willing to pay him something.

"I tried to get him to come to see me and he said he didn't want to because someone at Allied might find out . . . that he had told the story. He never came over [but] he gave me further details. Like he said that in the large tank that we had, which I think was Number 6006 at that time, that there had been built into the tank a metal chamber of some kind which went from the top of the tank to the bottom of the tank. It was under the hole where you would normally drop a bomb [sampling device] to determine the quality of the content of the tank. Whenever we went to take inventory at that tank, he said, we would be dropping the bomb down this metal chamber which was filled with soybean oil but the balance of the tank had water in it."

Taylor's allegations seemed fantastic. Yet more than three years later, after Allied went bankrupt, inspectors opened a big faucet on Tank 6006, which was supposed to hold $3,575,000 worth of soybean oil, and salt water poured out for twelve days. The tank's floating roof sank and sank and sank, until finally the false chamber welded to the underside of the roof, which held a few hundred pounds of soybean oil, came to rest on the bottom of the tank.

In the summer of 1960, however, Taylor's story didn't scare American Express Field Warehousing. Miller recalled: "As soon as we got the first call we sat down and talked it over in the field warehouse company, and said, 'Well, this guy sounds like a nut but we've got to do something about it immediately.' "

Miller decided to send supervising inspector Fred Turner and three other men to Allied for a "surprise inspection" on Saturday morning. On Saturday night Turner called Miller at home with alarming news. The inspectors had found water in the first five tanks they had checked. The amount of water ranged from one foot to eight feet in the 24-foot tanks; no more than six inches of water should have been in the tanks as a result of condensation. Turner said the inspectors were going to resume their survey on Monday morning, having left instructions for Allied to remove the water from the five tanks.

Throughout the next week the American Express Field Warehousing inspectors checked the tanks. They found unusual quantities of water in five more tanks, for a total of 10 out of the 70 tanks then being operated at Bayonne. The inspection was carried out in a routine way. A sampling device was dropped to the bottom of each tank and was withdrawn slowly to obtain a cross section of the tank's contents; the liquid then was analyzed by a chemist to determine the water content of the tank —and the inspectors gave this key job to Allied's chief chemist. "We thought Allied would be as interested as we were in finding out if the tanks contained water," Miller explained.

The American Express Field Warehousing inspectors didn't find any false compartments built into the tanks. They looked into the few empty tanks and didn't see any compartments; in the tanks supposedly containing water, they satisfied themselves by dropping sounding lines to the bottom, and comparing their depth readings to the height of the tanks. Such soundings did not, of course, disclose that only the narrow pipes which Allied had inserted into the tanks contained vegetable oil, as the mysterious caller had warned. When the inspectors checked Tank 6006, which the caller had singled out as one in which a pipe was inserted, Leo Bracconeri directed them to the hatch where a sample could be obtained; the other openings had been closed off from the inside during repairs, Bracconeri said. The sample obtained by the inspectors from Tank 6006 was pure soybean oil but, as one of the inspectors reported later to Miller, it was impossible to tell whether a false chamber had been built below the single hatch.

The inspectors knew, too, that all the tanks at Bayonne were

interconnected by a spaghettilike tangle of pipes above and below the ground. Several of Tino's ex-employees who then were serving American Express Field Warehousing as custodians, held the keys to the tank locks. As the inspection slowly proceeded over the course of a week, it would have been simple for De Angelis' men to jitney oil from tank to tank. So, it's likely the inspectors were counting the same oil over and over. Whatever tricks were used, the American Express Field Warehousing inspectors were satisfied by the end of the week that more than enough oil was on hand to back up outstanding warehouse receipts, notwithstanding the water in some tanks.

This was a relief to Miller, because on the first day of the unannounced inspection Tino had reacted with the cunning of a consummate con man. Far from showing fear, he had threatened to hire another storage firm, and it had taken quite a bit of effort by Miller to get him calmed down.

As the American Express inspectors began their work at Bayonne, Michael De Angelis delivered a letter from Tino to Miller that terminated the warehousing contract. "Michael De Angelis said Tino was pretty upset at the way we had barged in on the operation and had taken inventory in the tanks and had gotten all upset about the situation. He didn't think it showed very good faith on our part. I said to Mike, 'Well, this is something we had to do and that's why we did it. We are not anxious to terminate the relationship with you.'" Tino consented to permit American Express Field Warehousing to keep his business.

A written report Miller received a week after the inspection wasn't at all reassuring. Thomas McLarney, an assistant inspector, confirmed that the inspectors found the oil on hand exceeded the amount pledged on warehouse receipts by more than one million pounds. But McLarney noted that, in determining the amount of warehouse receipts outstanding, the inspectors had relied on the records kept by Tino's man, Rudoy. McLarney said the accuracy of the records was open to question because some entries on the issuance of receipts didn't jibe with deliveries of oil.

"There is still no explanation for the mysterious telephone calls," McLarney reported. "There is definite information that water was in the tanks. There is the probability that there may have been kiting of warehouse receipts which represented the greatest possible loss to American Express Field Warehousing Corporation."

McLarney had guessed the truth. Allied's kiting scheme was well underway. It was inconceivable to Tino and his cronies that there could ever be calls for delivery of all the oil which Allied supposedly had in storage. So, as money was needed, Tino pledged warehouse receipts as he pleased, keeping just enough oil on hand to meet foreseeable demand. With his interconnected tanks rigged with false compartments, De Angelis had little to fear from American Express Field Warehousing's casual inspections. And besides, Tino knew they desperately needed his business in order to show a profit.

Despite their suspicions, all hands at American Express Field Warehousing were agreed that it would be foolish to stop doing business with Allied. But the custodians, Bert Rudoy, Joseph Lomuscio and Sam Ingal, were relieved of their jobs and replaced by Thomas McLarney.

Lomuscio got a new job. Tino had just concluded a new deal with the Harbor Tank Storage Company to expand the appearance of Allied's storage capacity. Harbor Tank would operate tanks at Bayonne on the same terms as American Express and Lomuscio would be custodian. What the Harbor Tank people didn't know was that Allied was not renting any of the tanks it claimed in the Bayonne area. It was later alleged that Lomuscio issued Harbor Tank warehouse receipts on which Allied could borrow money. Eventually Harbor Tank did lease 10 tanks, while it claimed to be leasing 41.

McLarney ran a remarkably tolerant operation for American Express Field Warehousing at Bayonne. The keys to the locked tanks were in the custody of John Bongardino, McLarney's chief assistant. In the family-type atmosphere prevailing at Bayonne, no one thought it unusual that Bongardino was the brother-in-law of Josephine Salto, Tino's personal secretary; he was considered a loyal American Express Field Warehousing employee. Bongardino, who was later indicted as a member of Tino's ring of conspirators, was supposed to receive written release orders before permitting the transfer of oil. But he didn't believe in red tape.

The Allied and American Express men checked the tanks in two-man teams. The men clambered atop the 42-foot tanks and walked across a catwalk to a hatch on the tank top. The tanks were sounded by dropping a metal tape weighted with a plate into the tank. When the plate struck the surface of the oil, or whatever was in the tank, the measurer noted the distance between the tank top and the oil. From this measurement, the contents of the tank were figured. The American Express men obligingly allowed the Allied men to drop the measuring tapes into the tanks, while they merely jotted down the figures the Allied men gave them. The storage firm employees apparently admired the scenery while the Allied men did the measuring.

Frank Vivenzio, Allied's plant superintendent, said he and the other Allied workers let the weighted tapes hit the oil with a loud splash—then they quickly rolled up the tapes 10 to 20 feet above the level of the oil and calmly called out the false figure to their American Express companions. "They'd never check on any one of us who was gauging," he said. Vivenzio said he didn't know if the American Express men were aware of the false inventories. "If they knew, they kept it to themselves."

The phony inventories and bogus tanks allowed Allied to build up American Express Field Warehousing's phantom stocks to 172 million pounds of oil by the end of 1961. The warehouse receipts issued against these stocks represented 157 million pounds, allowing a comfortable margin—on paper. In fact, only about 62 million pounds of oil were in the tanks.

The growing swindle at Bayonne, on top of Allied's legitimate export business, by this time was putting huge sums of money into Tino's hands. During 1961, $166.6 million was deposited in Allied's bank account at the First National Bank of North Bergen, New Jersey. Tino helped himself whenever he needed some cash. By the end of 1961, according to Allied's records, he had personally withdrawn over $2 million from the company's checking account. Tino didn't believe in having money lie idle in the bank. Allied's withdrawals from the bank in 1961, which were paid to a bewildering number of companies and individuals—some of them closely associated with Tino and Allied—totaled $167.2 million, which exceeded the year's deposits by $582,000.

One of Allied's top creditors was the Bunge Corporation. Walter Klein, president of the export company, said that Bunge exported $100 million worth of vegetable oil each year, and Allied supplied most of it. Bunge lent Allied up to $20 million at a time in exchange for warehouse receipts. Bunge charged seven percent interest on its loans to Allied, and unlike most export companies didn't obtain bank loans but used its own money. The company also made at least one personal loan to Tino for $50,000 when he said he needed money quickly to pay his income taxes.

Only one nasty incident roiled relations between Allied and Bunge. An inspector from an independent inspection firm hired by Bunge to check on oil used to secure a $2.4 million loan reported that, instead of a look at the tanks, he was offered a $25,000 check by Tino. Bunge officials rushed to Bayonne, where they were soothed, shown figures that satisfied them, and allowed to look at tanks which they were told contained the oil in question. They decided not to make an issue of the offer to the inspector and continued doing a profitable business with Tino.

Everyone was doing good business with Tino. American Express Warehousing was issuing receipts at a furious and profitable pace. At the end of 1962, Miller reported to his superiors that net earnings on the Allied account during the year had increased to $210,000. The storage firm had receipts outstanding for 480 million pounds of oil, worth $45.2 million. Miller's records indicated there were plenty of tanks to hold the oil; American Express Field Warehousing leased space for 560 million pounds of oil from Allied. Somehow no one noticed that the capacity of the entire vegetable oil section of the tank farm was less than 500 million pounds. And no one at American Express realized that there were really only 137 million pounds of oil in the tanks—less than one-third of the amount pledged on warehouse receipts. There was only one

adverse item that American Express knew about. Allied had demanded, and gotten, a reduction in storage rates. Miller explained that "since the volume had increased materially they were entitled to a reduction."

Miller was only vaguely aware of the nature of Allied's business. In December of 1962 he received a telephone call from a Census Bureau official who wanted to know how much oil American Express Field Warehousing was storing for Allied. Miller thought he'd better check with De Angelis, and Tino told him that Allied would tell the Census Bureau how much oil was at Bayonne. Miller let it go at that and didn't bother to read statistical reports the Census Bureau periodically published on the total stocks of soybean oil and cottonseed oil held by all companies in the nation. It was a regrettable oversight on Miller's part, for Tino was giving the Census Bureau modest figures on the oil stored at Bayonne. During 1963 the oil supposedly stored at Bayonne, according to warehouse receipts, swelled to almost twice as much as the Census Bureau counted in the entire country.

In May, 1963, Howard Clark, president of American Express, told Miller he had decided to sell American Express Field Warehousing to the Lawrence Warehouse Company, the largest field warehousing company in the nation. Miller persuaded Clark to keep the account with Tino as the nucleus of a new company, while selling all the subsidiary's other accounts to Lawrence. A new company, American Express Warehousing, Ltd., was formed to operate at De Angelis' facilities.

The brilliant success of his swindle should have made Tino content. All of his dreams had come true. The poor butcher boy not only had surmounted formidable obstacles to become a salad oil tycoon, he had made suckers of shrewd businessmen and bankers. He had money to throw away. He had devoted henchmen surrounding him, ever ready to do his bidding. He had a plush home that befitted his wealth.

It was not enough. Tino's lust for power was not satiated by success. He craved for the ultimate in salad oil coups. His greed was his undoing. Driven by a compulsive egotistical urge, Tino revved up his moneymaking machine at Bayonne until finally the engine sped out of control and destroyed its madcap master.

Tino's downfall began in Madrid in August, 1961, as he stood on the threshold of his greatest triumph. The Spanish government had given Allied the biggest single order of Tino's career, for 275 million pounds of soybean oil. The papers Tino clutched in his hand promised payment of $36.5 million. Moreover, the Spaniards promised to pay in dollars, so there would be no bother over getting Agriculture Department financing for the deal. "They were brilliantly executed contracts," Tino boasted. "I sold the Spanish government before anyone else in this country knew they wanted to buy."

Tino ordered his underlings to buy heavily in the soybean oil futures market. That is, he bought contracts promising future delivery of soybean oil. He couldn't fill the Spanish order from his Bayonne stocks; there was just a bit more than 50 million pounds of oil in the American Express Field Warehousing tanks. Under the circumstances, Tino's futures buying was logical. Then Tino got a shock. The Spanish government suddenly decided it didn't want the soybean oil.

The Spaniards, upon reflection, may well have figured there were better things than soybean oil to buy with $36.5 million. Tino blamed his setback on conniving by his competitors, the crushers [Midwestern firms that processed seeds into crude vegetable oil], with the *Opus Dei*, a Spanish political organization. There were all sorts of diabolical pressures brought to bear in high Spanish circles once word got around about his big deal, Tino said.

"They were after me as a man who'd come up the hard way, without any lobby, without any politics, without any help," Tino said. "I was characterized already as the fellow they've got to get out of the way. With me out of the picture they could get a better price for the crushers. . . . The agents of the crushers went so far as to convince the Spanish government that they would be better off to buy their oil from the crushers only. . . . And the Spaniards were very naïve, see.

"The contract that I had signed in Spain was made at the working level with six or seven ministers," Tino said. "The crushers' power in Spain—with their agents being powerful members of the *Opus Dei* controlling the balance of power in the Franco government—was at a much higher political level."

Tino's reaction was not despair. He had no reason for it. Losing the big soybean oil deal was a serious blow, to be sure, but it was not a crippling one to Allied. Allied had the prospect of other deals which might take up some of the slack. The excess futures contracts could be sold. Allied doubtless would take a substantial loss on the futures contracts but it wouldn't be a fatal deficit. The warehouse-receipt racket would cover the losses nicely.

But the blow to Tino's pride was severe. The *Opus Dei* couldn't make a chastened De Angelis crawl back to Bayonne without a big soybean oil contract in his pocket. "Somebody steals from you, somebody sabotages you, you either have one thing to do or the other—either you fight for what you think is right, even though it may bury you, right, or you give up and throw in the towel," Tino declared.

Tino was no quitter. He hired himself a battery of Madrid lawyers, evidently non-*Opus Dei* types, and waged a determined fight to make the Spaniards put up $36.5 million for soybean oil. The *Opus Dei* and the crushers were outraged. Tino said they set out to ruin him.

"Every underhanded and unthinkable thing that was done to me emanated from this same group," Tino ranted. "They put out the rumor in Spain that I had underworld connections, right. . . . They went so far, right, that when my sister and my niece were in Spain at the same time they passed a rumor around in the United States that I was running around Spain with a couple of women, and that was my own sister and my own niece.

"And I wrote a letter to one of them—it's in the records—calling him a very malicious man, right, and asking that he should start to wash his mouth out with soap, you know. . . . Why, a bank president called me up when I got back to Bayonne and says he heard from Washington that I was running around Spain with women. . . . So I fought them. I'm a fighter, see."

But Tino didn't fight intelligently. His head was swelled with pride. He was certain he could beat the *Opus Dei*, the crushers and anyone else who challenged his supremacy in salad oil. He was so sure Spain would bow to his will that he arrogantly ruled that Allied would keep the futures contracts it had purchased to supply the big soybean oil order.

And Tino kept right on buying futures contracts. The Department of Agriculture each year issues a forecast of the amount of agricultural exports for the following year. The department's forecast for 1962 was an optimistic two billion pounds of vegetable oils. Tino bought futures contracts heavily so that he would be in a position to supply this oil. When the Department of Agriculture revised its predictions downward because of changing circumstances, Tino refused to believe it. He kept right on buying.

Normally a man in Tino's position would buy futures contracts only to make sure he would have enough oil to fulfill actual orders. But Tino bought contracts on the strength of his hopes of getting orders and his hopes were extraordinarily high. The more futures contracts he wanted to buy, the more money he had to borrow. To borrow the money, he had to issue more phony warehouse receipts.

On March 31, 1962, the phony American Express Field Warehousing receipts totaled 63.5 million pounds; by midyear the total had more than doubled to 164.4 million; by October 1 the total had almost doubled again to 312 million. By the end of the year the phony receipts had swelled to over 400 million pounds. And at Harbor Tank, the fraudulent receipts were being cranked out at a similar pace on a somewhat smaller scale. The money poured into Allied's bank account. During 1962 the stunning total of $320 million was paid into Allied's bank. The money was siphoned out as fast as it came in, as Allied's checkwriter machine stamped Alfredo Suarez's fancy signature on checks totaling $319.3 million.

Yet by the end of 1962, Tino was running hard to stay on top of his swindle. With Harbor Tank's warehouse-receipt output he had duped his financial backers into taking receipts for well over a half-billion pounds of phantom oil. The swindle had put at least $35 million into his pocket. But the oil he had pledged—which he didn't have—was worth close to $50 million.

Someday Tino might face a call for a big batch of the nonexistent oil. With the specter of delivery demands haunting him, he had to keep buying futures contracts. But the excessive buying in the futures market distorted Allied's legitimate business. A good deal of the money from the swindle was squandered. Interest charges on the warehouse receipts were high, often well over 10 percent. Cash oil and futures contracts up for delivery were sold at losses to avert more costly storage and shipping charges. Legitimate export deals lost money as Tino undercut competitors' prices to maintain Allied's number one spot. Construction on a new refinery at Bayonne, which would cost over $3 million, was started so Tino would have a showpiece to impress his financiers.

Tino needed a really big legitimate deal to pay off debts and bring the quantity of phony warehouse receipts he had spread around down to a safer amount. It looked to him like 1963 might be the year. The Agriculture Department was optimistic about vegetable oil exports again, predicting a record high, which meant that the Food for Peace shipments, which the government paid for, would be bigger than ever.

To get ready for the big orders he expected, Tino bought a lot more futures contracts.

He ran into trouble when the Commodity Exchange Authority, the government agency which regulates the exchanges in which commodity futures contracts are bought and sold, discovered that he was not just buying in his own name. In order to make it seem that many people were betting with him on a strong demand for vegetable oil, he was supplying money to his men, to friends and to business associates to buy futures contracts for him.

Tino was undisturbed by this disclosure. In May, 1963, he pulled off another coup. He persuaded the Wall Street brokerage house of Ira Haupt and Company to join his three other brokers—J. R. Williston and Beane, D. R. Comenzo and Company, and Ralph N. Peters and Company—in trading in vegetable oil futures contracts for Allied. It had not been easy. Many officers in the Haupt firm were aware, to a greater or lesser degree, of Tino's past, and the deal he offered them involved their making loans to him and accepting warehouse receipts as collateral. But the interest Haupt would earn on the warehouse receipt loans would be high, and the Haupt men drew up a contract which, they felt, thoroughly safeguarded them. So, they agreed to take on Tino's company as a customer.

But Tino was running into more trouble. Once again, the expected Food for Peace deals, based on Department of Agriculture exports predictions, didn't materialize. Tino's expenses were still high and not enough money was coming in. Realizing that he dare not pass out more phony warehouse receipts—at the end of May he was claiming to have 607 million pounds of oils stored in his Bayonne tanks—the ever-resourceful Tino turned to swindling on a new front.

Allied had a friendly agreement with Bunge Corporation, whereby Bunge delayed depositing checks until it got the go-ahead from Allied. This was a perfect opening for a check-kiting swindle. All that was needed was a confederate within Bunge who would agree to credit Allied with a payment on Bunge's books—while surreptitiously withholding the checks from deposit in Bunge's bank. Such a scheme would save Allied many thousands of dollars in interest charges, for under the above-board agreement to delay depositing checks Bunge continued to charge interest until the money was in the bank.

Moreover, a check-kiting swindle of Bunge opened up the possibility for a bizarre twist in the swindle which appealed to Tino's taste for razzle-dazzle deals. Bunge frequently sold to Allied warehouse receipts which represented real oil. The receipts were registerd with commodity exchanges; Allied had to buy these receipts from Bunge because the exchanges wouldn't accept unregistered receipts from Bayonne as payment for oil delivered when the futures contracts Tino bought matured. If Tino could get someone within Bunge to clandestinely hold Allied's checks paying for these registered warehouse receipts as well as checks for loan payments, Allied not only would be getting interest-free loans from Bunge for phantom oil, it would be getting real oil from the export company without paying for it.

In May 1963 Tino's able lieutenant, Ben Rotello, found a man within Bunge willing to act as Allied's agent, allegedly a clerk in the financial department.

The schemers faced a difficult job. Bunge wouldn't accept checks on Allied's regular bank account at the First National Bank of North Bergen, New Jersey. Concerned about the small size of Allied's bank, Bunge demanded payments for registered warehouse receipts by cashier's checks drawn on a New York Bank. In the usual transactions, this involved no problems for Allied; the North Bergen bank merely instructed its New York correspondent, Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company, to issue a cashier's check payable to Bunge. The New York bank charged the North Bergen bank's account, and the New Jersey bank simultaneously charged Allied's account for the payment. Thus it would do Allied no good to have Manufacturers Hanover checks withheld illicitly from Bunge; Allied would have been charged for the payment by the North Bergen bank anyway.

A daring plan was devised to overcome this obstacle. The banks had a glaring chink in their security precautions for handling the checks—each of which were for sums of $1 million or more—for the Bunge warehouse receipts. The banks relied on one of Allied's clean-cut young messengers to deliver the Manufacturers Hanover cashier's checks to Bunge. It was a fatal error.

Bunge officials alleged later that the swindle worked this way: the Allied messenger picked up the $1 million check at Manufacturers Hanover's office on the opposite side of Broad Street from Bunge's headquarters in the Chase Manhattan Bank building. The messenger presented the check to officials in Bunge's vegetable oil department a few minutes later. The officials handed the messenger negotiable warehouse receipts for millions of pounds of oil and immediately took the check to the financial clerk who was in on the conspiracy so it could be deposited without delay. The clerk, after a moment's pause, excused himself and went to the men's room where the Allied messenger was waiting for him. The clerk allegedly gave the messenger the Manufacturers Hanover cashier's check and took an ordinary Allied check for the same amount in return. Then the clerk hurried back to his desk—and put the Allied check in his drawer.

Bunge officials testified that he made a false entry in the company's financial books to indicate the check had been deposited immediately. The Allied messenger, meanwhile, rushed back to Manufacturers Hanover. He presented himself to the bank officer who had issued the $1,000,000 check just 15 minutes before and brashly said he hadn't used the check. The bank official picked up his telephone, called the North Bergen bank, and told an official there not to charge Allied's account because the deal was off.

After the dazzling check passing, Allied was home free with warehouse receipts for real oil it could use as it pleased, Bunge officials testified. And it wouldn't cost Allied's treasury a cent until the conspirator at Bunge was given the green light to deposit the Allied check he was holding. By that time more checks would have been stolen from Bunge and Allied would have more free oil.

Karl Groeneveld, senior traffic manager of Bunge's vegetable oil department, said an investigation disclosed that at least 25 checks the export company thought it got from Allied were never deposited. And there were many more Allied checks for loan payments that weren't deposited at the time indicated on Bunge's records. Bunge officials alleged that the conniving clerk concealed the withholding of checks which supposedly had been deposited by cleverly juggling Bunge's bank statements. The export company maintained accounts at several banks and the banks rendered monthly statements at staggered times. Bunge officials testified that the clerk transferred funds from bank to bank in an endless cycle so the statements appeared in line with Bunge's books. Once, a Bunge official testified, the clerk "got sloppy" and didn't transfer funds from one bank to another in time. A bank statement failed to jibe with Bunge's books, but the official testified that the clerk blandly assured a Bunge officer the bank had failed to credit one check and the officer believed him.

The checks allegedly withheld from deposit at any one time apparently numbered no more than three, worth less than $5 million. In a company the size of Bunge, it is perhaps understandable how a trusted employee could fool his superiors.

But it is astounding that the banks were fooled. The cashier's checks not only were returned regularly for several months, but the swindlers' actions developed into a very old pattern.

Sebastian Puglisi, an assistant cashier at the North Bergen bank, told a court about the military precision that marked Allied's check transactions with Bunge. The banker testified that he generally got a telephone call from Ben Rotello at Allied at 3 p.m., instructing him to have Manufacturers Hanover issue a cashier's check to Bunge. Within five minutes a messenger from Allied would deliver a letter from Rotello confirming the instructions and would hand over an Allied check to cover the cashiers check. Puglisi then would telephone an official at Manufacturers Hanover and instruct him to issue the cashier's check to Bunge in care of another Allied messenger.

As the Manufacturers Hanover man cradled his phone, the Allied messenger would arrive at his desk. The cashier's check would be written immediately and the messenger would quickstep across the street to Bunge. The check would make its rounds at Bunge till it got back to the Allied messenger, who would hustle back to Manufacturers Hanover.

"Within 10 or 15 minutes," Puglisi testified, "Manufacturers Hanover would call me on the phone and inform me that Allied's messenger was already back with the check with instructions to redeposit the check, saying it was not used. . . . Therefore, the item was canceled out and I returned the check and the letter to the Allied messenger, who had been loitering in the North Bergen bank."

One day, Puglisi remembered, checks were issued and returned twice within a half hour. "The first one was back within five minutes," he testified. "Then Mr. Rotello called me and said that 'this here check was being redeposited because the amount was wrong,' so they needed a different one." So a second check, for $2,003,685, was issued by Manufacturers Hanover—and the messenger brought it back 15 minutes later—Puglisi testified.

The Allied messenger scurried between Manufacturers Hanover and Bunge so quickly that neither bank had time to record the issuance and cancellation of the checks in their books. Puglisi testified the checks always were issued late in the day when he had a pile of work to finish. When the Allied messenger handed Puglisi a check to cover the cashiers check, the banker put it with a stack of papers he intended to process when the bank closed. When Manufacturers Hanover called with the word the cashier's check had been returned, Puglisi handed over the Allied check to the company's messenger and that was the end of it.

The quick hand-offs with the checks finally began to worry the banks about the end of October 1963. Puglisi testified he questioned Rotello twice. "I asked him why this was and he said, 'Well, the checks just were not used.' And that was all the information he gave me."

The North Bergen bank apparently didn't want to press Rotello for an explanation because Allied was the bank's biggest depositor. After October 30, the banks decided they would record the checking transactions in their books even if the checks were returned within 15 minutes.

Puglisi saw no reason why he should do more. "My job was to protect the bank at all times. As long as I knew the money was there when I had these cashier's checks issued, then that was all I was interested in," he testified.

After Allied went bankrupt, Manufacturers Hanover was sued by Bunge for negligence when Bunge found itself stuck with $3,040,000 for three worthless Allied checks on the tail end of the kite. The prospect was that the suit wouldn't be settled for years.

The registered warehouse receipts bought—but not paid for—from Bunge were readily converted into cash, which eased Tino's costs in the futures markets. But his buying in the New York Produce Exchange and the Chicago Board of Trade continued to surge upward at a furious pace. Another reason Tino had to keep up this pace was that he had been buying on margin. This means that the buyer puts up only a small percentage of the price of a futures contract in cash and the rest of the price is lent to him by his broker. Values of futures contracts go up and down the way stock prices do. If the values of the contracts Tino held were to drop below the price he paid for them, the broker would demand more cash from Tino. The only way Tino could be sure of keeping up the value of the futures contracts he held was by buying more at a rate so great that, under the laws of supply and demand, the prices of all futures contracts stayed high.

Thus, Tino was caught in a vicious circle. To keep up the worth of what he had, he was forced to buy more and more. By the end of August he owned 79 percent of the cotton seed oil futures contracts on the New York Produce Exchange and 20 percent of the soybean oil contracts on the Chicago Board of Trade.

And by the end of August the bright exports picture painted by the Agriculture Department had gone dark. The big deals weren't coming through. For a variety of reasons, country after country had decided not to take any Food for Peace salad oil that year.

If Tino held on to the futures contracts he owned, he would soon have millions of tons of vegetable oil on his hands, and no takers for it. But if he unloaded his futures contracts, or even stopped buying, prices were sure to drop sharply, and his losses would be staggering.

With desperate bravado, Tino launched a final buying fling. To get more cash, he blew the lid off the warehouse-receipt swindle and sent a blizzard of fraudulent paper swirling into the hands of his Wall Street financiers. Between August 30 and September 27, American Express Warehousing receipts for soybean oil pledged for loans to Allied zoomed up from 752 million pounds to 937 million pounds—equal to all the soybean oil in the country as reported by the Census Bureau. Fully 800 million pounds of the oil were nonexistent, which meant that Tino now had obtained $60 million on phony American Express Warehousing receipts alone. Harbor Tank's phony receipts also mounted apace.

Traders trying to figure out the reason for Tino's wild futures buying thought they had the answer in mid-September when a rumor—which later turned out to be utterly unfounded—swept the commodity exchanges that the Russians were about to place orders for vast quantities of vegetable oil.

But now there was a new threat to the racket; American Express, long uneasy about Allied, decided to sell its warehousing subsidiary. This meant a new company would take over the operation of vouching for the existence of Tino's oil stocks. It also meant that American Express Warehousing was only willing to issue receipts as replacements for previously issued receipts, so that Tino could not increase his phantom oil stocks.

Tino's ego would not allow him to retreat. He now planned to try to corner the vegetable oil futures market. This would mean that he would hold so large an amount of the contracts for vegetable oil that he could set his own price for the oil. It was an impossible dream, because huge supplies of oil were about to come on the market, and because even if Tino had succeeded he would clearly have been violating federal law, and the government would have stepped in and stopped him.

Ignoring these realities, Tino stepped up Allied's buying pace to an absolute frenzy. His need for cash was more pressing than ever. Harbor Tank's output of phony receipts could not fuel his avaricious appetite for cash. Tino had to have more American Express Warehousing receipts despite the storage firm's reluctance to issue them. The problem was quickly solved. A pad of blank American Express Warehousing receipts was stolen from the office shared by Louis De Angelis and McLarney, where it was kept in an unlocked cabinet. The blank receipts were invaluable but they were not missed. Then Tino dictated the amounts in dollars and pounds for his secretary to type on the receipts. Tino practiced the signatures of custodians Fred Turner and Michael Dellisola until he was satisfied with his handiwork. American Express Warehousing was back in the game.

There were still problems to overcome. Appalled by the risk involved in Tino's unrelenting buying, his backers refused to increase or wanted to reduce their loans.

As long as Fred Barton, the Haupt firm's commodity expert, maintained the limits on Tino's borrowing specified in Allied's agreement with Haupt, the firm was an unlikely source for more loans. But on September 28 an ailing Barton entered the hospital for a lengthy stay. On Monday, September 30, the Haupt firm loaned Allied $2.5 million, without the knowledge of the

senior management. An American Express Warehousing receipt was accepted as collateral.

In October Donald Miller, head of American Express Warehousing, resigned after a long dispute with Howard Clark, president of American Express over various aspects of the warehousing subsidiary's handling of the Allied account. American Express concluded a deal to turn over its subsidiary's business to the Lawrence Warehouse Company on December 1, 1963.

Tino was unconcerned. He flooded Wall Street with a stream of forged receipts from the American Express Warehousing pad in his desk. Allied's debt to Haupt alone mounted to $13 million.

But the money was somehow evaporating. The loans from brokers and banks were not enough. Tino stepped up the check-kiting swindle at Bunge. From October 17 through mid-November cashiers checks for $17.5 million were returned to Manufacturers Hanover while warehouse receipts for real oil passed into Tino's hands. Even Lillian didn't escape Tino's grasping search for cash. In early November Tino implored his "social hostess" for help and Lillian forked over $22,000 in cash.

Yet Tino must have known his dream of cornering the futures market was hopeless. His buying rampage between September 30 and mid-November drove up the value of soybean oil contracts from $5,520 to $6,180 and cottonseed oil contracts from $7,950 to $8,280. The 22,600 contracts Allied held, for which it had paid almost nothing, had a paper value of $160 million. No one wanted the oil at these astronomical prices, but Tino could not afford to let prices fall. *A one-cent-per-pound drop in price meant Allied must pay $13,560,000 in margin within 24 hours.*

Moreover, Tino's buying power in the futures market was nearly exhausted. Fred Barton returned to Haupt on November 11 and was shocked to learn the firm's involvement with Allied was worse than he had feared. In his absence Allied's futures holdings with Haupt had skyrocketed from 2,500 contracts to more than 15,000 contracts with a paper value of $110 million. Haupt was liable for the huge potential losses on the contracts if the market broke and Allied couldn't pay. And to add to Haupt's woes, New York Stock Exchange auditors arrived for a surprise inspection on November 12. The auditors began by checking Haupt's securities accounts, but before long they would examine the commodity accounts. When the auditors spotted the brokerage firm's potential liability for Allied's debts, Haupt would have some fast explaining to do. Barton froze Allied's buying with Haupt. After Haupt clamped down, Tino's other brokers again became nervous and wary of allowing Allied to buy more contracts.

For a price plunge was threatening in the futures market despite all of Tino's buying efforts. The speculation over a Russian vegetable oil purchase, which had lent some credence to Allied's buying, was becoming discredited. To be sure, the Soviets had agreed to purchase American wheat but even that deal was questionable.

Though the wheat sale would be approved later, in the week of November 11 futures traders were apprehensive about any sales to Russia because the wheat deal was encountering strong opposition in the Senate.

Friday, November 15, 1963, was the day the bottom dropped out. At 8:30 a.m. that day De Angelis met with his top aides as Allied faced its greatest financial crisis.

The company's brokers would take no more risks and they refused to accept more futures orders. If Allied could not buy contracts that day, futures prices would plummet and the company's losses would be disastrous. Tino persuaded Sam Ingal, who had been supervising the dummy accounts, to take up the slack by buying heavily. Tino planned to find new loans during the day so he could charge into the market in the afternoon and pull prices up.

While Ingal went to the New York Produce Exchange and started buying, Tino prepared and dispatched to banks $7.7 million worth of warehouse receipts. With a transfusion of big money on the way, things were looking up for De Angelis.

Then his luck ran out.

A Commodity Exchange Authority inspector walked into Tino's office. The government man informed Tino that the agency was beginning an investigation of Allied's tremendous futures trading and demanded to see the company's books. A suddenly frightened Tino spent the afternoon stalling the investigator; he dared not issue buying orders.

At the Produce Exchange a selling wave built up through the afternoon and Allied did not come into the market. Sam Ingal watched helplessly as prices dropped sharply. He owed Williston and Beane $316,000 in cash payments for the margin purchases of futures contracts he had made at Tino's behest and he couldn't pay it. When he called De Angelis, Tino, with the C.E.A. investigator in his office, said cryptically, "See me Monday morning." Tino had bigger worries. The day's losses on Allied's huge marginal holdings of contracts with its brokers had brought a demand from Haupt alone for $5.1 million. Tino promised to pay on Monday, and Haupt, complying with commodity exchange rules, paid the debt on his behalf.

Tino was shattered. Even if he met Allied's margin calls, brokers were certain to turn down orders to buy more futures contracts while the C.E.A. was poking into Allied's business. The prospect was for more dire losses in the futures market on Monday. To add to Tino's woes, the check-kiting swindle at Bunge was on the verge of blowing up. Tino's agent quit his job at Bunge on Friday and as a parting gesture, according to later allegations, he deposited three Allied checks for $3,040,000. The checks would be charged against Allied's New Jersey bank by Monday.

Tino could see no way to continue the game. All he could do was try to avoid further losses. In despair, he contacted Paul Kleinberg, a Newark lawyer, and said he wanted to put Allied into voluntary bankruptcy on Monday.

Seldom has the financial world been shaken as it was when Tino De Angelis' house of cards collapsed. As the week following that disastrous Friday began, Tino's financiers were sitting in their fancy offices presiding over their orderly world of paper, where everything had a proper value and a proper place. As the week ended, the financiers were grubbing ingloriously in the boondocks of Bayonne frantically trying to make sense of the bizarre world of Tino De Angelis, where nothing had a proper value or was in its place.

This was how it was during two weeks of tumult—

Monday, November 18:

Tino wrote a personal check for $316,000 to cover Sam Ingal's debt to Williston and Beane, although Tino knew his bank account had been cleaned out. Two warehouse receipts with a paper value of $11.5 million were issued to meet margin calls made by Allied's brokers on Friday's losses. A financial statement and a bankruptcy petition were filed at the federal court in Newark. The papers were so badly prepared by Tino's men that the court rejected them.

At the commodity exchanges vegetable oil futures prices dropped so much that Allied's losses for the day mounted to more than $10 million. And Tino's check-kiting habits were catching up with him. Bunge executives, who thought cashier's checks issued for Allied by Manufacturers Hanover Trust had been deposited long ago, were flabbergasted when a Federal Reserve Bank official informed them that $3,040,000 in Allied checks had bounced.

Allied's creditors were clamoring for an explanation of the company's status from Tino. He was determined to maintain his bluff until the court accepted Allied's bankruptcy plea. Confirming the rampant rumors of Allied's bankruptcy would only add to the murderous short selling when the futures market opened Tuesday. Bunge and other companies caught with bad checks were promised that Allied would make them good and Tino's brokers also were promised margin payments—which now totaled some $20 million.

The companies and most of the brokers were successfully stalled, but Tino was harried all night by brokers from the Haupt firm. The extent of Allied's debt to Haupt no longer could be hidden from the partners of the brokerage house, although reckless steps were taken within Haupt that led the management into thinking the firm remained solvent.

When the commodity exchanges closed Monday afternoon, plummeting futures prices had increased Allied's debt to Haupt by $9 million to $14.1 million. The exchanges demanded payment from Haupt and someone within the brokerage firm seized bank day loans to pay the debt. Day loans are granted to brokerage houses only to pay for stocks during the course of business.

The banks' money thus was misappropriated to pay the debt to the commodity exchanges.

Moreover, repayment of the bank day loans was due at the end of the day. So, to cover up the misappropriation of day loans, someone within the brokerage firm quickly negotiated $13.5 million of so-called overnight loans from banks and used the new loans to cover the day loans. Customers' stocks, which Haupt held against credit trading in the stock market, were pledged as collateral for the overnight loans.

The juggling of the bank loans was hidden from Haupt's partners, in hope that Tino would come to the rescue in the morning, but the partners nevertheless knew the firm faced serious financial difficulties as a result of Allied's margin defaults. Morton Kamerman, the tall, dark-haired managing partner of Haupt, was on his way home about 6:30 p.m. when he spotted a worried group of the firm's brokers in the commodity trading room. He stopped, listened to the discussion of Allied's losses in the futures market, and stayed.

"This thing came as a terrific shock to me the night of the 18th," Kamerman said. "That was the first time I really knew just what in the world was going on here. It seems strange, in a firm like this, that such a thing could happen—but it did. And I'm quite convinced that every other partner, or practically every other partner, was equally in the dark on it and had absolutely no idea of Allied's position."

When he was informed of Allied's huge debt, the shaken Kamerman put in an emergency call to Haupt's auditing firm for a squad of accountants who could put together a balance sheet of the brokerage firm's condition that night. As the accountants began their work, a Haupt broker telephoned Tino at his Park-Sheraton Hotel suite to demand the truth of Allied's financial position.

Tino still was stalling. He didn't mention the bankruptcy papers his lawyer would again file with the federal court in Newark the next day. Once again he promised payment of Allied's margin debts. He soothed Haupt's fears with the promise of delivering a big new warehouse receipt in the morning.

The Haupt man passed the word at the brokerage house that Tino said Allied was solvent. The question was, however, whether Haupt was still solvent, and the brokers anxiously awaited the accountants' report. Kamerman wandered aimlessly around the office. "What's going on?" he asked plaintively. "I'm the managing partner, somebody ought to tell me."

Tuesday, November 19:

The lights burned all night in Haupt's office overlooking Trinity Church graveyard on lower Broadway and in Tino's suite at the Park-Sheraton Hotel.

Just before dawn, Haupt's accountants finally completed their computations and reported to a weary Kamerman. The financial figures helped the managing partner to perk up, for while the situation was serious, it did not appear disastrous. The $14.1 million Allied had failed to pay was nearly offset by $13,135,000 in warehouse receipts the firm had received from Allied. The falling market had lowered the value of the warehouse receipts, too, but Tino had promised another receipt to take up the slack. "It never entered our minds that the warehouse receipts were invalid," Barton said. "We felt we were quite solvent."

However, even counting the warehouse receipts as assets, Haupt's net capital, or available cash, of $7 million was not sufficient to meet a New York Stock Exchange rule requiring that a brokerage firm's liabilities must not be more than 20 times its net capital. The accountants figured Haupt's net capital was $187,000 below the requirement.

Kamerman decided he must report the firm's shaky financial position to Stock Exchange officials. As the managing partner prepared to go to the Exchange, another Haupt broker was directed to go to Bayonne and pick up the additional warehouse receipt which Tino had promised.

At the Exchange, Kamerman informed James P. Mahony, the Big Board's chief examiner, and other officials of Haupt's undercapitalized position. Williston & Beane officials also arrived at the Exchange with a similar story, though on a much smaller scale, of financial difficulty arising from Allied's margin defaults. Exchange officials and the brokers did not believe the situation was so serious that the firms should be suspended from doing business. They conferred throughout the day and, as the stock and commodity markets closed, the public was given its first hint that there was trouble on Wall Street. The Stock Exchange issued a brief announcement that it was checking the financial position of two unnamed brokerage firms that had an unnamed customer who had "encountered serious financial difficulties."

But while the Exchange officials and brokers held their lengthy talks, Haupt and Williston & Beane were reeling under more smashing losses in the futures market. On the Board of Trade soybean oil futures prices were hammered down more than one cent a pound in an unprecedented frenzy of trading totaling 13,577 contracts, three times the previous daily record volume. Cottonseed oil prices on the Produce Exchange were saved from an equally drastic drop only by a special rule imposed by frightened Produce Exchange officials that limited the maximum daily price change to one quarter of a cent a pound. Prices dropped the maximum amount.

The losses led to a final senseless act at Haupt that ruined the brokerage firm even as Kamerman was telling Stock Exchange officials that he hoped to clear up the mess. The overnight loans were due in the morning and someone continued the dangerous juggling scheme within the firm by obtaining new day loans to cover the debt to the banks. As futures prices continued to fall during the day, more margin payments were demanded by the commodity exchanges to cover Allied's losses. Still trusting Tino, someone at Haupt used the new day loans to pay the debt—raising the total payments by Haupt on Allied's behalf to $18,645,000.

Haupt was duped into making the final margin payment because Tino refused to switch off the swindle even after it no longer could help him. When the broker from Haupt arrived at Bayonne in the morning, Tino got rid of him by handing over a forged American Express Warehousing receipt for $5.4 million of nonexistent oil.

The news broke late in the afternoon that Allied had filed a bankruptcy petition along with three other De Angelis companies—Trans World Refining, Shortening Corporation of America and Metropolitan Fats & Oils. The court finally had accepted the petitions and appointed Daniel F. DeLear, a stocky, stolid Jersey City lawyer, as bankruptcy trustee. DeLear glanced at Allied's financial statement and realized he had been handed a big case. The Allied statement listed assets as of July 30 of $132,564,976—and liabilities of $166,619,400. The other three companies submitted outdated statements that showed they owed each other and Allied $34 million. DeLear prevailed on Bankruptcy Referee William H. Tallyn to appoint Ravin & Ravin, a Newark law firm, to assist him and then he and the Ravins sped to Bayonne.

The court-appointed lawyers found no one at Bayonne who could explain what had happened to Tino's salad oil empire. The American Express Warehousing people were stumbling around trying to find Bunge's lost oil; the Allied people were sitting in stunned and sullen silence. Tino was gone; the appointment of Morris and Nathan Ravin to aid the bankruptcy trustee had brought back unpleasant memories to him. The Ravin brothers had acted as lawyers for the Adolph Gobel Company's bankruptcy receiver and were well aware of Tino's notorious record.

On Wall Street the news of Allied's bankruptcy struck a numbing blow to Tino's brokers. They had no idea yet that their warehouse receipts were worthless, but it finally was apparent to them that there was no hope of Allied quickly paying its debts. As Kamerman returned to Haupt from the exchange at 4:30 p.m., he learned for the first time that day loans had been used to pay for the margin debts of the now-bankrupt Allied.

The managing partner was stunned. "I could not for the life of me understand anyone taking day loans to pay off a commodity exchange for margin calls when the senior partner was at the Stock Exchange reporting an undercapitalized position," he said. "What's the motive? For what purpose? I mean it's ridiculous."

The millions of dollars Haupt had given the exchanges already had been paid to the scores of short sellers who had profited on the plunging futures prices. Checks had been dispatched to banks to repay the day loans, in anticipation of again obtaining overnight loans to cover the checks, but Allied's

bankruptcy had exploded the possibility of getting more loans. The Haupt firm, one of the most respected brokerage houses on Wall Street, was at the end of the road.

Wednesday, November 20:

On Wednesday the general public first realized that the bankruptcy of an obscure New Jersey salad oil company headed by someone named De Angelis somehow was threatening Wall Street with a calamity.

The New York Stock Exchange Board of Governors met in special session in the morning and announced the suspension of Haupt and Williston & Beane, citing a Big Board rule which calls for suspension when a member firm "has failed to meet its engagements, or is insolvent." The Exchange's action shocked Wall Street. It was only the second time in the Big Board's 171-year history that a member firm had been suspended, and in the prior case, in 1960, a firm was suspended for fraudulent practices. Other exchanges to which Haupt and Williston & Beane belonged also suspended the firms.

Meanwhile bankruptcy trustee DeLear was absorbing bad news from American Express Warehousing. The storage firm had taken a quick survey of its tanks and could find only 500 million pounds of unidentified stuff in the tanks. An American Express lawyer had telephoned Morris Ravin and told him the storage firm thought it was missing over 400 million pounds of oil. Ravin realized that things were out of control and, moreover, he could not find Tino. Ravin called the FBI.

Thursday, November 21:

The Bunge Corporation filed suit against American Express Warehousing in a Jersey City court. Bunge investigators had discovered that $15,240,000 worth of oil in Allied's tanks but belonging to Bunge had been transferred by the storage firm to Allied on forged orders. The oil had then been used to back several of Tino's ubiquitous warehouse receipts.

At the tank farm there was tumult. DeLear and American Express officials posted guards to turn away newsmen. Two Haupt lawyers who talked their way in were told by American Express officials that the $18,461,637 of warehouse receipts they had with them were forgeries.

No one could find Tino. Headlines proclaimed that a "mystery man" was behind Wall Street's woes.

Friday, November 22:

The New York Stock Exchange faced one of the greatest crises in its history on Friday.

In public, it appeared during the morning as if the stock exchange might escape further involvement in the salad oil scandal. Williston & Beane reported that two other brokerage firms, Walston & Company and Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith, Inc., had jointly offered a $500,000 loan that would enable it to meet the Exchange's net capital requirement. The Exchange Board of Governors rapidly reinstated Williston & Beane as a member at 12:15 p.m. The Exchange's action was announced quickly, and stock prices generally improved in response to the favorable news.

But the news of the forged warehouse receipts which Haupt brought to the Stock Exchange was not announced. A news blackout was imposed over the affairs of the distressed firm. Haupt officials said only that "our accountants and attorneys are working diligently to obtain a clear picture of the situation."

Kamerman presented the Exchange with a starkly clear picture of the disaster that had struck the firm. The spectacle of Haupt's customers, 20,700 innocent persons, having their life savings imperiled by the scandal-ridden bankruptcy of a brokerage house certainly would have been the most damaging blow to Wall Street since the 1929 crash. Stock Exchange President G. Keith Funston decided that some way must be found to avert bankruptcy for Haupt. It was essential, he believed, to return the stocks held by the firm and to raise money to pay the customers whose cash was tied up.

The crucial question was how the Exchange could save the Haupt customers from losses. The problem was unprecedented: there was no emergency fund established by Exchange members to provide for such losses. When Funston called Haupt's bankers to the Exchange Friday afternoon to confer on the crisis, he had no firm idea of how to solve the problem but he was determined that a solution must be worked out over the weekend.

Just before the bankers arrived at the Exchange, the news was flashed over the press wires that President Kennedy had been assassinated in Dallas.

The nation's panic at the tragedy was immediately reflected in the stock market and Exchange officials were swept into a second terrible crisis. In 27 minutes, the Dow Jones industrial average plummeted 24 points as more than 2.6 million shares were traded in a sell-off that had never been equaled in intensity. The panic was so great that the Exchange Board of Governors closed the market at 2:07 p.m., 83 minutes before the normal closing time.

With Haupt's insolvency overhanging them, the Exchange officials and bankers had no time for their private grief over the President's murder. The national tragedy, with its devastating effect on the stock market, made it all the more imperative to solve the Haupt problem.

As the talks at the Exchange began against a somber background of events, panic-stricken officials of companies that had dealt with Allied were learning that the rumors of huge oil shortages at Bayonne were true. Fred Hediger, president of Garnac Grain Company, one of Allied's big export customers, was in New York attempting to verify the safety of his company's oil. "A guy got a phone call from Bayonne and was told that oil was missing," Hediger said. "I jumped into my car to go to Bayonne and heard on the radio that Kennedy had been assassinated. I thought, this must be a plot by the Russians or the underworld—too many crazy things are happening at once."

George Gersony, partner in Gersony-Strauss Company, another export company that was a big customer of Allied's, also came on Friday afternoon to check his company's oil, and he was stunned when he was told of the shortages. "I couldn't believe that anyone in his right mind was giving out certificates that had no merchandise behind them," Gersony said excitedly. "I expected that as little as I expect you to take a revolver and shoot me because you don't like the color of my suit. That's exactly the same thing!"

The road to Bayonne now was clogged with cars of frantic financiers. They found nothing to still their fears at the tank farm. Accountants for the bankruptcy trustee and FBI agents had impounded Allied's records. American Express workers were still checking tanks and finding less and less oil; officials of the storage firm had no explanation to offer. No one from Harbor Tank was present for the financiers to berate.

The Long Weekend, November 23, 24, 25

It was a wild weekend at Tino's tank farm. A new team of surveyors hired by the warehouse-receipt holders, from E. W. Saybolt & Company, was having a terrible time. The stuff in many tanks had frozen in the cold, blustery November weather. The surveyors were unable to melt the solid material in many tanks to identify it because the tank heating coils didn't work. The solid stuff was unevenly distributed in many tanks, and it was impossible to accurately gauge the contents. And, too, the calibration charts for the tanks were more than 40 years old, the surveyors found, and in many cases the charts had not been corrected to conform with tank alterations.

The surveyors reported ominously that many tanks had solid material on top and liquid underneath. When the solid stuff was cracked, they found the liquid was water. Underneath the water, said the appalled surveyors, was something they could only identify as "sludge."

At the Stock Exchange, which remained closed on Monday in observance of the national day of mourning for President Kennedy's death, the Haupt partners were presented with a plan which would "liquidate" the firm without bankruptcy. Discussion was prolonged, but shortly after midnight on Monday the partners signed the plan.

The Second Week, November 26—December 3:

The Exchange's decision to liquidate Haupt was vindicated on Tuesday morning when the stock market opened. Coupled with the demonstration by President Lyndon B. Johnson that he was firmly in control of the government, the news of the Haupt liquidation plan brought a strong tone of confidence into the stock market. Brokers were swamped with buy orders

for stocks and by midweek most stocks had recovered the huge losses they suffered when the President was assassinated.

After more than a week of looking at Bayonne, no one could say how much oil was in the tanks or even how much oil represented by warehouse receipts was supposed to be there. Census Bureau statisticians became so upset about rumors of shortages far exceeding their compilations of oil at Bayonne that the Bureau declared that it could no longer say how much soybean oil was available in the country; for the first time in the memory of Census Bureau employees, the monthly report of fats and oils omitted the entry for stocks of soybean oil.

In this anxious atmosphere, Tino made his first public appearance on Wednesday, November 27, at an Allied bankruptcy hearing in a small, crowded courtroom in Newark's drab Post Office Building. Tino grinned broadly as he swaggered into the courtroom at 10:30 a.m. flanked by his buddy, Ben Rotello, and two lawyers. He obligingly stepped into the hall, sucked in his paunch and beamed for the benefit of photographers who were eager for pictures of the "mystery man."

Tino was not ready to cooperate with the court, however, to the chagrin of the scores of lawyers and reporters who awaited his testimony. It seemed that Tino had hired himself a criminal lawyer just one hour before he was due to testify. Walter D. Van Riper, a former New Jersey attorney general and judge, informed Bankruptcy Referee William H. Tallyn that he needed several days to confer with Tino before the Allied president could answer questions. "Mr. De Angelis possibly might incriminate himself—I don't know that he would—if he testified at this time," Van Riper argued. De Angelis, in other words, was "taking the Fifth."

After finally checking all the tanks which they could find at Bayonne, the inspectors had found only 134 million pounds of stuff, excluding saltwater, that looked like salad oil or animal fat. The inspectors still could not firmly identify the contents, but they estimated about half of the contents was "soap stock," a residue of the salad oil refining process, worth only about two cents a pound.

Moreover, the inspectors by Friday, November 29, finally had a clear idea of how much oil Allied was supposed to have in the Bayonne tanks. American Express's books listed receipts outstanding for 878 million pounds of oil, most of it soybean oil. Bunge claimed another 161 million pounds of soybean oil. The forged warehouse receipts issued in the name of American Express Warehousing added up to another 395 million pounds of soybean oil, for a stunning total of 1,434,000,000 pounds of oil. And Harbor Tank had issued fraudulent receipts for still another 544 million pounds of oils and fats.

The total shortage was 1,854,000,000 pounds—with a stated value of $175 million.

The shortage was too immense to hush up. On December 2 *The Wall Street Journal* published a detailed exposé of the swindle and correctly reported that the missing salad oil would never be found, for a simple reason: It did not exist.

The biggest problem presented by the collapse of Allied was trying to ascertain what had happened to all the money that had been sucked into it. Bankruptcy trustee DeLear found $6 in the petty cash box and $6,453 in Allied's bank account. Tino, in several court appearances, refused to talk, stalled, or gave uninformative or misleading answers.

Tino's only serious trouble during the two months after Allied's collapse was with the federal authorities, who handed him a nasty Christmas present. On December 23 a federal grand jury in Newark indicted Tino on 18 counts of circulating $39.4 million of forged warehouse receipts in interstate commerce; the charges carried a theoretical maximum penalty of 180 years in prison and a $180,000 fine. Moreover, David M. Satz, Jr., U.S. Attorney for New Jersey, announced that the grand jury was continuing its investigation of the complicated case, and it was clear that more indictments were in the offing.

Then a federal grand jury in Newark handed up a second indictment against Tino. The second indictment broadened the grand jury's first charges of passing forged warehouse receipts by accusing Tino of masterminding a swindle to circulate $100 million of phony American Express Warehousing receipts. The indictment also charged Ben Rotello with conspiracy to circulate forged receipts, and named others as alleged conspirators.

Tino walked over to reporters after he and his cohorts had pleaded not guilty to the charges and announced: "These charges are ridiculous. You can say that I plead absolutely not guilty, and do me a favor—put in the 'absolutely.' "

Tino was similarly unconcerned when a Hudson County, New Jersey, grand jury later added to his long list of indictments by filing 10 more charges of conspiracy, forgery, false pretenses and issuance of fraudulent warehouse receipts against him. The state jury also filed criminal charges of conspiracy in the swindle against Joe Lomuscio, who hadn't been named in the federal indictments. Joe joined Tino in pleading not guilty.

The string of criminal charges in the wake of the discovery of the swindle was small comfort to the financiers who were stuck with loans to Allied. During the months following Allied's bankruptcy, trustee DeLear and his aides continued their dogged search for the millions that had been siphoned from Allied, but they did not catch up with the money. They found an almost endless list of companies controlled directly by Tino, or by his underlings, but the money these companies had once controlled was always gone when the trustee got there. After more than a year's work less than $3 million had been mustered to pay the creditors of Allied and the satellite companies—against claims that mounted to almost $200 million.

As the search for the missing money dragged on, picking up only an occasional few thousand dollars, some of the investigators became convinced that there actually were no hidden millions. Israel Pogash, the chief accountant for the Allied trustee, said that the financial books of Allied indicated that for years Tino had lost tens of millions of dollars on the legitimate portion of the salad oil business. From this observation, it was theorized that the warehouse-receipt swindle essentially was merely an effort to stay even with losses and that Tino had never systematically siphoned huge sums of money from Allied. Pogash and some others came to believe that Tino was merely an egotistical crook with an insatiable urge to steal and a bumbling businessman who threw away his loot on wild schemes.

The Pogash analysis seemed only partially valid. To be sure, there was no question that over the years Tino lost tens of millions on legitimate export deals by sacrificing profits to maintain his proud title as salad oil king. Similarly, he lost many millions in the futures market in his protracted buying drive. More millions were squandered on his showpiece salad oil plant and on bribes and high living. Clearly, in the final months of the swindle, Tino was no longer in control of his fantastic fraud, for his actions were bound to destroy him.

Nevertheless, it is inconceivable that Tino completely lost his head and neglected to tuck away some of the missing millions. It is incredible that he could have lost all the money.

In the year following the exposure of the great salad oil swindle little was accomplished by way of correcting the conditions that had enabled Tino De Angelis to speculate and swindle with ease. The New York Stock Exchange instituted major reforms, but aside from this there were only acrimonious arguments among Tino's victims and inconclusive motions toward reforming the futures market.

Tino himself was almost left alone in the latter part of 1964 as federal authorities and bankruptcy investigators attempted to unravel all the threads of his web of activities. Tino went to his new office in Jersey City almost every day and kept his hand in the salad oil business; Robert Feder, a lawyer who was appointed by a court to sell the little bit of salad oil and other stuff that was found at Bayonne, testified that Tino even kindly offered him advice on how to get the best prices for the oils. To all who mentioned the swindle to him, Tino had a ready answer: "I was just an innocent bystander trying to perform a service and I ran into a buzz saw."

Tino also commented frequently on the deplorable state of salad oil prices since Allied had departed the scene. "We have a violent explosion and you see what happens," he said. "The soybean oil is down to seven and a half cents a pound, the lowest it's been for 10 years. Why, when the whole world is screaming for oil, should it be that way?"

There was no reason for it, Tino maintained, and if people would just permit him he was ready to fix things up. He had a fine, humanitarian plan to get rid of surplus American salad

oil and to pay his creditors in the process. "I can take the surplus oil in this country and make particular products," Tino explained. "I'd make ghee—that's spelled g-h-e-e—for the Pakistanis. If given the opportunity, it's not beyond the realm of possibility for me to make up these losses. I could make a million or five million dollars a year, simple as anything."

But Tino's bravado was only a show. As the months wore on, he became more and more despondent over his chances of beating the government's swindling charges. His big hope had been that his loyal Bayonne boys would refuse to talk. But it became known that at least one member of his group—Alfredo Suarez, the nominal chief financial officer of Allied—was prepared to testify for the government that Tino exercised direct control over the issuance of warehouse receipts, the fraudulent papers that formed the basis for the swindle. The authorities hinted that there were others in the Bayonne clique who also would testify against Tino and, moreover, investigators had gathered a great mass of circumstantial evidence pointing to Tino as the mastermind of the swindle.

Tino, being a practical man, finally decided to make a settlement. His lawyers privately informed U.S. Attorney David Satz, Jr., that Tino would plead guilty and cooperate in the further investigation of the case if the government would reduce the charges against him. After lengthy discussions, Satz agreed to withdraw 15 of the 18 specific charges that Tino had circulated forged warehouse receipts and to redraw the single charge of conspiracy to pass $100 million of phony receipts so that none of Tino's associates were included in the charge. (At this writing, Ben Rotello, Leo Bracconeri, Richard Rees and John Bongardino, who were named in the original conspiracy charge, were continuing in their pleas of not guilty and had not been brought to trial.) Tino agreed to plead guilty to the new conspiracy charge, which only named Allied as his coconspirator, and the three remaining charges of circulating specific forged receipts. These charges carried a maximum sentence of 35 years in jail and a $35,000 fine—quite a reduction from the original charges which could have netted Tino 185 years in jail and a $185,000 fine. But the government believed that the avoidance of a costly and complicated trial—which would have carried the inherent risk of an acquittal—and the opportunity to question Tino at length were worth reducing the penalty for Tino's crimes.

The arrangement was worked out between prosecution and defense lawyers and, of course, it was not binding until Tino entered his guilty plea in court. And Tino, faced with finally admitting defeat by the law, kept wavering in his decision to admit his guilt. The time for his guilty plea was set for 10 a.m., January 8, 1965, in the Newark courtroom of Federal Judge Reynier J. Wortendyke, but right up to the appointed hour, Tino's lawyers were uncertain whether he would go through with it.

Some 100 spectators crowded into the high-ceilinged, walnut-paneled courtroom, attracted by rumors that had circulated during the previous week that Tino was going to plead guilty. But at 10 a.m. Tino had failed to show up. At the front of the courtroom, U.S. Attorney Satz gnawed busily at the end of his ball-point pen, and Tino's lawyers fidgeted and glanced worriedly at the clock. Then, at 10:10 a.m., Tino finally came into the courtroom, walked slowly down the center aisle, and took a seat in the front row of the spectators' section. He sat solemn faced, twiddling his thumbs in his old witness-stand manner, and avoided the curious stares of reporters in the nearby press section.

A few minutes later Judge Wortendyke mounted the bench and Walter D. Van Riper, Tino's chief lawyer, announced, "We wish to enter a plea of guilty." Judge Wortendyke directed Tino to stand before the bench and slowly read the four charges of the indictment. During the reading, Tino, occasionally chewing his lower lip, stared straight ahead at the Latin legend on the judge's bench, *Fiat Justitia, Ruat Coelum* (Let Justice prevail, though Heaven falls). After reading each charge, the judge asked Tino if he understood it and if he still wished to plead guilty. "I do, Your Honor," Tino said quietly in response to each question. Tino altered his series of soft "I do, Your Honor" replies only once, when the judge asked him to affirm that he hadn't received "any inducements or promises" and was pleading guilty "of your own free will."

"Absolutely, Your Honor," Tino responded firmly. "I have been promised nothing."

It was all over within half an hour. Judge Wortendyke released Tino pending sentencing on continuation of his $5,000 bail. The grim-faced Tino left the court, flanked by his lawyers, and refused to talk with reporters; he had lost all his sassy zest for the banter with the press. Still, even after finally admitting he was a swindler, Tino could not resist one final attempt to portray himself as the victim of a vendetta by his "enemies." His lawyers gave reporters a four-page statement in which Tino declared that "the situation in which I find myself today is as a result of conditions, controls and restrictions imposed upon the commodity market over which I had no control."

There followed the familiar story of how the Spanish government had caused all of Allied's troubles by reneging on the big soybean oil deal. "The breaks went against us," Tino stated. "Each successive effort on my part to recover our losses and rehabilitate the company found us confronted with increasingly adverse conditions, which ultimately we were unable to overcome. The result—a complete collapse.

"This was strictly a business failure. When the audit is finally completed it will show beyond doubt that not a single dollar of the money which the company lost improperly found itself in my pocket. This failure stripped me of every dollar I ever had and leaves me completely penniless. I know the question has often been asked: What became of the money? I, above everyone else, know the answer. It is a simple one, supported by the company's own records. The money was lost in the operation of the business."

Having thus made it clear that any cooperation he would give the authorities would stop short of explaining what really had happened to Allied's missing millions, Tino told the government how lucky it was to now have him on the side of the law. "I intend to cooperate in the future with those representatives of the federal government charged with responsibilities in connection with any further investigation. I am sure that the assistance that I can and will give to them will be of great help."

And, with a trace of his old-time cockiness, Tino could not resist including in his statement a last bit of boasting about his salad oil successes: "I am proud of the fact that in the five years immediately preceding Allied's financial collapse this company which I headed and over which I, and I alone, exercised control and direction, did exactly $1 billion worth of business. . . . Since I was the guiding and directing force in the conduct of Allied's business, I am entitled to whatever credit there may be for having developed what has often been referred to as an empire. I also have to accept responsibility for the ultimate failure, even though that was brought about by matters which were completely beyond my control."

Only once did Tino in his statement refer obliquely to the swindle which he had just admitted in court. "Unfortunately," he stated, "as has so often happened in the case of business failures, the shock of the first large losses was softened by the hope born of ambition and determination that this setback is only temporary and if it can be survived, financial stability will again emerge. In this state of mind, recourse is often had to means and methods of continuing the company's existence which would never have been thought of under normal conditions."

Almost five months elapsed before Tino returned to court for his sentencing. In the interim, he quietly attended to business from an office at the Freezer House plant in Jersey City. Tino seemed preoccupied by thoughts of his past glories during these days; occasionally, he even donned a butcher's apron and cut meat in an apparent effort to demonstrate that he hadn't lost his youthful talent with a cleaver. Frequently, he was called upon by federal and private investigators who were still poking into the swindle and Tino's attorneys said he talked in these closed-door sessions "freely, fully and honestly." The tangible results of the conversations, however, were not apparent.

Finally, Tino's reverie was interrupted and he was ordered to appear for sentencing before Judge Wortendyke on May 28, 1965. Tino was somber and contrite as he spoke briefly in court

before the judge passed sentence. "I am truly sorry (and) I apologize to this court, as a representative of the law, for my violations. As to those who have suffered financial loss, I only wish I were able to dedicate the rest of my life in an effort to repair the damage which has been done."

Then Judge Wortendyke, a 70-year-old jurist with a patrician manner, astonished the spectators in the packed court room by launching into a lengthy statement on the merits of the American free enterprise system. The judge gave a glowing account of Tino's business acumen, and stated: "You yourself, Mr. De Angelis, have exemplified what can be achieved with only a little backing or influence, by courage and vision." Tino's success in business provided proof that "we have a workable democracy," the judge declared.

Tino shifted from foot to foot, his hands clasped to his paunch, as he listened to these unexpected words of praise.

In his discourse, Judge Wortendyke remarked that Tino De Angelis deserved censure for causing a "terrific loss" to many companies, but added that he was convinced that Tino "didn't start out or ever intentionally desire to deprive anyone" of any money.

Judge Wortendyke said he had avoided reading newspaper accounts of Tino's exploits, in an apparent effort to avoid prejudicing himself, and had relied on a federal probation officer's report on Tino in determining a sentence. (As a result of Tino's guilty plea, there were no explanatory facts spelling out the details of the swindle in evidence before the court, but merely the government's briefly stated charges and Tino's admissions. Thus the judge required a presentencing report from a probation officer to help him decide whether a sentence should be lenient or harsh.) But, after "long and conscientious consideration" of the probation officer's report, Judge Wortendyke said he still didn't understand Tino's motivation in defrauding Allied's creditors.

As a result of his doubt about Tino's motives, Judge Wortendyke invoked a rarely used section of the Criminal Code. Section 4208 of the code permits a judge to order a "complete study" of a criminal's actions and motives after first sentencing him to a maximum jail term. Accordingly, the judge sentenced Tino to 10 years in jail by ordering the sentences on each of the indictment's four counts—which could have totaled 35 years—to run concurrently. But during the first three months of Tino's sentence, under section 4208 of the code, the judge ordered an intensive examination of Tino by psychiatrists and social workers at a federal penitentiary. After three months, the judge said, he would review Tino's sentence on the basis of the report. At that time, Judge Wortendyke declared, he would choose from three options provided by Section 4208—probation, affirmation of the 10-year sentence or a reduction in the sentence.

Tino was visibly relieved. Suddenly, there was the prospect that he would spend no more time in jail for his fantastic swindle than would a petty thief.

Outside the courtroom Tino grinned as his lawyer, Walter Van Riper, exchanged quips with reporters, and then he shook hands all around with the newsmen who had been trailing him for many months. Just before Tino stepped into the sedan which was to take him to a federal prison in Pennsylvania, a reporter asked whether he hoped ever to start over and "make another fortune."

"With the help of God, yes," said Tino.

But Tino was far less jaunty when the three months were up and he next faced Judge Wortendyke last August. Instead of reducing the sentence or putting him on probation, the Judge raised it to 20 years. Even so, officials said that the 50-year-old De Angelis would be eligible for parole after he had served one-third of his sentence, meaning he could be released from jail well before he was 60 years old.

Tino De Angelis' admission of guilt actually answered the least of the questions raised by the great salad oil swindle. The evidence that Tino had masterminded the swindle was overwhelming; there never had been any serious doubt of his guilt. When he finally confessed to swindling, Tino merely formally confirmed a fact that those who had dealt with him throughout his incredible career had always had reason to believe.

Tino's ultimate defeat by the law helped not at all in answering the question of how the enormous losses from the swindle could be recovered. And the losses totaled far more than the $120 million that Tino had pocketed from his ware-

There were 124 oil storage tanks at Tino's New Jersey headquarters. They looked like they could hold a fortune in oil—but most of them were empty

house-receipt racket. The unpaid debts of the Haupt firm totaled $37 million, twice the amount of the worthless warehouse receipts the brokerage house had accepted. The check-kiting swindle had cost Bunge $3 million. And there were incalculable but real losses for people as well as companies. Everyone who was "long" with Allied in the futures market suffered smashing losses, probably totaling $15 million, when Tino's speculative bubble burst. The thousands of stockholders in American Express Company saw the value of their investments plummet by one-third—an aggregate decline of $80 million—as a direct result of the swindle, and more than a year later the stock still had not regained its preswindle price.

It is impossible to fix the precise amount of losses traceable to Tino's fantastic fraud, but it is safe to say the total is close to $200 million.

But, except for the innocent people who suffered losses in the stock and commodity markets from the backlash of the swindle, it is impossible to feel sorry for Tino's "victims." With few exceptions, the bankers, brokers and businessmen who were duped by De Angelis got what they deserved.

Tino's success in swindling cannot be attributed only to his daring and devious ingenuity. There was no reason why he should have been able to fool anyone. Tino succeeded mainly because bankers, brokers and businessmen, despite the glaring indications that they were dealing with a crook, could not resist the bait of big profits.

The executives of the Produce Exchange could not be persuaded to investigate Tino's blatantly suspicious but lucrative trading, even when experienced traders expressed alarm. Brokers at the Haupt firm, with their eyes on large commissions, plunged blindly onward buying futures for Tino despite urgent warnings of danger from the firm's hospitalized expert on the commodity market. The Harbor Tank Storage Company was counting profits while a ridiculous quantity of warehouse receipts were issued under the company's name.

To be sure, many of the bankers who accepted a moderate amount of warehouse receipts which were floated by Tino had no reason to suspect fraud. But not all of the bankers were unfamiliar with Tino. And loan officers of a Chicago bank unhesitatingly accepted receipts originating with Allied that purportedly represented one-third of all the soybean oil in the country, although government reports which were readily available to them showed that it was impossible for Allied to have so much oil.

One can only conclude that the bankers were impelled into these blunders by a desire to increase the loan-interest profits they generated for their banks, and thus win high marks within their organizations.

At American Express, Donald Miller was faced with the classic pressures that are exerted relentlessly on middle-level managers in large companies. He was in charge of a business that was not making a profit and yet a dictum was handed down that each American Express activity must return a profit. It was an impossible assignment in Miller's case but he would be a failure if he did not attain the goal, according to the inflexible yardstick of the balance sheet. Then Tino came along and suddenly Miller had his opportunity to prove his mettle within American Express. The important thing in Miller's view was that Tino's business made the American Express warehousing subsidiary profitable.

The profit motive, of course, is vitally necessary in business. The simple truism is that without profits there would be no business. But that fact does not justify making profits the only measure of a man's value to a company. When a man is measured only by a balance sheet, the system breeds a pursuit of a dollar by any means and thus may destroy ethics. And the disturbing fact is that in recent years evidence has been accumulating that many companies, which are perfectly capable of prospering without resorting to chicanery, are so obsessed with profits that their policies actually encourage lawbreaking by their officials.

The salad oil swindle did not involve illegal activity by the officials of companies who dealt with De Angelis. But, viewed in a broad context, Tino's success as a master swindler was a serious indictment of the way many businessmen operate. A great number of businessmen thought his success was to their advantage. They decided they could make large profits dealing with Tino and that is what convinced them that his deals were good ones. The desire for profit was the overriding factor.

—Norman C. Miller

THIS FUNNY LIFE

The young lieutenant, fresh from ROTC and very green, had been in the Air Force only a few months before he began to rip it apart. He was assigned to an office where his desk adjoined that of a mild-mannered and somewhat elderly captain. This individual soon became the target for all of the lieutenant's complaints.

Everything was wrong, according to him. The food at the club was bad. Living conditions were deplorable. The pay, compared to what he could get in civilian life, was terribly inadequate. Worst of all, his job offered nothing challenging to a man of his ability.

"It's disgraceful how the Air Force wastes money," he said one day. "Imagine. A man of my ability stuck here. Why, an idiot could do my work."

Barely able to conceal his delight the captain remarked: "Well, son, you'll have to say one thing for the Air Force. Every once in a while, they get the right man in the right job."

Leo J. Farrell Jr.
Colorado Springs, Colo.

The man was found face down in the gutter and was rushed to a hospital. In the emergency ward I unbuttoned his coat so the doctor could start his examination, and found this note pinned to the lining:

"To all members of the medical profession: I am merely drunk. Please let me sleep it off. Do not attempt to remove my gall bladder. You have taken it out twice already."

William Lee Rose
Columbus, Ohio

During the last election I had to cover the address of a well-known political figure in the ballroom of a New York hotel, for my newspaper. The speaker was in the middle of his speech when the microphone suddenly went dead.

"Can you hear me, there in the rear?" he shouted.

"No," someone yelled.

Directly in front of me, a woman stood up. "I certainly can hear," she called to the person in the rear, "and I'll change places with you!"

Raymond J. Ross
Bridgeport, Conn.

Our freshman class in cultural anthropology was waiting for a visiting professor to begin his lecture and explain some of the artifacts of his African collection. A cute, but not too bright, co-ed kept staring at a carved, wooden object on the professor's desk.

"What in the world is that thing?" she asked me, pointing toward the desk.

"That's a tribal phallic symbol that they once used in fertility rites," I replied, somewhat embarrassed.

"Oh, well!" she exclaimed. "I'd certainly hate to say what it looks like."

Name withheld at writer's request
Modesto, Calif.

At the officers' club in Wiesbaden, Germany, we had one civilian technical adviser named George who fancied himself a wit. George, who was tall and weighed about 270 pounds, usually made his nightly entrance by shouting to Manuel, the small, 115-pound bartender, "Manuel, why is it that you are so small and puny, while I am so big and strong?"

One night, when George shouted the inevitable question, Manuel replied, "Señor George, I have finally figured it out. You see, señor, I had but one father!"

George never asked the question again.

Vartan Asdourian
Memphis, Tenn.

Signs posted in public buildings could frequently have some odd consequences if taken literally.

There is, for instance, a sign in our Jacksonville Civic Auditorium which reads: "Rest rooms on second floor; please use the elevator."

F. D. Maxam
Jacksonville, Fla.

A Los Angeles Superior Court Judge listened attentively to both sides in a hotly contested paternity suit. The arguments went on for days. Finally, the time arrived for him to render his verdict.

He stared at the defendant, nodded his head affirmatively, then took a cigar out of his pocket. Handing it to the man, the judge said solemnly, "Congratulations, you have just become a father!"

Thomas April
L.A., Calif.

Our annual visits from my husband's grandfather were always refresher courses on the proper place of women in this world. Grandpa frowned when I announced that I had to dash off to a P.T.A. meeting. But when I asked my husband if he would mind throwing a load of clothes in the washer for me while I was gone, the frown became a scowl.

"In my day," Grandpa said grumpily, "when a man got married he bought his wife a washboard and a mirror. She could either wash the clothes or watch herself starve to death!"

Lenore Betker
Pomona, Calif.

Hundreds of bargain-hunting females jammed the department store aisles for the big sale. They pushed, shoved, clawed and fought their way about, each eager to be served first. In their midst, an elderly, distinguished-looking male sought politely but vainly to make his way through. He was elbowed, kicked, jabbed and pushed about by the milling gals.

Finally, he adopted the enemy's tactics. Shoving with the best of them, he battered his way forward. With a final lunge, he at last broke into a small, less crowded area.

"Well," exclaimed an indignant matron he had edged aside, "the very least you can do is act like a gentleman."

"Madam," he replied softly, "I tried that. It didn't work. Then I decided"—he waved a hand toward the embattled mob he had just left—"to behave like a lady."

Vincent Cox
Jackson, N. J.

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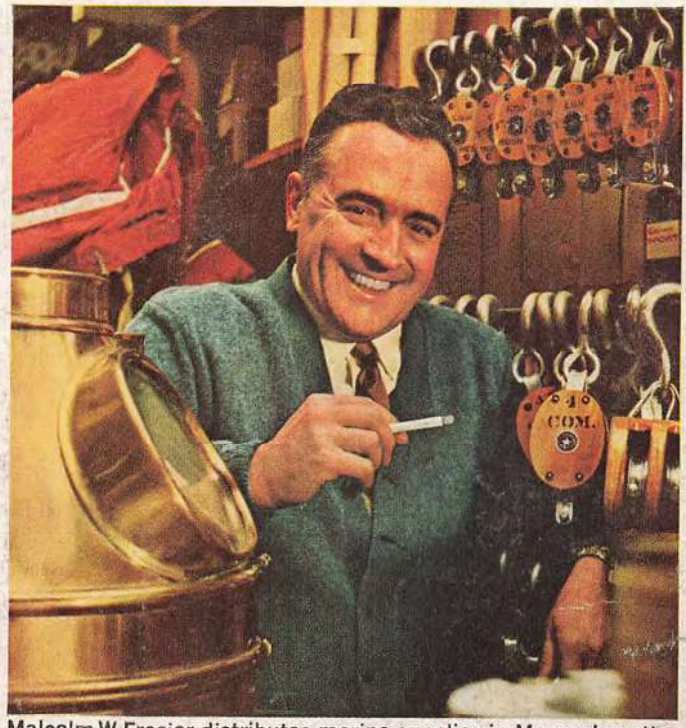

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